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THE

# PLAYS AND POEMS

OF

# WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

VOLUME THE NINTH.

THE

# PLAYS AND POEMS

OF

# WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

## VOLUME THE NINTH.

CONTAINING

ROMEO AND JULIET.
HAMLET.
OTHELLO.

*LONDON:* PRINTED BY H. BALDWIN,

For J. Rivington and Sons, L. Davis, B. White and Son, T. Longman, B. Law, H. S. Woodfall, C. Dilly, J. Robſon, J. Johnſon, T. Vernor, G. G. J. and J. Robinſon, T. Cadell, J. Murray, R. Baldwin, H. L. Gardner, J. Sewell, J. Nichols, J. Bew, T. Payne, jun. S. Hayes, R. Faulder, W. Lowndes, G. and T. Wilkie, Scatcherd and Whitaker, T. and J. Egerton, C. Stalker, J. Barker, J. Edwards, Ogilvie and Speare, J. Cuthell, J. Lackington, and E. Newbery.

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May, 1873

# ROMEO AND JULIET.

# PROLOGUE.

Two houſholds, both alike in dignity,
In fair Verona, where we lay our ſcene,
From ancient grudge break to new mutiny,
Where civil blood makes civil hands unclean.
From forth the fatal loins of theſe two foes
A pair of ſtar-croſt lovers take their life;
Whoſe miſadventur'd piteous overthrows
Do, with their death, bury their parents' ſtrife.
The fearful paſſage of their death-mark'd love,
And the continuance of their parents' rage,
Which, but their children's end, nought could remove,
Is now the two hours' traffick of our ſtage;
The which if you with patient ears attend,
What here ſhall miſs, our toil ſhall ſtrive to mend[1].

[1] This prologue, after the firſt copy was publiſhed in 1597, received ſeveral alterations, both in reſpect of correctneſs and verſification. In the folio it is omitted.—The play was originally performed by *the Right Honourable the Lord of Hunſdon his ſervants*.

In the firſt of K. James I. was made an act of parliament for ſome reſtraint or limitation of noblemen in the protection of players, or of players under their ſanction. STEEVENS.

Under the word PROLOGUE, in the copy of 1599 is printed *Chorus*, which I ſuppoſe meant only that the prologue was to be ſpoken by the ſame perſon who perſonated the chorus at the end of the firſt act.

The original prologue, in the quarto of 1597, ſtands thus;

Two houſehold frends, alike in dignitie,
In faire Verona, where we lay our ſcene,
From civil broyles broke into enmitie,
Whoſe civill warre makes civill hands uncleane.
From forth the fatall loynes of theſe two foes
A paire of ſtarre-croſt lovers tooke their life;
Whoſe miſadventures, piteous overthrowes,
(Through the continuing of their fathers' ſtrife,
And death-markt paſſage of their parents' rage,)
Is now the two howres traffique of our ſtage.
The which if you with patient eares attend,
What here we want, wee'll ſtudie to amend. MALONE.

# Perſons Repreſented.

Eſcalus, *Prince of* Verona.
Paris, *a young nobleman, kinſman to the Prince.*
Montague, } *Heads of two Houſes, at variance with each*
Capulet, } *other.*
*An old Man, uncle to* Capulet.
Romeo, *ſon to* Montague.
Mercutio, *kinſman to the Prince, and friend to* Romeo.
Benvolio, *nephew to* Montague, *and friend to* Romeo.
Tybalt, *nephew to Lady* Capulet.
*Friar* Lawrence, *a Franciſan.*
*Friar* John, *of the ſame order.*
Balthaſar, *ſervant to* Romeo.
Sampſon, } *ſervants to* Capulet.
Gregory, }
Abram, *ſervant to* Montague.
*An Apothecary.*
*Three Muſicians.*
Chorus. *Boy*; *Page to* Paris; Peter; *an Officer.*

*Lady* Montague, *Wife to* Montague.
*Lady* Capulet, *Wife to* Capulet.
Juliet, *Daughter to* Capulet.
*Nurſe to* Juliet.

*Citizens of* Verona; *ſeveral Men and Women, relations to both houſes; Maſkers, Guards, Citizens, Watchmen, and Attendants.*

*SCENE during the greater part of the play, in* Verona: *once in the fifth Act at* Mantua.

# ROMEO AND JULIET[2].

## ACT I. SCENE I.

*A publick Place.*

*Enter* SAMPSON *and* GREGORY, *armed with ſwords and bucklers.*

*Sam.* Gregory, o' my word, we'll not carry coals[3].

*Gre.* No, for then we ſhould be colliers.

*Sam.*

[2] The original relater of the ſtory on which this play is formed, was Luigi da Porto, a gentleman of Vicenza, who died in 1529. His novel did not appear till ſome years after his death; being firſt printed at Venice in 1535, under the title of *La Giulietta*. A ſecond edition was publiſhed in 1539: and it was again reprinted at the ſame place in 1553, (without the authour's name,) with the following title: *Hiſtoria nuovamente ritrovata di due nobili Amanti, con la loro pietoſa morte; intervenuta già nella citta di Verona, nell tempo del Signor Bartolomeo dalla Scala. Nuovamente ſtampata.* Of the authour ſome account may be found prefixed to the poem of *Romeus and Juliet*, in Vol. X.

In 1554 Bandello publiſhed, at Lucca, a novel on the ſame ſubject; [Tom. II. Nov. ix.] and ſhortly afterwards Boiſteau exhibited one in French, founded on the Italian narratives, but varying from them in many particulars. From Boiſteau's novel the ſame ſtory was, in 1562, formed into an Engliſh poem, with conſiderable alterations and large additions, by Mr. Arthur Brooke. This piece, which the reader may find in the tenth volume, was printed by Richard Tottel with the following title, written probably, according to the faſhion of that time, by the bookſeller: *The tragicall Hyſtory of Romeus and Juliet, containing a rare example of true conſtancie; with the ſubtill counſels, and practices of an old Fryer, and their ill event.* It was again publiſhed by the ſame bookſeller in 1582. Painter in the ſecond volume of his *Palace of Pleaſure*, 1567, publiſhed a proſe tranſlation from the French of Boiſteau, which he entitled *Rhomeo and Julietta*. Shakſpeare had probably read Painter's novel, having taken one circumſtance from it or ſome other proſe tranſlation of Boiſteau; but his play was undoubtedly formed on the poem of Arthur Brooke. This is proved deciſively by the following circumſtances. 1. In the poem the prince of Verona is called *Eſcalus*; ſo alſo in the play.—In Painter's tranſlation from Boiſteau he is named *Signor* Eſcala, and ſometimes *Lord Bartholomew of* Eſcala. 2. In Painter's novel the family of Romeo are called the *Monteſches*; in the poem and in the play, the Montagues. 3. The meſſenger employed by friar Lawrence to carry a letter to Romeo to inform him when Juliet would awake from her trance, is in Painter's tranſlation called *Anſelme*: in the poem, and in the play,

*Sam.* I mean, an we be in choler, we'll draw.

*Gre.* Ay, while you live, draw your neck out of the collar. *Sam.*

friar *John* is employed in this buſineſs. 4 The circumſtance of Capulet's writing down the names of the gueſts whom he invites to ſupper, is found in the poem and in the play, but is not mentioned by Painter, nor is it found in the original Italian novel. 5. The reſidence of the Capulets, in the original, and in Painter, is called *Villa Franca*; in the poem and in the play *Freetown*. 6. Several paſſages of *Romeo and Juliet* appear to have been formed on hints furniſhed by the poem, of which no traces are found either in Painter's novel, or in Boiſteau, or the original; and ſeveral expreſſions are borrowed from thence, which will be found in their proper places.

As what has been now ſtated has been controverted, (for what may not be controverted?) I ſhould enter more largely into the ſubject, but that the various paſſages of the poem which I have quoted in the following notes, furniſh ſuch a deciſive proof of the play's having been conſtructed upon it, as not to leave, in my apprehenſion, a ſhadow of doubt upon the ſubject. The queſtion is not, whether Shakſpeare had read other novels, or other poetical pieces, founded on this ſtory, but whether the poem written by Arthur Brooke was the *baſis* on which his play was built.

With reſpect to the name of Romeo, this alſo Shakſpeare might have found in the poem; for in one place that name is given to him: or he might have had it from Painter's novel, from which or from ſome other proſe tranſlation of the ſame ſtory he has, as I have already ſaid, taken one circumſtance not mentioned in the poem. In 1570 was entered on the Stationer's books by Henry Bynneman, *The pitifull Hiſtory of ij lovyng Italians*, which I ſuſpect was a proſe narrative of the ſtory on which our authour's play is conſtructed.

Brevall ſays in his travels, that on a ſtrict inquiry into the hiſtories of Verona, he found that Shakſpeare had varied very little from the truth, either in the names, characters, or other circumſtances of his play.

"The ſtory on which this play is founded," ſays Mr. Steevens, "is related as a true one in Girolama de la Corte's *Hiſtory of Verona*. Among the entries on the books of the Stationers' Company, I find," (adds the ſame gentleman,) 'M. Tottell, Feb. 18, 1582: *Romeo and Juletta*.' Again, Aug. 5, 1596: 'Edward White, *A new ballad of Romeo and Juliett*.' Stanyhurſt, the tranſlator of Virgil in 1582, enumerates Julietta among his heroines, in a piece which he calls an epitaph or *Commune defunctorum*; and it appears, as Dr. Farmer has obſerved from a paſſage in Ames's typographical antiquities, that the ſtory had likewiſe been tranſlated by another hand. Captain Breval in his travels tells us that he ſaw at Vienna the tomb of theſe unhappy lovers." This is only an extract from Mr. Steevens's note. MALONE.

This ſtory was well known to the Engliſh poets before the time of Shakſpeare. In an old collection of poems, called *A gorgeous gallery of gallant Inventions*, 1578, I find it mentioned:

"Sir

*Sam.* I ſtrike quickly, being moved.

*Gre.* But thou art not quickly moved to ſtrike.

*Sam.* A dog of the houſe of Montague moves me.

*Gre.* To move, is—to ſtir; and to be valiant, is—to ſtand to it: therefore, if thou art moved, thou run'ſt away.

*Sam.* A dog of that houſe ſhall move me to ſtand: I will take the wall of any man or maid of Montague's.

*Gre.* That ſhews thee a weak ſlave; for the weakeſt goes to the wall.

*Sam.* True; and therefore women, being the weaker veſſels, are ever thruſt to the wall:—therefore I will puſh Montague's men from the wall, and thruſt his maids to the wall.

*Gre.* The quarrel is between our maſters, and us their men.

" Sir *Romeus*' annoy but trifle ſeems to mine."
And again, *Romeus and Juliet* are celebrated in " *A poor Knight his Palace of private Pleaſure*, 1579." FARMER.

[3] —*we'll not carry coals.*] Dr. Warburton very juſtly obſerves, that this was a phraſe formerly in uſe to ſignify *the bearing injuries*; but, as he has given no inſtances in ſupport of his declaration, I thought it neceſſary to ſubjoin the following:

Naſh, in his *Have with you to Saffron Walden*, 1595, ſays: " We will *bear no coals*, I warrant you." So, in Marſton's *Antonio and Mellida*, 2nd part, 1602: " He has had wrong, and if I were he, *I would bear no coles*." Again, in B. Jonſon's *Every Man out of his Humour*: " Here comes one that will *carry coals*; ergo will hold my dog." And, laſtly, in the Poet's own *Henry V*: " At Calais they ſtole a fireſhovel; I knew by that piece of ſervice the men would *carry coals*." STEEV.

The phraſe ſhould ſeem to mean originally, We'll not ſubmit to ſervile offices; and thence ſecondarily, we'll not endure injuries. It has been ſuggeſted, that it may mean, " *we'll not bear* reſentment burning like *a coal of fire in our boſoms*, without breaking out into ſome outrage;" with alluſion to the proverbial ſentence, that ſmothered anger is a coal of fire in the boſom: But the word *carry* ſeems adverſe to ſuch an interpretation. MALONE.

This phraſe continued to be in uſe down to the middle of the laſt century. In a little ſatirical piece of Sir John Birkenhead, intitled, " Two centuries [of Books] of St. Paul's Church-yard, &c." publiſhed after the death of King Charles I. N° 22, page 50, is inſerted " *Fire, Fire!* a ſmall manual, dedicated to Sir Arthur Haſelridge; in which it is plainly proved by a whole chauldron of ſcripture, that *John Lilburn* will not *carry coals*. By Dr. Gouge." PERCY.

*Sam.* 'Tis all one, I will ſhew myſelf a tyrant: when I have fought with the men, I will be cruel with the maids[4]; I will cut off their heads.

*Gre.* The heads of the maids?

*Sam.* Ay, the heads of the maids, or their maiden-heads; take it in what ſenſe thou wilt.

*Gre.* They muſt take it in ſenſe, that feel it.

*Sam.* Me they ſhall feel, while I am able to ſtand: and, 'tis known, I am a pretty piece of fleſh.

*Gre.* 'Tis well, thou art not fiſh; if thou hadſt, thou hadſt been Poor John*. Draw thy tool; here comes two of the houſe of the Montagues[5].

*Enter* ABRAM, *and* BALTHASAR.

*Sam.* My naked weapon is out; quarrel, I will back thee.

*Gre.* How? turn thy back, and run?

*Sam.* Fear me not.

*Gre.* No, marry: I fear thee!

[4] —cruel *with the maids*;] The firſt folio reads—*civil* with the maids. JOHNSON.

So does the quarto 1599; but the word is written *ciuil*. It was manifeſtly an error of the preſs. The firſt copy furniſhes no help, the paſſage there ſtanding thus: "Ile play the tyrant; Ile firſt begin with the maids, and off with their heads:" but the true reading is found in the undated quarto. MALONE.

* —*Poor John.*] is hake, dried, and ſalted. MALONE.

[5] *here comes* two *of the houſe of the Montagues.*] The word *two*, which was inadvertently omitted by the compoſitor in the quarto 1599, and of courſe in the ſubſequent impreſſions, I have reſtored from the firſt quarto of 1597, from which, in almoſt every page, former editors have drawn many valuable emendations in this play. The diſregard of concord is in character.

It ſhould be obſerved, that the partizans of the Montague family wore a token in their hats, in order to diſtinguiſh them from their enemies, the Capulets. Hence throughout this play, they are known at a diſtance. This circumſtance is mentioned by Gaſcoigne, in a *Deviſe of a Maſque*, written for the right honourable viſcount Mountacute, 1575:

"And for a further proofe, he ſhewed in hys hat
"Thys token which the *Mountacutes* did beare alwaies, for that
"They covet to be knowne from *Capels*, where they paſs,
"For ancient grutch whych long ago 'tweene theſe two houſes was." MALONE.

*Sam.*

*Sam.* Let us take the law of our ſides; let them begin.

*Gre.* I will frown, as I paſs by; and let them take it as they liſt.

*Sam.* Nay, as they dare. I will bite my thumb at them; which is a diſgrace to them, if they bear it[6].

*Abr.* Do you bite your thumb at us, ſir?

*Sam.* I do bite my thumb, ſir.

*Abr.* Do you bite your thumb at us, ſir?

*Sam.* Is the law on our ſide, if I ſay—ay?

*Gre.* No.

*Sam.* No, ſir, I do not bite my thumb at you, ſir; but I bite my thumb, ſir.

*Gre.* Do you quarrel, ſir?

*Abr.* Quarrel, ſir? no, ſir.

*Sam.* If you do, ſir, I am for you; I ſerve as good a man as you.

*Abr.* No better.

*Sam.* Well, ſir.

*Enter* BENVOLIO[7], *at a diſtance.*

*Gre.* Say—better; here comes one of my maſter's kinſmen[8].

*Sam.*

[6] *I will bite my thumb at them; which is a diſgrace to them, if they bear it.*] This mode of quarreling appears to have been common in our authour's time. "What ſwearing is there, (ſays Decker, deſcribing the various groupes that daily frequented the walks of St. Paul's Church,) what ſhouldering, what juſtling, what jeering, what *byting of thumbs, to beget quarrels!*" THE DEAD TERM, 1608. MALONE.

Dr. Lodge, in a pamphlet called *Wits Miſerie*, &c. 1596, has this paſſage. "Behold next I ſee contempt marching forth, giving mee the *fico with his thombe in his mouth.*" In a tranſlation from Stephens's *Apology for Herodotus*, in 1607, page 142, "I meet with theſe words: "If once they [the Italians,] *bite their fingers' ends in threatning manner*, God knows, if they ſet upon their enemie face to face, it is becauſe they cannot aſſail him behind his backe." Perhaps Ben Jonſon ridicules this ſcene of Romeo and Juliet, in his *New Inn:*

"*Huff.* How, *ſpill it?*

"*Spill it* at me?

"*Tip.* I reck not, but I *ſpill it.*" STEEVENS.

[7] *Enter* Benvolio.] Much of this ſcene is added ſince the firſt edition; but probably by Shakſpeare, ſince we find it in that of the year 1599. POPE.

[8] —*here comes one of my* maſter's *kinſmen.*] Some miſtake has happened

*Sam.* Yes, better, ſir.

*Abr.* You lie.

*Sam.* Draw, if you be men.—Gregory, remember thy ſwaſhing blow [9]. [*They fight.*

*Ben.* Part, fools; put up your ſwords; you know not what you do. [*beats down their ſwords.*

*Enter* TYBALT.

*Tyb.* What, art thou drawn among theſe heartleſs hinds?
Turn thee, Benvolio, look upon thy death.

*Ben.* I do but keep the peace; put up thy ſword,
Or manage it to part theſe men with me.

*Tyb.* What, drawn, and talk of peace? I hate the word,
As I hate hell, all Montagues, and thee:
Have at thee, coward. [*They fight.*

*Enter ſeveral Partizans of both houſes, who join the fray; then enter Citizens, with Clubs.*

1. *Cit.* Clubs [1], bills, and partizans! ſtrike! beat them down!
Down with the Capulets! down with the Montagues!

pened in this place: *Gregory* is a ſervant of the *Capulets*; and *Benvolio* was of the *Montague* faction. FARMER.

Perhaps there is no miſtake. *Gregory* may mean *Tybalt*, who enters immediately after *Benvolio*, but on a different part of the ſtage. The eyes of the ſervant may be directed the way he ſees *Tybalt* coming, and in the mean time, *Benvolio* enters on the oppoſite ſide. STEEV.

[9] —*thy* ſwaſhing *blow.*] Ben Jonſon uſes this expreſſion in his *Staple of News*: "I do confeſs a *ſwaſhing blow.*"

Again, in *As you like it*:

"I'll have a martial and a *ſwaſhing* outſide."

To *ſwaſh* ſeems to have meant to be a bully, to be noiſily valiant. So, Greene, in his *Card of Fancy*, 1608: "—in ſpending and ſpoiling, in ſwearing and *ſwaſhing.*" Barrett, in his *Alvearie*, 1580, ſays, that "to *ſwaſh* is to make a noiſe with ſwordes againſt tergats." STEEV.

See Vol. V. p. 323, n. 6. MALONE.

[1] Clubs, *bills*, &c.] When an affray aroſe in the ſtreets, *clubs* was the uſual exclamation. See Vol. III. p. 219, n. 6, and Vol. VI. p. 22, n. 1. MALONE.

*Enter*

*Enter* CAPULET, *in his gown*; *and Lady* CAPULET.

*Cap.* What noiſe is this?—Give me my long ſword[2], ho!

*La. Cap.* A crutch, a crutch!—Why call you for a ſword?

*Cap.* My ſword, I ſay!—Old Montague is come,
And flouriſhes his blade in ſpight of me.

*Enter* MONTAGUE, *and Lady* MONTAGUE.

*Mon.* Thou villain, Capulet,—Hold me not, let me go.

*La. Mon.* Thou ſhalt not ſtir one foot to ſeek a foe.

*Enter* Prince, *with Attendants.*

*Prin.* Rebellious ſubjects, enemies to peace,
Profaners of this neighbour-ſtained ſteel,—
Will they not hear?—what ho! you men, you beaſts,—
That quench the fire of your pernicious rage
With purple fountains iſſuing from your veins,
On pain of torture, from thoſe bloody hands
Throw your miſ-temper'd weapons[3] to the ground,
And hear the ſentence of your moved prince.—
Three civil brawls, bred of an airy word,
By thee, old Capulet, and Montague,
Have thrice diſturb'd the quiet of our ſtreets;
And made Verona's ancient citizens

[2] *Give me my long ſword,*] The *long ſword* was the ſword uſed in war, which was ſometimes wielded with both hands. JOHNSON.
See Vol. I. p. 228, n. 8. MALONE.
This *long ſword* is mentioned in *The Coxcomb*, a comedy by Beaumont and Fletcher, where the juſtice ſays:
"Take their confeſſions, and my *long ſword*;
"I cannot tell what danger we may meet with."
It appears that it was once the faſhion to wear two ſwords of different ſizes at the ſame time. So in *Decker's Satiromaſtix*:
"Peter Salamander, tie up your *great* and your *little ſword*."
STEEVENS.
The little ſword was probably nothing more than a *dagger*.
MALONE.

[3] —*miſ-temper'd* weapons] are angry weapons. So in *K. John*:
"This inundation of *miſ-temper'd* humour," &c. STEEVENS.

Caſt

Caſt by their grave beſeeming ornaments,
To wield old partizans, in hands as old,
Canker'd with peace, to part your canker'd hate:
If ever you diſturb our ſtreets again,
Your lives ſhall pay the forfeit of the peace.
For this time, all the reſt depart away:
You, Capulet, ſhall go along with me;
And, Montague, come you this afternoon,
To know our further pleaſure in this caſe,
To old Free-town, our common judgment-place[4].
Once more, on pain of death, all men depart.

[*Exeunt* Prince, *and Attendants*; CAPULET, *Lady* CAPULET, TYBALT, *Citizens, and Servants.*

*Mon.* Who ſet this ancient quarrel new abroach?—
Speak, nephew, were you by, when it began?

*Ben.* Here were the ſervants of your adverſary,
And yours, cloſe fighting ere I did approach:
I drew to part them; in the inſtant came
The fiery Tybalt, with his ſword prepar'd;
Which, as he breath'd defiance to my ears,
He ſwung about his head, and cut the winds,
Who, nothing hurt withal, hiſs'd him in ſcorn:
While we were interchanging thruſts and blows,
Came more and more, and fought on part and part,
Till the prince came, who parted either part.

*La. Mon.* O, where is Romeo!—ſaw you him to-day?
Right glad I am, he was not at this fray.

*Ben.* Madam, an hour before the worſhipp'd ſun
Peer'd forth the golden window of the eaſt[5],
A troubled mind drave me to walk abroad;

4 *To old* Freetown, *our common judgment-place.*] This name the poet found in *The Tragicall Hyſtory of Romeus and Juliet*, 1562. It is there ſaid to be the caſtle of the Capulets. MALONE.

5 *Peer'd forth the golden* window *of the eaſt,*] The ſame thought occurs in Spenſer's *Faery Queen*, B. 2. C. 10.

" Early before the morn with cremoſin ray
" The *windowes* of bright heaven opened had,
" Through which into the world the dawning day
" Might looke," &c. STEEVENS.

Where,

Where,—underneath the grove of ſycamour,
That weſtward rooteth from the city's ſide,—
So early walking did I ſee your ſon:
Towards him I made; but he was 'ware of me,
And ſtole into the covert of the wood:
I, meaſuring his affections by my own,—
That moſt are buſied[6] when they are moſt alone,—
Purſu'd my humour, not purſuing his,
And gladly ſhunn'd who gladly fled from me[7].

*Mon.* Many a morning hath he there been ſeen,
With tears augmenting the freſh morning's dew,
Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep ſighs:
But all ſo ſoon as the all-cheering ſun
Should in the furtheſt eaſt begin to draw
The ſhady curtains from Aurora's bed,
Away from light ſteals home my heavy ſon,
And private in his chamber pens himſelf;
Shuts up his windows, locks fair day-light out,
And makes himſelf an artificial night;
Black and portentous muſt this humour prove,
Unleſs good counſel may the cauſe remove.

*Ben.* My noble uncle, do you know the cauſe?

*Mon.* I neither know it, nor can learn of him.

*Ben.* Have you impórtun'd[8] him by any means?

*Mon.* Both by myſelf, and many other friends:
But he, his own affections' counſellor,
Is to himſelf—I will not ſay, how true—
But to himſelf ſo ſecret and ſo cloſe,
So far from ſounding and diſcovery,
As is the bud bit with an envious worm,

[6] *That moſt are buſied*, &c.] Edition 1597. Inſtead of which it is in the other editions thus:

——— by my own,
Which then moſt ſought, where moſt might not be found,
Being one too many by my weary ſelf,
Purſu'd my humour, &c. POPE.

[7] *And gladly ſhunn'd*, &c.] The ten lines following, not in the edition 1597, but in the next of 1599. POPE.

[8] Ben. *Have you impórtun'd*, &c.] Theſe two ſpeeches alſo omitted n edition 1597, but inſerted in 1599. POPE.

Ere

Ere he can ſpread his ſweet leaves to the air,
Or dedicate his beauty to the ſame [9].
Could we but learn from whence his ſorrows grow,
We would as willingly give cure, as know.

*Enter* ROMEO, *at a diſtance.*

*Ben.* See, where he comes: So pleaſe you, ſtep aſide;
I'll know his grievance, or be much deny'd.
*Mon.* I would, thou wert ſo happy by thy ſtay,
To hear true ſhrift.—Come, madam, let's away.
[*Exeunt* MONTAGUE, *and Lady.*
*Ben.* Good morrow, couſin.

9 *Or dedicate his beauty to the* ſame.] I cannot but ſuſpect that ſome lines are loſt, which connected this ſimile more cloſely with the foregoing ſpeech: theſe lines, if ſuch there were, lamented the danger that Romeo will die of his melancholy, before his virtues or abilities were known to the world. JOHNSON.

I ſuſpect no loſs of connecting lines. The ſame expreſſion occurs in *Timon*, Act 4. Sc. 2.

" A *dedicated* beggar to the *air*." STEEVENS.

Dr. Johnſon's conjecture is, I think unfounded; the ſimile relates ſolely to Romeo's *concealing* the cauſe of his melancholy, and is again uſed by Shakſpeare in *Twe fth Night*:

" —She never *told* her love,
" But let *concealment*, *like a worm i' the bud*,
" Feed on her damaſk cheek."

Mr. Theobald reads—to the *ſun*. In the old ſpelling *ſunne* and *ſame* were eaſily confounded.—In the laſt act of this play our poet has evidently imitated the *Roſamond* of Daniel; and in the preſent paſſage might have remembered the following lines in one of the Sonnets of the ſame writer, who was then extremely popular. The lines, whether remembered by our authour or not, add ſuch ſupport to Mr. Theobald's emendation, that I ſhould have given it a place in the text, but that the other mode of phraſeology was not uncommon in Shakſpeare's time:

" And whilſt thou *ſpread'ſt* unto the riſing *ſunne*,
" The faireſt *flower* that ever ſaw the light,
" Now joy thy time, before thy ſweet be done."
Daniel's Sonnets, 1594.

The line quoted by Mr. Steevens does not appear to me to be adverſe to this emendation. The bud could not dedicate its beauty to the *ſun*, without at the ſame time dedicating it to the *air*.

A ſimilar phraſeology, however, to that of the text may be found in Daniel's 14th, 32d, 44th, and 53d Sonnets. MALONE.

*Rom.*

*Rom.* Is the day ſo young[1]?
*Ben.* But new ſtruck nine.
*Rom.* Ah me! ſad hours ſeem long.
Was that my father that went hence ſo faſt?
*Ben.* It was:—What ſadneſs lengthens Romeo's hours?
*Rom.* Not having that, which, having, makes them ſhort.
*Ben.* In love?
*Rom.* Out—
*Ben.* Of love?
*Rom.* Out of her favour, where I am in love.
*Ben.* Alas, that love, ſo gentle in his view,
Should be ſo tyrannous and rougn in proof!
*Rom.* Alas, that love, whoſe view is muffled ſtill,
Should, without eyes, ſee path-ways to his will[2]!
Where ſhall we dine?—O me!—What fray was here?
Yet tell me not, for I have heard it all.
Here's much to do with hate, but more with love:—
Why then, O brawling love[3]! O loving hate!
O any thing, of nothing firſt create!

O heavy

[1] *Is the day ſo* young?] i. e. is it ſo early in the day? The ſame expreſſion (which might once have been popular) I meet with in *Acolaſtus*, a comedy, 1540: "It is yet *young nyghte*, or there is yet much of the nighte to come." STEEVENS.

[2] —*to his will!*] The meaning may be, that *love* finds out means to purſue his *deſire*. JOHNSON.

It is not unuſual for thoſe who are blinded by love to overlook every difficulty that oppoſes their purſuit. NICHOLS.

This paſſage ſeems to have been miſapprehended. Benvolio has lamented that the *God of love*, who appears ſo gentle, ſhould be a tyrant.—It is no leſs to be lamented, adds Romeo, that the *blind god* ſhould yet be able to direct his arrows at thoſe whom he wiſhes to hit, that he ſhould wound whomever he *wills*, or deſires to wound.

MALONE.

The quarto 1597, reads

Should, without *laws*, give path-ways to our will!

This reading is the moſt intelligible. STEEVENS.

[3] *Why then, O brawling love!* &c.] Of theſe lines neither the ſenſe nor occaſion is very evident. He is not yet in love with an enemy; and to love one and hate another is no ſuch uncommon ſtate, as can deſerve all this toil of antitheſis. JOHNSON.

Had Dr. Johnſon attended to the letter of invitation in the next ſcene, he would have found that Roſaline was niece to Capulet.

ANONYMUS.

Every

O heavy lightneſs! ſerious vanity!
Miſ-ſhapen chaos of well-ſeeming forms!
Feather of lead, bright ſmoke, cold fire, ſick health!
Still-waking ſleep, that is not what it is!—
This love feel I, that feel no love in this.
Doſt thou not laugh?

*Ben.* No, coz, I rather weep.

*Rom.* Good heart, at what?

*Ben.* At thy good heart's oppreſſion.

*Rom.* Why, ſuch is love's tranſgreſſion [4].—
Griefs of mine own lie heavy in my breaſt;
Which thou wilt propagate, to have it preſt
With more of thine: this love, that thou haſt ſhown,
Doth add more grief to too much of mine own.

Every ſonnetteer characteriſes love by contrarieties. Watſon begins one of his canzonets:

"Love is a ſowre delight, a ſugred griefe.
"A living death, an ever-dying life," &c.

Turberville makes Reaſon harangue againſt it in the ſame manner:

"A fierie froſt, a flame that frozen is with iſe!
"A heavie burden light to beare! a vertue fraught with vice!" &c.

Immediately from the *Romaunt of the Roſe*:

"*Loue* it is an hatefull pees,
"A free aquitaunce without reles,—
"*An heavie burthen light to beare,*
"A wicked wawe awaie to weare:
"And health full of maladie,
"And charitie full of envie;—
"A laughter that is weping aie,
"Reſt that trauaileth night and daie," &c.

This kind of antitheſis was very much the taſte of the Provençal and Italian poets; perhaps it might be hinted by the ode of Sappho preſerved by Longinus. Petrarch is full of it:

"Pace non trovo, e non hó da far guerra,
"E temo, e ſpero, e ardo, e ſon un ghiaccio,
"E volo ſopra'l cielo, e ghiaccio in terra,
"E nulla ſtringo, e tutto'l mondo abbraccio," *Son.* 105.

Sir Tho. Wyat gives a tranſlation of this ſonnet, without any notice of the original, under the title of "*Deſcription of the contrarious Paſſions in a Lover*," amongſt the *Songes and Sonnettes*, by the Earle of Surrey, and others, 1574. FARMER.

4 *Why, ſuch is love's tranſgreſſion.*—] Such is the conſequence of unſkilful and miſtaken kindneſs. JOHNSON.

Love is a ſmoke rais'd with the fume of ſighs;
Being purg'd, a fire ſparkling in lovers' eyes [5];
Being vex'd [6], a ſea nouriſh'd with lovers' tears:
What is it elſe? a madneſs moſt diſcreet,
A choking gall, and a preſerving ſweet.
Farewel, my coz. [*going*.

*Ben.* Soft, I will go along;
An if you leave me ſo, you do me wrong.

*Rom.* Tut, I have loſt myſelf; I am not here;
This is not Romeo, he's ſome other where.

*Ben.* Tell me in ſadneſs [7], who ſhe is you love.

*Rom.* What, ſhall I groan, and tell thee?

*Ben.* Groan? why, no;
But ſadly tell me, who.

*Rom.* Bid a ſick man in ſadneſs make his will:—
Ah, word ill urg'd to one that is ſo ill!—
In ſadneſs, couſin, I do love a woman.

*Ben.* I aim'd ſo near, when I ſuppos'd you lov'd.

*Rom.* A right good marks-man!—And ſhe's fair I love.

*Ben.* A right fair mark, fair coz, is ſooneſt hit.

*Rom.* Well, in that hit, you miſs: ſhe'll not be hit.
With Cupid's arrow, ſhe hath Dian's wit;
And, in ſtrong proof of chaſtity well arm'd [8],

From

5 *Being* purg'd, *a fire ſparkling in lovers' eyes*;] The authour may mean *being purged of ſmoke*, but it is perhaps a meaning never given to the word in any other place. I would rather read, *Being* urg'd, *a fire ſparkling*,—.Being excited and inforced. To *urge* the fire is the technical term. JOHNSON.

6 *Being vex'd*, &c.] As this line ſtands ſingle, it is likely that the foregoing or following line that rhymed to it is loſt. JOHNSON.

It does not ſeem neceſſary to ſuppoſe any line loſt. In the former ſpeech about love's contrarieties, there are ſeveral lines which have no other to rhime with them; as alſo in the following, about Roſaline's chaſtity. STEEVENS.

7 *Tell me in ſadneſs*,] That is, tell me *gravely*, tell me in *ſeriouſneſs*. JOHNSON.

See Vol. II. p. 223, n. 1. MALONE.

8 *And, in ſtrong proof of chaſtity well arm'd*, &c.] As this play was written in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, I cannot help regarding theſe ſpeeches of Romeo as an oblique compliment to her majeſty, who was

From love's weak childish bow she lives unharm'd.
She will not stay the siege of loving terms [9],
Nor bide the encounter of assailing eyes,
Nor ope her lap to saint-seducing gold:
O, she is rich in beauty; only poor,
That, when she dies, with beauty dies her store [1].

*Ben.* Then she hath sworn, that she will still live chaste?

not liable to be displeased at hearing her chastity praised after she was suspected to have lost it, or her beauty commended in the 67th year of her age, though she never possessed any when she was young. Her declaration that she would continue unmarried, increases the probability of the present supposition. STEEVENS.

—*in strong proof*—] In chastity *of proof*; as we say in armour *of proof*. JOHNSON.

9 *She will not stay the* siege *of* loving *terms,*] So, in our authour's *Venus and Adonis*:

"Remove your *siege* from my unyielding heart;
"To *love's* alarm it will not ope the gate." MALONE.

1 —*with beauty dies her store.*] Mr. Theobald reads, "*With* her dies beauty's *store*;" and is followed by the two succeeding editors. I have replaced the old reading, because I think it at least as plausible as the correction. *She is rich*, says he, *in beauty*, and *only poor* in being subject to the lot of humanity, that *her store*, or riches, *can be destroyed by death*, who shall, by the same blow, put an end to beauty. JOHNSON.

Words are sometimes shuffled out of their places at the press; but that they should be at once transposed and corrupted, is highly improbable. I have no doubt that the old copies are right. She is *rich* in beauty; and *poor* in this circumstance alone, that with her, beauty will expire; her *store* of wealth [which the poet has already said was the fairness of her person,] will not be transmitted to posterity, inasmuch as she will "lead her graces to the grave, and leave the world no copy." MALONE.

Theobald's alteration may be countenanced by the following passage in *Swetnam Arraign'd*, a comedy, 1620:

"Nature now shall boast no more
"Of the riches of her store;
"Since, in this her chiefest prize,
"All the stock of beauty dies."

Again, in the 14th Sonnet of Shakspeare:

"Thy end is truth's and beauty's doom and date."

Again, in Massinger's *Virgin-Martyr*:

"——with her dies
"The abstract of all sweetness that's in woman."
STEEVENS.

*Rom.*

*Rom.* She hath, and in that ſparing makes huge waſte[2];
For beauty, ſtarv'd with her ſeverity,
Cuts beauty off from all poſterity[3].
She is too fair, too wiſe; wiſely too fair[4],
To merit bliſs by making me deſpair:
She hath forſworn to love; and, in that vow,
Do I live dead[5], that live to tell it now.

*Ben.* Be rul'd by me, forget to think of her.

*Rom.* O, teach me how I ſhould forget to think.

*Ben.* By giving liberty unto thine eyes;
Examine other beauties.

*Rom.* 'Tis the way
To call hers, exquiſite, in queſtion more[6]:
Theſe happy maſks[7], that kiſs fair ladies' brows,

[2] *She hath, and in that* ſparing *makes huge* waſte;] So, in our authour's Firſt Sonnet:

"And, tender churl, mak'ſt *waſte* in *niggarding*." MALONE.

[3] *For beauty, ſtarv'd with her ſeverity,*
*Cuts beauty off from all poſterity.*] So, in our authour's Third Sonnet:

"Or who is he ſo fond will be the tomb
"Of his ſelf-love, to *ſtop poſterity?*"

Again, in his *Venus and Adonis*:

"What is thy body but a ſwallowing grave,
"Seeming to *bury that poſterity*,
"Which by the rights of time thou needs muſt have—."

MALONE.

[4] —*wiſely too fair*, &c.] There is in her too much ſanctimonious wiſdom united with beauty, which induces her to continue chaſte with the hopes of attaining heavenly bliſs. MALONE.

None of the following ſpeeches of this ſcene are in the firſt edition of 1597. POPE.

[5] *Do I* live dead,] So Richard the Third:

"—now they kill me with a *living death*."

See Vol. VI. p. 467, n. 7. MALONE.

[6] —*in* queſtion *more*.] More into talk; to make her unparalleled beauty more the ſubject of thought and converſation. See Vol. III. p. 77, n. 2. MALONE.

[7] Theſe *happy maſks*, &c.] i. e. the maſks worn by female ſpectators of the play. Former editors print *thoſe* inſtead of *theſe*, but without authority. STEEVENS.

*Theſe* happy maſks, I believe, means no more than *the* happy maſks. Such is Mr. Tyrwhitt's opinion. See Vol. II. p. 53, n. 5. MALONE.

Being black, put us in mind they hide the fair;
He, that is ſtrucken blind, cannot forget
The precious treaſure of his eye-ſight loſt:
Shew me a miſtreſs that is paſſing fair,
What doth her beauty ſerve, but as a note
Where I may read, who paſs'd that paſſing fair?
Farewel; thou canſt not teach me to forget[8].

*Ben.* I'll pay that doctrine, or elſe die in debt.

[*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.

*A Street.*

*Enter* CAPULET, PARIS, *and* Servant.

*Cap.* And Montague is bound[9] as well as I,
In penalty alike; and 'tis not hard, I think,
For men ſo old as we to keep the peace.

*Par.* Of honourable reckoning are you both;
And pity 'tis, you liv'd at odds ſo long.
But now, my lord, what ſay you to my ſuit?

*Cap.* But ſaying o'er what I have ſaid before:
My child is yet a ſtranger in the world,
She hath not ſeen the change of fourteen years;
Let two more ſummers wither in their pride[1],
Ere we may think her ripe to be a bride.

*Par.* Younger than ſhe are happy mothers made.

*Cap.* And too ſoon marr'd are thoſe ſo early made[2].

The

[8] *Thou canſt not teach me to forget.*]

"Of all afflictions taught a lover yet,
"'Tis ſure the hardeſt ſcience, *to forget.*" Pope's *Eloiſa.*

STEEVENS.

[9] And *Montague is bound*—] This ſpeech is not in the firſt quarto. That of 1599 has—*But* Montague.—In that of 1609 and the folio, *But* is omitted. The reading of the text is that of the undated quarto.

MALONE.

[1] *Let two more ſummers wither in their pride,*] So, in our poet's 103d Sonnet:

"——Three winters cold
"Have from the foreſts ſhook three *ſummers' pride,*—."

MALONE.

[2] *And too ſoon* marr'd *are thoſe ſo early* made.] The quarto 1597, reads:—And too ſoon *marr'd* are thoſe ſo early *married.*

Puttenham,

The earth hath ſwallow'd all my hopes but ſhe,
She is the hopeful lady of my earth[3]:
But woo her, gentle Paris, get her heart,
My will to her conſent is but a part;
An ſhe agree, within her ſcope of choice
Lies my conſent and fair according voice.
This night I hold an old accuſtom'd feaſt,
Whereto I have invited many a gueſt,
Such as I love; and you, among the ſtore,
One more, moſt welcome, makes my number more.

Puttenham, in his *Art of Poeſy*, 1589, uſes this expreſſion, which ſeems to be proverbial, as an inſtance of a figure which he calls the *Rebound:*

" The maid that *ſoon married* is, *ſoon marred* is."

The jingle between *marr'd* and *made* is likewiſe frequent among the old writers. So Sidney:

" Oh! he is *marr'd*, that is for others *made!*"

Spenſer introduces it very often in his different poems. STEEVENS.

*Making and Marring* is enumerated among other unlawful games in the Stat. 2 and 3 Phi. and Ma. c. 9. Great improvements have been made on this ancient game in the preſent century. MALONE.

[3] *She is the hopeful lady of my earth*;] This line is not in the firſt edition. POPE.

*She is the hopeful lady of my earth:*] This is a Galliciſm: *Fille de terre* is the French phraſe for an *heireſs*.

King Richard II. calls his land, i. e. his kingdom, *his earth:*

" Feed not thy ſovereign's foe, my gentle *earth*."

Again,

" So weeping, ſmiling, greet I thee, my *earth*."

*Earth*, in other old plays is likewiſe put for *lands*, i. e. landed eſtate. So, in *A Trick to catch the old one*, 1619:

" A rich widow, and four hundred a year in good *earth*."

STEEVENS.

The explanation of Mr. Steevens may be right; but there is a paſſage in *The Maid's Tragedy*, which leads to another, where Amintor ſays,

" This *earth* of mine doth tremble, and I feel
" A ſtark affrighted motion in my blood."

Here *earth* means corporal part. MASON.

Again, in this play:

" Can I go forward, when my heart is here?
" Turn back, dull *earth*, and find thy center out."

Again, in our authour's 146th Sonnet:

" Poor ſoul, the center of my ſinful *earth*,—." MALONE.

At my poor houſe, look to behold this night
Earth-treading ſtars, that make dark heaven light[4]:
Such comfort, as do luſty young men feel[5]
When well-apparell'd April on the heel
Of limping winter treads, even ſuch delight
Among freſh female buds ſhall you this night

4 *Earth-treading ſtars, that make dark* heaven *light:*] Dr. Warburton calls this nonſenſe, and idly ſubſtitutes *even* for *heaven*.
MALONE.

But why nonſenſe? Is any thing more commonly ſaid, than that beauties eclipſe the ſun? Has not Pope the thought and the word?

" Sol through white curtains ſhot a tim'rous ray,
" And op'd thoſe eyes that muſt *eclipſe the day*."

Both the old and the new reading are philoſophical nonſenſe; but they are both, and both equally, poetical ſenſe. JOHNSON.

5 —*do luſty* young men *feel*—] To ſay, and to ſay in pompous words, that a *young man ſhall feel* as much in an aſſembly of beauties, *as young men feel in the month of April*, is ſurely to waſte ſound upon a very poor ſentiment: I read:

Such comfort as do luſty *yeomen* feel.

You ſhall feel from the ſight and converſation of theſe ladies, ſuch hopes of happineſs and ſuch pleaſure, as the farmer receives from the ſpring, when the plenty of the year begins, and the proſpect of the harveſt fills him with delight. JOHNSON.

The following paſſage from Chaucer's *Romaunt of the Roſe*, will ſupport the preſent reading, and ſhew the propriety of Shakſpeare's compariſon: for to tell *Paris* that he ſhould feel the ſame ſort of pleaſure in an aſſembly of beauties, which *young folk* feel in that ſeaſon when they are moſt *gay and amorous*, was ſurely as much as the old man ought to ſay:

" That it was May, thus dremid me,
" In time of love and jolite,
" That al thing ginnith waxin gay, &c.
" Then *yong folke* entendin aye,
" For to ben gaie and amorous,
" The time is then ſo ſavorous."

*Romaunt of the Roſe*, v. 51, &c. STEEVENS.

Our authour's 98th *Sonnet* may alſo ſerve to confirm the reading of the text:

" From you have I been abſent in the ſpring,
" When *proud-pied April*, dreſs'd in all his trim,
" Hath put a *ſpirit* of *youth* in every thing."

Again, in *Tancred and Gismund*, a tragedy, 1592:

" Tell me not of the date of Nature's days,
" Then in the *April* of her *ſpringing age*—". MALONE.

Inherit

Inherit at my houſe [6]; hear all, all ſee,
And like her moſt, whoſe merit moſt ſhall be:
Such, amongſt view of many [7], mine, being one,
May

[6] Inherit *at my houſe*;] To *inherit*, in the language of Shakſpeare's age, is to *poſſeſs*. See Vol. V. p. 7, n. 5. MALONE.

[7] Such, *amongſt view of many*, &c.] Thus the quarto, 1597. In the ſubſequent quarto of 1599, that of 1609, and the folio, the line was printed thus:

*Which one* [*on*] *more* view of many, &c. MALONE.

A very ſlight alteration will reſtore the cleareſt ſenſe to this paſſage. Shakſpeare might have written the line thus:

*Search* among view of many: mine, being one,
May ſtand in number, though in reckoning none.

i. e. *Amongſt the many you will view there, ſearch for one that will pleaſe you. Chuſe out of the multitude.* This agrees exactly with what he had already ſaid to him:

——————————hear all, all ſee,
And like her moſt whoſe merit moſt ſhall be."

*My daughter* (he proceeds) *will, it is true, be one of the number, but her beauty can be of no reckoning* (i. e. eſtimation) *among thoſe whom you will ſee here. Reckoning* for *eſtimation*, is uſed before in this very ſcene.

" Of honourable *reckoning* are you both." STEEVENS.

This interpretation is fully ſupported by a paſſage in *Meaſure for Meaſure*:

" ——our compell'd ſins
" Stand more for *number*, than *accompt*." i. e. eſtimation.

There is here an alluſion to an old proverbial expreſſion, that *one* is no number. So, in Decker's *Honeſt Whore*, Part II:

" —to fall to *one*,
" —is to fall to none,
" For *one no number is*."

Again, in Marlowe's *Hero and Leander*:

" One is no number."

Again, in Shakſpeare's 136th Sonnet:

" Among a number *one is reckon'd none*,
" Then in the number let me paſs untold."

The following lines in the poem on which the tragedy is founded, may add ſome ſupport to Mr. Steevens's conjecture:

" To his approved friend a ſolemn oath he plight,—
" —every where he would reſort where ladies wont to meet;
" Eke ſhould his ſavage heart like all indifferently,
" For he would *view* and judge them all with unallured eye.—
* * * *
" No knight or gentleman of high or low renown
" But Capulet himſelf had bid unto his feaſt, &c.

May ſtand in number, though in reckoning none.
Come, go with me;—Go, ſirrah, trudge about
Through fair Verona; find thoſe perſons out,
Whoſe names are written there [8], [*gives a paper.*] and to them ſay,
My houſe and welcome on their pleaſure ſtay.

[*Exeunt* CAPULET, *and* PARIS.

*Serv.* Find them out, whoſe names are written here [9]? It is written—that the ſhoemaker ſhould meddle with his yard, and the tailor with his laſt, the fiſher with his pencil, and the painter with his nets; but I am ſent to find thoſe perſons, whoſe names are here writ, and can never find what names the writing perſon hath here writ. I muſt to the learned:—In good time.

*Enter* BENVOLIO, *and* ROMEO.

*Ben.* Tut, man! one fire burns out another's burning,
One pain is leſſen'd by another's anguiſh;
Turn giddy, and be holp by backward turning;
One deſperate grief cures with another's languiſh [1]:
Take thou ſome new infection to thy eye,
And the rank poiſon of the old will die [2].

*Rom.*

" Young damſels thither flock, of bachelors a rout;
" Not ſo much for the banquet's ſake, as beauties to *ſearch* out." MALONE.

8 —*find thoſe perſons out,*
*Whoſe names are written there,*] Shakſpeare has here cloſely followed the poem already mentioned:
" No lady fair or foul was in Verona town,
" No knight or gentleman of high or low renown,
" But Capilet himſelf hath bid unto his feaſt,
" Or by *his name, in paper ſent, appointed as a gueſt.*" MALONE.

9 *Find them out, whoſe names are written here?*] The quarto, 1597, adds: " And yet I know not who are written here: I muſt to the learned to learn of them: that's as much as to ſay, the tailor," &c. STEEVENS.

1 —*with another's* languiſh:]. This ſubſtantive is again found in *Antony and Cleopatra.*—It was not of our poet's coinage, occurring alſo (as I think) in one of Morley's ſongs, 1595:
" Alas, it ſkills not,
" For thus I will not,

" Now

*Rom.* Your plantain leaf is excellent for that[3].

*Ben.* For what, I pray thee?

*Rom.* For your broken ſhin.

*Ben.* Why, Romeo, art thou mad?

*Rom.* Not mad, but bound more than a mad-man is:
Shut up in priſon, kept without my food,
Whipp'd, and tormented, and—Good-e'en, good fellow.

*Serv.* God gi' good e'en.—I pray, ſir, can you read?

*Rom.* Ay, mine own fortune in my miſery.

*Serv.* Perhaps you have learn'd it without book: But I pray, can you read any thing you ſee?

*Rom.* Ay, if I know the letters, and the language.

*Serv.* Ye ſay honeſtly; Reſt you merry!

*Rom.* Stay, fellow; I can read. [*reads.*

" Now contented,
" Now tormented,
" Live in love and *languiſh*." MALONE.

2 *Tut, man! one fire burns out another's burning,—*
*Take thou ſome new infection to thy eye,*
*And the rank poiſon of the old will die.*] So, in the poem:
" Ere long the towniſh dames together will reſort;
" Some one of beauty, favour, ſhape, and of ſo lovely port,
" With ſo faſt-fixed *eye* perhaps thou may'ſt behold,
" That thou ſhalt quite forget thy *love* and *paſſions paſt of old.*
" And as out of a plank a nail a nail doth drive,
" So *novel love* out of the mind the *ancient love* doth rive."
Again, in our authour's *Coriolanus:*
" One fire drives out one fire; one nail one nail."
So, in Lily's *Euphues*, 1580: " —a fire divided in twayne burneth ſlower;—one love expelleth another, and the remembrance of the latter quencheth the concupiſcence of the firſt." MALONE.

3 *Your* plantain *leaf is excellent for that.*] Tackius tells us, that a toad, before ſhe engages with a ſpider, will fortify herſelf with ſome of this plant; and that, if ſhe comes off wounded, ſhe cures herſelf afterwards with it. GREY.

The ſame thought occurs in *Albumazar*, in the following lines:
" Help, Armellina, help! I'm fall'n i' the cellar:
" Bring a freſh *plantain leaf*, I've broke my ſhin."
Again, in *The Caſe is Alter'd*, by Ben Jonſon 1609, a fellow who has had his head broke, ſays: " 'Tis nothing; a fillip, a device: fellow Juniper, prithee get me a *plantain*."

The plantain leaf is a blood-ſtancher, and was formerly applied to green wounds. STEEVENS.

*Signior*

*Signior* Martino, *and his wife, and daughters*; *County* Anſelem, *and his beauteous ſiſters*; *The lady widow of* Vitruvio; *Signior* Placentio, *and his lovely nieces*; Mercutio, *and his brother* Valentine; *Mine uncle* Capulet, *his wife, and daughters*; *My fair niece* Roſaline; Livia; *Signior* Valentio, *and his couſin* Tybalt; Lucio, *and the lively* Helena.

A fair aſſembly; [*gives back the note.*] Whither ſhould they come?

*Serv.* Up.

*Rom.* Whither?

*Serv.* To ſupper; to our houſe[4].

*Rom.* Whoſe houſe?

*Serv.* My maſter's.

*Rom.* Indeed, I ſhould have aſk'd you that before.

*Serv.* Now I'll tell you without aſking: My maſter is the great rich Capulet; and if you be not of the houſe of Montagues, I pray, come and cruſh a cup of wine[5]. Reſt you merry. [*Exit.*

*Ben.* At this ſame ancient feaſt of Capulet's
Sups the fair Roſaline, whom thou ſo lov'ſt;
With all the admired beauties of Verona:
Go thither; and, with unattainted eye,
Compare her face with ſome that I ſhall ſhow,
And I will make thee think thy ſwan a crow.

*Rom.* When the devout religion of mine eye
Maintains ſuch falſhood, then turn tears to fires!
And theſe,—who, often drown'd, could never die,—
Tranſparent hereticks, be burnt for liars!
One fairer than my love! the all-ſeeing ſun
Ne'er ſaw her match, ſince firſt the world begun.

[4] *To ſupper; to our houſe.*] The words *to ſupper* are in the old copies annexed to the preceding ſpeech. They undoubtedly belong to the ſervant, to whom they were transferred by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

[5] —cruſh *a cup of wine.*] This cant expreſſion ſeems to have been once common among low people. I have met with it often in the old plays. So, in *Hoffman's Tragedy*, 1631:

" —we'll *cruſh a cup* of thine own country wine."

Again, in the *Pinner of Wakefield*, 1599, the Cobler ſays:

" Come, George, we'll *cruſh a pot* before we part."

We ſtill ſay in cant language—*to crack a bottle.* STEEVENS.

*Ben.*

*Ben.* Tut! you ſaw her fair, none elſe being by,
Herſelf pois'd with herſelf in either eye:
But in thoſe cryſtal ſcales[6], let there be weigh'd
Your lady's love againſt ſome other maid[7]
That I will ſhew you, ſhining at this feaſt,
And ſhe ſhall ſcant ſhew well, that now ſhews beſt.
*Rom.* I'll go along, no ſuch ſight to be ſhewn,
But to rejoice in ſplendour of mine own. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE III.

*A Room in* Capulet's *Houſe.*

*Enter Lady* CAPULET, *and* Nurſe.

*La. Cap.* Nurſe, where's my daughter? call her forth to me.
*Nurſe.* Now, by my maiden-head,—at twelve year old,—
I bade her come.—What, lamb! what, lady-bird!—
God forbid!—where's this girl?—what, Juliet!

*Enter* JULIET.

*Jul.* How now, who calls?
*Nurſe.* Your mother.
*Jul.* Madam, I am here; what is your will?
*La. Cap.* This is the matter:—Nurſe, give leave awhile,
We muſt talk in ſecret.—Nurſe, come back again;
I have remember'd me, thou ſhalt hear our counſel.
Thou know'ſt, my daughter's of a pretty age.
*Nurſe.* 'Faith, I can tell her age unto an hour.
*La. Cap.* She's not fourteen.
*Nurſe.* I'll lay fourteen of my teeth,

[6] —*in* thoſe *cryſtal ſcales*,—] The old copies have—*that* cryſtal, &c. The emendation was made by Mr. Rowe. I am not ſure that it is neceſſary. The poet might have uſed *ſcales* for the entire machine. MALONE.

[7] —*let there be weigh'd*
*Your* lady's love *againſt ſome other maid*] *Your lady's love* is the love you bear to your lady, which in our language is commonly uſed for the lady herſelf. HEATH.

And

And yet, to my teen [8] be it ſpoken, I have but four,—
She's not fourteen: How long is't now to Lammas-tide?
*La. Cap.* A fortnight, and odd days.
*Nurſe.* Even or odd, of all days in the year,
Come Lammas-eve at night, ſhall ſhe be fourteen.
Suſan and ſhe,—God reſt all Chriſtian ſouls!—
Were of an age.—Well, Suſan is with God;
She was too good for me: But, as I ſaid,
On Lammas-eve at night ſhall ſhe be fourteen;
That ſhall ſhe, marry; I remember it well.
'Tis ſince the earthquake now eleven years [9];
And ſhe was wean'd,—I never ſhall forget it,—
Of all the days of the year, upon that day:
For I had then laid wormwood to my dug,
Sitting in the ſun under the dove-houſe wall,
My lord and you were then at Mantua:—
Nay, I do bear a brain [1]:—but, as I ſaid,
When it did taſte the worm-wood on the nipple
Of my dug, and felt it bitter, pretty fool!
To ſee it tetchy, and fall out with the dug.
Shake, quoth the dove-houſe: 'twas no need, I trow,

[8] —*to my* teen—] To my ſorrow. JOHNSON.
So, in Spenſer's *Faery Queen*, B. I. C. 9.
" —for dread and doleful *teen*."
This old word is introduced by Shakſpeare for the ſake of the jingle between *teen*, and *four*, and *fourteen*. STEEVENS.
See Vol. VI. p. 559, n. 4. MALONE.

[9] *'Tis ſince the earthquake now eleven years*;] But how comes the nurſe to talk of an *earthquake* upon this occaſion? There is no ſuch circumſtance, I believe, mentioned in any of the novels from which Shakſpeare may be ſuppoſed to have drawn his ſtory; and therefore it ſeems probable, that he had in view the earthquake, which had really been felt in many parts of England in his own time, viz. on the 6th of April, 1580. [See *Stowe's Chronicle*, and *Gabriel Harvey's* letter in the preface to *Spenſer's works*, ed. 1679.] If ſo, one may be permitted to conjecture, that *Romeo and Juliet*, or this part of it at leaſt, was written in 1591; after the 6th of April, when the *eleven years ſince the earthquake* were completed; and not later than the middle of July, *a fortnight and odd days* before *Lammas-tide*. TYRWHITT.

[1] *Nay, I do* bear a brain:] So, in *Ram-alley*, or *Merry Tricks*, 1611:
" *Daſh.* we muſt *bear ſome brain*."
Again, in Marſton's *Dutch Courteſan*, 1604:
" —nay, an I *bear not a brain*,—." STEEVENS.

To

To bid me trudge.
And ſince that time it is eleven years:
For then ſhe could ſtand alone [2]; nay, by the rood,
She could have run and waddled all about.
For even the day before, ſhe broke her brow:
And then my huſband—God be with his ſoul!
'A was a merry man;—took up the child:
*Yea*, quoth he, *doſt thou fall upon thy face?*
*Thou wilt fall backward, when thou haſt more wit;*
*Wilt thou not, Jule?* and, by my holy-dam,
The pretty wretch left crying, and ſaid—*Ay:*
To ſee now, how a jeſt ſhall come about!
I warrant, an I ſhould live a thouſand years,
I never ſhould forget it; *Wilt thou not, Jule?* quoth he:
And, pretty fool, it ſtinted [3], and ſaid—*Ay.*

*La Cap.* Enough of this; I pray thee, hold thy peace.

*Nurſe.* Yes, madam; Yet I cannot chooſe but laugh [4].
To think it ſhould leave crying, and ſay—*Ay:*
And yet, I warrant, it had upon its brow
A bump as big as a young cockrel's ſtone;
A par'lous knock; and it cried bitterly.
*Yea*, quoth my huſband, *fall'ſt upon thy face?*
*Thou wilt fall backward, when thou com'ſt to age;*
*Wilt thou not, Jule?* it ſtinted, and ſaid—*Ay.*

*Jul.* And ſtint thou too, I pray thee, nurſe, ſay I.

*Nurſe.* Peace, I have done. God mark thee to his grace!

[2] —*could ſtand alone*;] The quarto, 1597, reads: "could ſtand *high lone*, i. e. *quite* alone, *completely* alone. So in another of our authour's plays, *high-fantaſtical* means *entirely* fantaſtical. STEEVENS.

[3] —*it* ſtinted,] i. e. it ſtopped, it forbore from weeping. So Sir Thomas North, in his tranſlation of Plutarch, ſpeaking of the wound which Antony received, ſays: "for the blood *ſtinted* a little when he was laid." So, in *Titus Andronicus*:

"He can at pleaſure *ſtint* their melody."

Again, in *Cynthia's Revenge*, by Ben Jonſon:

"*Stint* thy babbling tongue."

Spenſer uſes this word frequently in his *Faerie Queen*. STEEVENS.

[4] Nurſe. *Yes, madam; yet I cannot chooſe*, &c.] This ſpeech and tautology is not in the firſt edition. POPE.

Thou

Thou waſt the prettieſt babe that e'er I nurs'd:
An I might live to ſee thee married once,
I have my wiſh.

*La Cap.* Marry, that marry is the very theme
I came to talk of:—Tell me, daughter Juliet,
How ſtands your diſpoſition to be married?

*Jul.* It is an honour[5] that I dream not of.

*Nurſe.* An honour! were not I thine only nurſe,
I'd ſay, thou hadſt ſuck'd wiſdom from thy teat.

*La Cap.* Well[6], think of marriage now; younger than you,
Here in Verona, ladies of eſteem,
Are made already mothers: by my count,
I was your mother much upon theſe years
That you are now a maid. Thus then, in brief;—
The valiant Paris ſeeks you for his love.

*Nurſe.* A man, young lady! lady, ſuch a man,
As all the world—Why, he's a man of wax[7].

*La Cap.* Verona's ſummer hath not ſuch a flower.

[5] *It is an* honour—] The firſt quarto reads *honour*; the folio *bour*. I have choſen the reading of the quarto.

The word *bour* ſeems to have nothing in it that could draw from the Nurſe that applauſe which ſhe immediately beſtows. The word *honour* was likely to ſtrike the old ignorant woman, as a very elegant and diſcreet word for the occaſion. STEEVENS.

*Honour* was changed to *bour* in the quarto, 1599. MALONE.

[6] *Well, &c.*] Inſtead of this ſpeech, the quarto, 1597, has only one line:

Well, girl, the noble County Paris ſeeks thee for his wife.
STEEVENS.

[7] —*a man of* wax.] So, in *Wit's Beguiled*, 1606:

"Why, he's a man as one ſhould picture him in *wax*."
STEEVENS.

—*a man of wax*—] Well made, as if he had been modelled in wax, as Mr. Steevens by a happy quotation has explained it. "When you, Lydia, praiſe the waxen arms of Telephus," ſays Horace, [*waxen*, well ſhaped, finely turned,]

"With paſſion ſwells my fervid breaſt,
"With paſſion hard to be ſuppreſt."

Dr. Bentley changed *cerea* into *laſſea*, little underſtanding, that the praiſe was given to the ſhape, not to the colour. S. W.

*Nurſe.*

*Nurſe* [8]. Nay, he's a flower: in faith, a very flower.

*La. Cap.* What ſay you [9]? can you love the gentleman?

This night you ſhall behold him at our feaſt:
Read o'er the volume of young Paris' face [1],
And find delight writ there with beauty's pen;
Examine every married lineament [2],
And ſee how one another lends content;
And what obſcur'd in this fair volume lies,
Find written in the margin of his eyes [3]

This

8 *Nurſe.*] After this ſpeech of the Nurſe, Lady Capulet in the old quarto ſays only:

" Well, Juliet, how like you of Paris' love?"

She anſwers, " I'll look to like, &c." and ſo concludes the ſcene, without the intervention of that ſtuff to be found in the later quartos and the folio. STEEVENS.

9 La. Cap. *What ſay you?* &c.] This ridiculous ſpeech is entirely aded ſince the firſt edition. POPE.

1 *Read o'er the volume,* &c.] The ſame thought occurs in *Pericles Prince of Tyre:*

" Her face the book of praiſes, where is read
" Nothing but curious pleaſures." STEEVENS.

2 *Examine every* married *lineament;*] This ſpeech, as has been obſerved, is not in the quarto, 1597. The reading of the text is that of the quarto 1599. The folio, after a later quarto, that of 1609, reads *ſeveral* lineament. I have no doubt that *married* was the poet's word, and that it was altered only becauſe the printer of the quarto of 1609 did not underſtand it. MALONE.

Shakſpeare meant by this phraſe, Examine how nicely one feature depends upon another, or accords with another, in order to produce that harmony of the whole face which ſeems to be implied in *content.*—In *Troilus and Creſſida,* he ſpeaks of " the *married* calm of ſtates;" and in his 8th Sonnet has the ſame alluſion:

" If the true concord of well-tuned ſounds,
" By unions *married,* do offend thine ear." STEEVENS.

3 *And what obſcur'd in this fair* volume *lies,*
*Find written in the* margin of his eyes.] So, in our authour's *Rape of Lucrece:*

" But ſhe, that never cop'd with ſtranger *eyes,*
" Could pick no meaning from their parling looks,
" Nor read the ſubtle ſhining ſecrecies,
" Writ in the glaſſy *margent* of ſuch *books.*" MALONE.

The comments on ancient books were always printed in the margin.

So

This precious book of love, this unbound lover[4],
To beautify him, only lacks a cover:
The fiſh lives in the ſea; and 'tis much pride,
For fair without the fair within to hide:
That book in many's eyes doth ſhare the glory,
That in gold claſps locks in the golden ſtory[5];
So ſhall you ſhare all that he doth poſſeſs,
By having him, making yourſelf no leſs.

*Nurſe.* No leſs? nay, bigger; women grow by men.

*La. Cap.* Speak briefly, can you like of Paris' love?

*Jul.* I'll look to like, if looking liking move:
But no more deep will I endart mine eye[6],
Than your conſent gives ſtrength to make it fly.

*Enter a* Servant.

*Serv.* Madam[7], the gueſts are come, ſupper ſerved up, you call'd, my young lady aſk'd for, the nurſe curſed in the pantry, and every thing in extremity. I muſt hence to wait; I beſeech you, follow ſtraight.

*La. Cap.* We follow thee.—Juliet, the county ſtays.

*Nurſe.* Go, girl, ſeek happy nights to happy days.

[*Exeunt.*

So *Horatio* in *Hamlet* ſays: "—I knew, you muſt be edify'd by the *margent*," &c. STEEVENS.

4 *This precious book of love, this unbound lover,*] The *unbound* lover, is a quibble between the binding of a book, and the binding of marriage. MASON.

5 *That in gold claſps locks in the* golden ſtory;] The *golden ſtory* is perhaps the *golden legend*, a book in the darker ages of popery much read, and doubtleſs often exquiſitely embelliſhed, but of which Canus, one of the popiſh doctors, proclaims the authour to have been *homo ferrei oris, plumbei cordis.* JOHNSON.

The poet may mean nothing more than to ſay, that thoſe books are moſt eſteemed by the world, where *valuable contents* are embelliſhed by as *valuable binding.* STEEVENS.

6 —endart *mine eye,*] The quarto, 1597, reads:—*engage* mine eye. STEEVENS.

7 *Madam,* &c.] To this ſpeech there have been likewiſe additions ſince the elder quarto, but they are not of ſufficient conſequence to be quoted. STEEVENS.

SCENE

## SCENE IV.

*A Street.*

*Enter* ROMEO, MERCUTIO[8], BENVOLIO, *with five or six Maskers, Torch-bearers, and Others.*

*Rom.* What, shall this speech be spoke for our excuse?
Or shall we on without apology?
*Ben.* The date is out of such prolixity[9]:
We'll have no Cupid hood-wink'd with a scarf,

[8]— *Mercutio,*] Shakspeare appears to have formed this character on the following slight hint in the original story: "—another gentleman called *Mercutio*, which was a courtlike gentleman, very wel beloved of all men, and by reason of his pleasant and courteous behaviour was in al companies wel intertained." *Painter's Palace of Pleasure*, tom. ii p. 221. STEEVENS.

Mercutio is thus described in the poem which Shakspeare followed:

"At thone side of her chair her lover Romeo,
"And on the other side there sat one call'd Mercutio;
"A courtier that each where was highly had in price,
"For he was courteous of his speech, and pleasant of device.
"Even as a lion would among the lambs be bold,
"Such was among the bashful maids Mercutio to behold.
"With friendly gripe he seiz'd fair Juliet's snowish hand;
"A gift he had, that nature gave him in his swathing band
"That frozen mountain ice was never half so cold,
"As were his hands, though ne'er so near the fire he did them hold."

Perhaps it was this last circumstance which induced our poet to represent Mercutio, as little sensible to the passion of love, and "a jester at wounds which *he never felt.*" See *Othello*, Act III. sc. iv.

"—This *hand* is moist, my lady;—
"This argues fruitfulness and liberal heart;
"*Hot, hot, and moist.*"

See also Vol. VII. p. 432, n. 2. MALONE.

[9] *The date is out of such prolixity:*] A tedious speech by way of introduction to maskers, before their entry at a masquerade, is no longer in fashion. To Mr. Steevens we are indebted for the true interpretation of this passage. MALONE.

In *Henry VIII.* where the king introduces himself to the entertainment given by Wolsey, he appears, like Romeo and his companions, in a *mask*, and sends a messenger before, to make an apology for his intrusion. This was a custom observed by those who came uninvited, with a desire to conceal themselves for the sake of intrigue, or to enjoy the greater freedom of conversation. Their entry on these occasions

Bearing a Tartar's painted bow of lath,
Scaring the ladies like a crow-keeper[1];
Nor no without-book prologue[2], faintly ſpoke
After the prompter, for our entrance[3]:
But, let them meaſure us by what they will,
We'll meaſure them a meaſure[4], and be gone.

*Rom.* Give me a torch[5],—I am not for this ambling;
Being but heavy, I will bear the light.

caſions was always prefaced by ſome ſpeech in praiſe of the beauty of the ladies, or the generoſity of the entertainer; and to the *prolixity* of ſuch introductions, I believe, Romeo is made to allude.

So, in *Hiſtriomaſtix*, 1610, a man expreſſes his wonder that the *maſkers* enter without any compliment:

"What, come they in ſo blunt, *without device?*"

In the accounts of many entertainments given in reigns antecedent to that of Elizabeth, I find this cuſtom preſerved. Of the ſame kind of maſquerading, ſee a ſpecimen in *Timon*, where Cupid precedes a troop of ladies with a ſpeech. STEEVENS.

[1] —*like a crow-keeper;*] The word *crow-keeper* is explained in *K. Lear*, Act IV. ſc. vi. JOHNSON.

[2] *Nor no without-book prologue*, &c.] The two following lines are inſerted from the firſt edition. POPE.

[3] —*for our* entrance:] *Entrance* is here uſed as a triſyllable; *enterance*. MALONE.

[4] *We'll meaſure them a* meaſure,] i. e. a dance. See Vol. II. p. 405, n. 4. MALONE.

[5] *Give me a torch,*] The character which Romeo declares his reſolution to aſſume, will be beſt explained by a paſſage in *Weſtward Hoe*, by Decker and Webſter, 1607: "He is juſt like a *torch-bearer* to maſkers; he wears good cloaths, and is ranked in good company, but he doth nothing." A *torch-bearer* ſeems to have been a conſtant attendant on every troop of maſks. So, in the ſecond part of *Robert Earl of Huntingdon*, 1601:

"—as on a maſque: but for our *torch bearers*,
"Hell cannot rake ſo mad a crew as I."

Again, in the ſame play:

"——a gallant crew,
"Of courtly maſkers landed at the ſtairs;
"Before whom, unintreated, I am come,
"And here prevented, I believe, their page,
"Who, with his *torch* is enter'd. STEEVENS.

*K. Henry VIII.* when he went maſked to Wolſey's palace, (now Whitehall,) had ſixteen torch-bearers. See Vol. VII. p. 36. MALONE.

*Mer.*

*Mer.* Nay, gentle Romeo, we muſt have you dance.
*Rom.* Not I, believe me: you have dancing ſhoes,
With nimble ſoles: I have a ſoul of lead,
So ſtakes me to the ground, I cannot move.
*Mer.* You are a lover[6]; borrow Cupid's wings,
And ſoar with them above a common bound.
*Rom.* I am too ſore enpierced with his ſhaft,
To ſoar with his light feathers; and ſo bound,
I cannot bound[7] a pitch above dull woe:
Under love's heavy burden do I ſink.
*Mer.* And, to ſink in it, ſhould you burden love[8];
Too great oppreſſion for a tender thing.
*Rom.* Is love a tender thing; it is too rough,
Too rude, too boiſt'rous; and it pricks like thorn.
*Mer.* If love be rough with you, be rough with love;
Prick love for pricking, and you beat love down.—
Give me a caſe to put my viſage in: [*Putting on a maſk.*
A viſor for a viſor!—what care I,
What curious eye doth quote deformities[9]?
Here are the beetle-brows, ſhall bluſh for me.
*Ben.* Come, knock, and enter; and no ſooner in,
But every man betake him to his legs.
*Rom.* A torch for me: let wantons, light of heart[1],
Tickle

[6] Mer. *You are a lover*; &c.] The twelve following lines are not to be found in the firſt edition. POPE.

[7] ——*ſo bound*,
*I cannot bound*, &c.] Let Milton's example, on this occaſion, keep Shakſpeare in countenance:
" ——in contempt
" At one ſlight *bound* high over-leap'd all *bound*
" Of hill," &c. *Par. Loſt*, book iv. l. 180. STEEVENS.

[8] —ſhould you *burden love*;] i. e. by ſinking in it, *you ſhould, or would*, burden love. Mr. Heath, on whoſe ſuggeſtion a note of interrogation has been placed at the end of this line in the late editions, entirely miſunderſtood the paſſage. Had he attended to the firſt two lines of Mercutio's next ſpeech, he would have ſeen what kind of burdens he was thinking of. See alſo the concluding lines of Mercutio's long ſpeech in p. 43. MALONE.

[9] —*doth* quote *deformities?*] To *quote* is to *obſerve*. STEEVENS. See Vol. II. p. 378, n. 6; and p. 432, n. 6. MALONE.

[1] *Let wantons, light of heart*, &c.] Middleton has borrowed this thought in his play of *Blurt Maſter-Conſtable*, 1602:

Tickle the senseless rushes with their heels[2];
For I am proverb'd with a grandsire phrase[3],—
I'll be a candle-holder, and look on,—
The game was ne'er so fair, and I am done[4].

*Mer.* Tut! dun's the mouse, the constable's own word[5]: If

" —bid him, whose heart no sorrow feels,
" Tickle the rushes with his wanton heels;
" I have too much lead at mine." STEEVENS.

[2] *Tickle the senseless* rushes *with their heels*;] It has been already observed, that it was anciently the custom to strew rooms with *rushes*, before carpets were in use. So, *Hentzner*, in his Itinerary speaking of Q. *Elizabeth's* presence-chamber at Greenwich, says: "The floor, after the English fashion, was strewed with *hay*," meaning *rushes*. STEEV.

See Vol. VIII. p. 352, n. 7.

Shakspeare, it has been observed, gives the manners and customs of his own time to all countries and all ages. It is certainly true; but let it always be remembered that his contemporaries offended against propriety in the same manner. Thus Marlowe in his *Hero and Leander*:

" She, fearing on the *rushes* to be flung,
" Strived with redoubled strength.—" MALONE.

[3] —*a grandsire phrase*,—] The proverb which Romeo means, is contained in the line immediately following: *To hold the candle*, is a very common proverbial expression, for being *an idle spectator*. Among Ray's proverbial sentences, is this,—" A good *candle-holder* proves a good gamester." STEEVENS.

The proverb to which Romeo refers, is rather that alluded to in the line next but one. MALONE.

[4] *I'll be a candle-holder, and look on,—*
*The game was ne'er so fair*, &c.] An allusion to an old proverbial saying, which advises to give over when the game is at the fairest. ANONYMUS.

[5] *Tut! dun's the mouse, the constable's own word*, &c.] This poor obscure stuff should have an explanation in mere charity. It is an answer to these two lines of Romeo:

For I am proverb'd with a grandsire phrase;—*and*
The game was ne'er so fair, and I am done.

Mercutio, in his reply, answers the last line first. The thought of which, and of the preceding, is taken from gaming. *I'll be a candle-holder* (says Romeo) *and look on*. It is true, if I could play myself, I could never expect a fairer chance than in the company we are going to: but, alas! *I am done*. I have nothing to play with: I have lost my heart already. Mercutio catches at the word *done*, and quibbles with it, as if Romeo had said, The ladies indeed are *fair*, but I am *dun*, i. e. of a dark complexion. And so replies, *Tut! dun's the mouse*; a proverbial expression of the same import with the French, *La nuit tout les chats sont gris*: as much as to say, You need not fear, night will

If thou art dun, we'll draw thee from the mire[6]
Of this (ſave reverence) love, wherein thou ſtick'ſt[7]
Up

will make all your complexions alike. And becauſe Romeo had introduced his obſervations with,

I am *proverb'd with a grandſire phraſe,*

Mercutio adds to his reply, *the conſtable's own word:* as much as to ſay, If you are for old proverbs, I'll fit you with one; *'tis the conſtable's own word*; whoſe cuſtom was, when he ſummoned his watch, and aſſigned them their ſeveral ſtations, to give them what the ſoldiers call, *the word.* But this night-guard being diſtinguiſhed for their pacific character, the conſtable, as an emblem of their harmleſs diſpoſition, choſe that domeſtic animal for his *word*, which, in time, might become proverbial. WARBURTON.

[6] *If thou art dun, we'll draw thee from the mire*—] A proverbial ſaying uſed by Mr. Thomas Heywood, in his play intitled *The Dutcheſs of Suffolk*, Act III.

" A rope for Biſhop Bonner; Clunce, run,
" Call help, a rope, or we are all undone;
" Draw *dun* out of the *ditch*." GREY.

*Draw dun out of the mire*, ſeems to have been a game. In an old collection of Satyres, Epigrams, &c. I find it enumerated among other paſtimes:

" At ſhove-groate, venter-point, or croſſe and pile,
" At leaping o'er a Midſommer bone-fier,
" Or at the *drawing dun out of the myer.*"

*Dun's the mouſe* is a proverbial phraſe, which I have likewiſe met with frequently in the old comedies. So, in *Every Woman in her Humour*, 1609:

" If my hoſt ſay the word, the *mouſe ſhall be dun.*"

It is alſo found among Ray's proverbial ſimilies. Again, in the *Two Merry Milkmaids*, 1620: " Why then, 'tis done, and *dun*'s *the mouſe*, and undone all the courtiers."

Of this cant expreſſion I cannot determine the preciſe meaning. It is uſed again in *Weſtward Hoe*, by Decker and Webſter, 1607, but apparently in a ſenſe different from that which Dr. Warburton would affix to it. STEEVENS.

Theſe paſſages ſerve to prove that Dr. Warburton's explanation is ill founded, without tending to explain the real ſenſe of the phraſe, or ſhewing why it ſhould be *the conſtable's own word.* MASON.

[7] *Of this (ſave reverence) love, wherein thou ſtick'ſt*—] I have followed the firſt quarto, 1597, except that it has *ſur-reverence*, inſtead of *ſave-reverence.* It was only a different mode of ſpelling the ſame word; which was derived from the Latin, *ſalva reverentia.* See Blount's Gloſſograph. 8vo. 1681, in v. *ſa-reverence.*

Up to the ears.—Come, we burn day-light, ho[8].

*Rom.* Nay, that's not ſo.

*Mer.* I mean, ſir, in delay
We waſte our lights in vain, like lamps by day[9].
Take our good meaning; for our judgement ſits
Five times in that, ere once in our five wits[1].

*Rom.*

So, in Maſſinger's *Very Woman:*

"The beaſtlieſt man,—

"*(Sir-reverence* of the company) a rank whore-maſter."

Again, in the *Puritan*, 1607:—"ungarter'd, unbutton'd, nay, *(ſir-reverence,)* untruſs'd."

In *Cymbeline* we have the ſame thing more delicately expreſſed: "Why ſhould his miſtreſs not be fit too? The rather, *ſaving reverence* of the word, for 'tis ſaid a woman's fitneſs comes by fits."

In the *Comedy of Errors*, Vol. II. p. 168, the word is written as in the firſt copy of this play, and is uſed in the ſame ſenſe: "—ſuch a one as a man may not ſpeak of, without he ſay *ſir-reverence*,"—And in *Much ado about Nothing*, it occurs as now printed in the text: "I think you will have me ſay *(ſave reverence)* a huſband."

The printer of the quarto, 1599, exhibited the line thus unintelligibly:

*Or*, ſave *you* reverence, love—

which was followed by the next quarto, of 1609, and by the folio with a ſlight variation. The editor of the folio, whenever he found an error in a later quarto, ſeems to have corrected it by caprice, without examining the preceding copy. He reads,—*Or*, ſave *your* reverence, &c. MALONE.

[8] —*we* burn day-light, *ho.*] To *burn day-light*, is a proverbial expreſſion, uſed when candles, &c. are lighted in the day-time. STEEV. See Vol. I. p. 221, n. 6. MALONE.

9 —*like lamps by day.*] *Lamps* is the reading of the oldeſt quarto. The folio and ſubſequent quartos read—*lights lights by day*. STEEVENS.

[1] ——*for our judgment ſits*
*Five times in that, ere once in our* five *wits.*] The quarto 1599, and the folio, have—our *fine* wits. Shakſpeare is on all occaſions ſo fond of antitheſis, that I have no doubt he wrote *five*, not *fine*. The error has happened ſo often in theſe plays, and the emendation is ſo ſtrongly confirmed by comparing theſe lines as exhibited in the enlarged copy of this play, with the paſſage as it ſtood originally, that I have not heſitated to give the reading which I propoſed ſome time ago, a place in the text.

The ſame miſtake has happened in *A Midſummer-Night's Dream*, Vol. II. p. 512, where we find in all the old copies—"of theſe *fine* the ſenſe," inſtead of "—theſe *five*." Again, in *K. Henry VI.* P. I. Vol. VI. p. 5: "Deck'd with *fine* flower-de-luces," inſtead of—"*five*," &c. In *Coriolanus*, (ſee Vol. VII. p. 293, n. 2.) the only authentick ancient copy has

*Rom.* And we mean well, in going to this maſk;
But 'tis no wit to go.

*Mer.* Why, may one aſk?

*Rom.* I dreamt a dream to-night.

*Mer.* And ſo did I.

*Rom.* Well, what was yours?

*Mer.* That dreamers often lie.

*Rom.* In bed, aſleep, while they do dream things true.

*Mer.* O, then[2], I ſee, queen Mab hath been with you. She is the fairies' midwife[3]; and ſhe comes

In

has—"the *five* ſtrains of honour," for "the *fine* ſtrains of honour." Indeed in the writing of Shakſpeare's age, the *u* and *n* were formed exactly in the ſame manner: we are not to wonder therefore that ignorant tranſcribers ſhould have confounded them. In the modern editions theſe errors have all been properly amended.—See alſo on the ſame point, Vol. I. p. 292, n. 9; Vol. IV. p. 252, n. 9; and Vol. VIII. p. 84, n. 8.

Shakſpeare has again mentioned the *five wits* in *Much ado about Nothing*, (ſee Vol. II. p. 210, n. 4.) in *K. Lear*, and in one of his ſonnets. Again, in the play before us: "Thou haſt more of the wild-gooſe in one of thy *wits*, than, I am, ſure I have in my whole *five*." Mercutio is here alſo the ſpeaker.

In the firſt quarto the line ſtands thus:

"*Three* times in that, ere once in our *right* wits."

When the poet altered "*three* times" to "*five* times," he, without doubt, for the ſake of the jingle, diſcarded the word *right*, and ſubſtituted *five* in its place. The alteration, indeed, ſeems to have been made merely to obtain the antitheſis.

Notwithſtanding all theſe concurring circumſtances, Mr. Steevens, thinks *fine* may be the true reading, becauſe "they would whip me with their *fine wits*," occurs in the *Merry Wives of Windſor*.

MALONE.

[2] *O, then*, &c.] In the quarto 1597, after the firſt line of Mercutio's ſpeech, Romeo ſays, *Queen Mab, what's ſhe?* and the printer, by a blunder, has given all the reſt of the ſpeech to the ſame character.

STEEVENS.

[3] —*I ſee, queen Mab hath been with you.*
*She is the* fairies' midwife;] The *fairies' midwife* does not mean the midwife *to* the fairies, but that ſhe was the perſon *among* the fairies, whoſe department it was to deliver the fancies of ſleeping men of their dreams, thoſe *children of an idle brain*. When we ſay the *king's judges*, we do not mean perſons who are to judge the king, but perſons appointed by him to judge his ſubjects. STEEVENS.

In ſhape no bigger than an agat-ſtone
On the fore-finger of an alderman[4],
Drawn with a team of little atomies[5]
Athwart men's noſes as they lie aſleep:
Her waggon-ſpokes made of long ſpinners' legs;

The

I apprehend, and with no violence of interpretation, that by "the fairies' midwife," the poet means, *the midwife among the fairies*, becauſe it was her peculiar employment to ſteal the new-born babe in the night, and to leave another in its place. The poet here uſes her *general* appellation, and character, which yet has ſo far a proper reference to the preſent train of fiction, as that her illuſions were practiſed on perſons in bed or aſleep; for ſhe not only haunted women in childbed, but was likewiſe the incubus or nightmare: Shakſpeare, by employing her here, alludes at large to her midnight pranks performed on ſleepers; but denominates her from the moſt notorious one, of her perſonating the drowſy midwife, who was inſenſibly carried away into ſome diſtant water, and ſubſtituting a new birth in the bed or cradle. It would clear the appellation to read the *fairy midwife*.—The poet avails himſelf of Mab's appropriate province, by giving her this nocturnal agency. T. WARTON.

4 *On the fore-finger of an alderman,*] The quarto, 1597, reads, *of a burgomaſter*. The alteration was probably made by the poet himſelf, as we find it in the ſucceeding copy, 1599: but in order to familiarize the idea, he has diminiſhed its propriety. In the pictures of *burgomaſters*, the ring is generally placed on the fore-finger; and from a paſſage in *The firſt Part of Henry IV.* we may ſuppoſe the citizens in Shakſpeare's time to have worn this ornament on the *thumb*. So again, Glapthorne, in his comedy of *Wit in a Conſtable*, 1639: "—and an *alderman*, as I may ſay to you, he has no more wit than the reſt o' the bench; and that lies in his *thumb-ring*." STEEVENS.

5 —*of* atomies—] *Atomy* is no more than an obſolete ſubſtitute for *atom*. So, in Heywood's *Brazen Age*, 1613:

"I'll tear thy limbs into more *atomies*
"Than in the ſummer play before the ſun."

In *Drayton's Nimphidia* there is likewiſe a deſcription of Queen *Mab's* chariot:

"*Four nimble gnats the horſes were,*
"*Their harneſſes of goſſamere,*
"*Fly cranion, her charioteer,*
"*Upon the coach-box getting:*
"*Her chariot of a ſnail's fine ſhell,*
"*Which for the colours did excell,*
"*The fair Queen Mab becoming well,*
"*So lively was the limning:*

"*The*

The cover, of the wings of graſhoppers;
The traces, of the ſmalleſt ſpider's web;
The collars, of the moonſhine's watry beams:
Her whip, of cricket's bone; the laſh, of film:
Her waggoner, a ſmall grey-coated gnat,
Not half ſo big as a round little worm
Prick'd from the lazy finger of a maid:
Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut,
Made by the joiner ſquirrel, or old grub,
Time out of mind the fairies' coach-makers.
And in this ſtate ſhe gallops night by night
Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love:
On courtiers' knees, that dream on court'ſies ſtraight:
O'er lawyer's fingers, who ſtraight dream on fees:
O'er ladies' lips, who ſtraight on kiſſes dream;
Which oft the angry Mab with bliſters plagues,
Becauſe their breaths with ſweet-meats * tainted are.
Sometime ſhe gallops o'er a courtier's noſe,
And then dreams he of ſmelling out a ſuit[6]:

And

" *The ſeat, the ſoft wool of the bee,*
" *The cover (gallantly to ſee)*
" *The wing of a py'd butterflee,*
" *I trow, 'twas ſimple trimming:*
" *The wheels compos'd of cricket's bones;*
" *And daintily made for the nonce,*
" *For fear of rattling on the ſtones,*
" *With thiſtle-down they ſhod it.*" STEEVENS.

Drayton's *Nimphidia* was written ſeveral years after this tragedy. See Vol. II. p. 460, n. 7. MALONE.

* —*with* ſweet-meats—] i. e. kiſſing-comfits. Theſe artificial aids to perfume the breath, are mentioned by Falſtaff in the laſt act of *the Merry Wives of Windſor*. MALONE.

6 *Sometime ſhe gallops o'er a courtier's noſe,*
*And then dreams he of ſmelling out* a ſuit:] Dr. Warburton has juſtly obſerved, that in Shakſpeare's time " a court-ſolicitation was called ſimply a *ſuit*, and a proceſs, *a ſuit at law*, to diſtinguiſh it from the other. 'The king (ſays an anonymous contemporary writer of the life of Sir William Cecil,) called him (Sir William Cecil,) and after long talk with him, being much delighted with his anſwers, wiſhed his father to find [i. e. *to ſmell out*] *a ſuit* for him. Whereupon he became *ſuitor* for the reverſion of the *cuſtos brevium* office in the Common Pleas; which the king willingly granted, it being the firſt *ſuit* he had in his life.'

As

And ſometimes comes ſhe with a tithe-pig's tail,
Tickling a parſon's noſe as 'a lies aſleep,
Then dreams he of another benefice:
Sometime ſhe driveth o'er a ſoldier's neck,
And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,
Of breaches, ambuſcadoes, Spaniſh blades[7],

Of

As almoſt every book of that age furniſhes proofs of what Dr. Warburton has obſerved, I ſhall add but one other inſtance, from Decker's *Guls Hornebooke*, 1609: "If you be a *courtier*, diſcourſe of the obtaining of *ſuits*."

To avoid the repetition of the word *courtiers* in this ſpeech, Mr. Tyrrwhitt propoſed to read—O'er *counties'* knees, i. e. the knees of *counts*; for in old language *county* ſignified a *nobleman*. So, as he obſerves, in Holinſhed, p. 1150, "the *Countie* Egmond," and in the Burleigh papers, I. p. 7, "The *Countie* Palatine, Lowys." Paris, he adds, who, in one place is called *earl*, is moſt commonly ſtyled the *county* in this play. See alſo Vol. I. p. 270, n. 8; Vol. III. p. 13, n. 5; and p. 431, n. *. He, however, candidly acknowledges that "the repetition of the *courtier*, which offends us in this paſſage, may be owing to the players having jumbled together the varieties of ſeveral editions, as they certainly have done in other parts of the play."

In the *preſent* inſtance I think it is more probable that the repetition aroſe from the cauſe aſſigned by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

This ſpeech at different times received much alteration and improvement. The part of it in queſtion, ſtands thus in the quarto, 1597:

And in this ſort ſhe gallops up and down
Through lovers braines, and then they dream of love:
O'er courtiers knees, who ſtrait on curſies dream:
O'er ladies lips, who dream on kiſſes ſtrait;
Which oft the angrie Mab with bliſters plagues,
Becauſe their breaths with ſweetmeats tainted are.
Sometimes ſhe gallops o'er a lawyer's lap,
And then dreames he of ſmelling out a ſuit:
And ſometimes comes ſhe with a tithe-pig's taile,
Tickling a parſon's noſe that lies aſleepe,
And then dreames he of another benefice.
Sometimes ſhe gallops o'er a ſouldier's noſe,
And then dreames he of cutting forraine throats,
Of breaches, ambuſcadoes, countermines,
Of healths five fadome deepe, &c.

Shakſpeare, as I obſerved before, did not always attend to the propriety of his own alterations. STEEVENS.

[7] —*Spaniſh blades*,] A ſword is called a toledo, from the excellence of the Toletan ſteel. So Grotius:

*Gladius*

Of healths five fathom deep[8]; and then anon
Drums in his ear; at which he ſtarts, and wakes;
And, being thus frighted, ſwears a prayer or two,
And ſleeps again. This is that very Mab,
That plats the manes of horſes in the night;
And bakes the elf-locks[9] in foul ſluttiſh hairs,
Which, once untangled, much misfortune bodes.
This is the hag, when maids lie on their backs[1],
That preſſes them, and learns them firſt to bear,
Making them women of good carriage.
This is ſhe—

*Rom.* Peace, peace, Mercutio, peace;
Thou talk'ſt of nothing.

*Mer.* True, I talk of dreams:
Which are the children of an idle brain,

*Gladius Toletanus.*

" Unda Tagi non eſt uno celebranda metallo;
" Utilis in cives eſt ibi lamna ſuos." JOHNSON.

The quarto, 1597, inſtead of *Spaniſh blades*, reads *countermines*. STEEV.

In the paſſage quoted from Grotius, *alio* has been conſtantly printed inſtead of *uno*, which makes it nonſenſe; the whole point of the couplet depending on that word. I have corrected it from the original. MALONE.

[8] *Of healths five fathom deep*;] So, in *Weſtward Hoe*, by Decker and Webſter, 1607: " —troth, ſir, my maſter and ſir Goſlin are guzzling; they are dabbling together *fathom deep*. The knight has *drunk* ſo much *health* to the gentleman yonder, on his knees, that he hath almoſt loſt the uſe of his legs." MALONE.

[9] *And bakes the elf-locks*, &c.] This was a common ſuperſtition; and ſeems to have had its riſe from the horrid diſeaſe called the Plica Polonica. WARBURTON.

So, in Heywood's *Iron Age*, 1632:

" And when I ſhook theſe *locks*, now *knotted* all,
" As *bak'd* in blood,"—. MALONE.

[1] —*when maids*, &c.] So, in Drayton's *Nimphidia*:

" *And Mab, his merry queen, by night*
" *Beſtrides young folks that lie upright,*
" *(In elder times the mare that hight)*
" *Which plagues them out of meaſure.*"

So, in *Gervaſe of Tilbury*, Dec. I. c. 17. " Vidimus quoſdam dæmones tanto zelo mulieres amare, quod ad inaudita prorumpunt ludibria, et cum ad concubitum earum accedunt, *mirâ mole eas opprimunt*, nec ab aliis videntur." ANONYMUS.

—*of good* carriage.] So, in *Love's Labour's Loſt*, Act I. ſc. ii.

" —let them be men of good repute and *carriage*."

*Moth.* Sampſon, maſter; he was a man of good *carriage*; great *carriage*; for he *carried* the town-gates," &c. STEEVENS.

Begot

Begot of nothing but vain fantaſy;
Which is as thin of ſubſtance as the air;
And more inconſtant than the wind, who wooes
Even now the frozen boſom of the north,
And, being anger'd, puffs away from thence[2],
Turning his face * to the dew-dropping ſouth.

*Ben.* This wind, you talk of, blows us from ourſelves;
Supper is done, and we ſhall come too late.

*Rom.* I fear, too early: for my mind miſgives,
Some conſequence, yet hanging in the ſtars,
Shall bitterly begin his fearful date
With this night's revels; and expire the term
Of a deſpiſed life[3], clos'd in my breaſt,
By ſome vile forfeit of untimely death:
But He, that hath the ſteerage of my courſe,
Direct my ſail[4]!—On, luſty gentlemen.

*Ben.* Strike, drum[5]. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE V[6].

*A Hall in* Capulet's *Houſe.*

*Muſicians waiting.* *Enter* Servants.

1. *Serv.* Where's Potpan, that he helps not to take away? he ſhift a trencher[7]! he ſcrape a trencher!

2. *Serv.*

[2] —*from thence,*] The quarto, 1597, reads:—in haſte. STEEVENS.

*—*his* face—] So the quarto, 1597. The other ancient copies have *ſide.* MALONE.

[3] —*and* expire the term
*Of a deſpiſed life,*] So, in the *Rape of Lucrece:*
"An expir'd date, cancell'd ere well begun."
See Vol. X. p. 87, n. 8. MALONE.

[4] *Direct my* ſail!] I have reſtored this reading from the elder quarto, as being more congruous to the metaphor in the preceding line. *Suit* is the reading of the folio. STEEVENS.

*Suit* is the corrupt reading of the quarto 1599, from which it got into all the ſubſequent copies. MALONE.

[5] *Strike, drum.*] Here the folio adds: *They march about the ſtage, and ſerving men come forth with their napkins.* STEEVENS.

[6] This ſcene is added ſince the firſt copy. STEEVENS.

[7] —*he ſhift a* trencher!] *Trenchers* were ſtill uſed by perſons of good faſhion in our author's time. In the houſhold-book of the earls of Northumberland, compiled at the beginning of the ſame century, it appears that they were common to the tables of the firſt nobility. PERCY.

They

2. *Serv.* When good manners ſhall lie all in one or two men's hands, and they unwaſh'd too, 'tis a foul thing.

1. *Serv.* Away with the joint-ſtools, remove the court-cupboard[8], look to the plate:—good thou, ſave me a piece of march-pane[9]; and, as thou loveſt me, let the porter

They were common even in the time of Charles I. See Vol. I. p. 54, n. 3. MALONE.

They continued common much longer in many public ſocieties, particularly in colleges and inns of court; and are ſtill retained at Lincoln's-Inn. NICHOLS.

On the books of the Stationers' Company, in the year 1554, is the following entry: "Item, pay'd for x doſyn of trenchers. xxi d. STEEV.

[8] —*court-cupboard,*] I am not very certain that I know the exact ſignification of *court-cupboard.* Perhaps it is what we call at preſent the *ſide-board.* It is however frequently mentioned in the old plays: So, in a *Humorous Day's Mirth,* 1599: "—ſhadow theſe tables with their white veils, and accompliſh the *court-cupboard.*" Again, in the *Roaring Girl,* 1611: "Place that in the *court-cupboard.*" Again, in Chapman's *May-Day,* 1611: "*Court-cupboards* planted with flaggons, cans, cups, beakers," &c.

Two of theſe *court-cupboards* are ſtill in Stationers' Hall. STEEV.

By "*remove* the court-cupboard," the ſpeaker means, I think, remove the flaggons, cups, ewers, &c. contained in it.—A *court-cupboard* was not ſtrictly what we now call a *ſide-board,* but a receſs fitted up with ſhelves to contain plate, &c. for the uſe of the table. It was afterwards called a *buffet,* and continued to be uſed to the time of Pope:

"The rich *buffet* well colour'd ſerpents grace,
"And gaping Tritons ſpew to waſh your face."

The *ſide-board* was, I apprehend, introduced in the preſent century. MALONE.

The uſe which to this day is made of thoſe *cupboards* is exactly deſcribed in the above-quoted line of Chapman; to diſplay at public feſtivals the *flaggons, cans, cups, beakers,* and other antique ſilver veſſels of the company, ſome of which (with the names of the donors inſcribed on them) are remarkably large. NICHOLS.

[9] *Save me a piece of march-pane;*] March-pane was a confection made of piſtacho-nuts, almonds, and ſugar, &c. and in high eſteem in Shakſpeare's time; as appears from the account of Queen Elizabeth's entertainment in Cambridge. It is ſaid that the univerſity preſented Sir William Cecil, their chancellor, with two pair of gloves, a *march-pane,* and two ſugar-loaves. *Peck's Deſiderata Curioſa,* Vol. II. p. 29. GREY.

*March pane* was a kind of ſweet bread or biſcuit: called by ſome almond-cake. *Hermolaus Barbarus* terms it *mazapanis,* vulgarly *Martius panis.* G. *marcepain* and *maſſepan.* It. *marzapane.* H. *il marapan.* B. *marcepeyn*

porter let in Sufan Grindſtone, and Nell.—Antony! and Potpan!

2. *Serv.* Ay, boy; ready.

1. *Serv.* You are look'd for, and call'd for, aſk'd for, and ſought for, in the great chamber.

2. *Serv.* We cannot be here and there too.—Cheerly, boys; be briſk a while, and the longer liver take all.

[*They retire behind.*

*Enter* CAPULET, *&c. with the Gueſts, and the Maſkers.*

1. *Cap.* Welcome, gentlemen! ladies, that have their toes *

Unplagu'd with corns, will have a bout with you:—
Ah ha, my miſtreſſes! which of you all
Will now deny to dance? ſhe that makes dainty, ſhe,
I'll ſwear, hath corns; Am I come near you now?
You are welcome, gentlemen! I have ſeen the day,
That I have worn a viſor; and could tell
A whiſpering tale in a fair lady's ear,
Such as would pleaſe;—'tis gone, 'tis gone, 'tis gone:
You are welcome, gentlemen [1]!—Come, muſicians, play.
A hall! a hall [2]! give room, and foot it, girls.

[*Muſick plays, and they dance.*

More

*marcepeyn*, i. e. *maſſa pura*. But, as few underſtood the meaning of this term, it begun to be generally though corruptly called *maſſepeyn*, *marcepeyn*, *martſepeyn*; and in conſequence of this miſtake of theirs, it ſoon took the name of *martius panis*, an appellation transferred afterwards into other languages. See *Junius*. HAWKINS.

*March-pane* was a conſtant article in the deſerts of our anceſtors. So, in *Acolaſtus*, a comedy, 1540: "—ſeeing that the iſſue of the table, fruits and cheeſe, or wafers, hypocras, and *marchpanes*, or comfytures, be brought in." See Dugdale's Orig. Jurid. p. 133.

In the year 1560, I find the following entry on the books of the Stationers' Company: "Item, payd for ix *marſhe poynes*, xxvi. s. viii. d. STEEVENS.

* —*their* toes—] Thus all the ancient copies. The modern editors, following Mr. Pope, read, with more delicacy, their *feet*.—An editor by ſuch capricious alterations deprives the reader of the means of judging of the manners of different ages; for the word employed in the text undoubtedly did not appear indelicate to the audiences of Shakſpeare's time, though perhaps it would not be endured at this day. MALONE.

[1] *You are welcome, gentlemen!*] Theſe two lines, omitted by the modern editors, I have replaced from the folio. JOHNSON.

[2] *A hall! a hall!*] Such is the old reading, and the true one, though

More light, ye knaves; and turn the tables up,
And quench the fire, the room is grown too hot.—
Ah, ſirrah, this unlook'd-for ſport comes well.
Nay, ſit, nay, ſit, good couſin Capulet[3];
For you and I are paſt our dancing days[4]:
How long is't now, ſince laſt yourſelf and I
Were in a maſk?

2. *Cap.* By'r lady, thirty years.

1. *Cap.* What, man! 'tis not ſo much, 'tis not ſo much:
'Tis ſince the nuptial of Lucentio,
Come penticoſt as quickly as it will,
Some five and twenty years; and then we maſk'd.

though the modern editors read, *A ball! a ball!* The former exclamation occurs frequently in the old comedies, and ſignifies, *make room*. So, in the comedy of *Doctor Dodypoll*, 1600:

"Room! room! *a ball! a ball!*"

Again, in Ben Jonſon's *Tale of a Tub*:

"Then cry, *a ball! a ball!*"

and numberleſs other paſſages. STEEVENS.

[3] —*good couſin Capulet,*] This *couſin* Capulet is *unkle* in the paper of invitation; but as Capulet is deſcribed as old, *couſin* is probably the right word in both places. I know not how Capulet and his lady might agree, their ages were very diſproportionate; he has been paſt maſking for thirty years, and her age, as ſhe tells Juliet, is but eight and twenty. JOHNSON.

Shakſpeare and other contempory writers uſe the word *couſin* to denote any collateral relation, of whatever degree, and ſometimes even to denote thoſe of lineal deſcent.

The king calls Hamlet frequently his couſin, though his nephew and ſtep-ſon:

"But now, my *couſin* Hamlet, and my ſon."

Richard III. during a whole ſcene calls his nephew York, *couſin*; who in his anſwer conſtantly calls him *uncle*. And the old Dutcheſs of York in the ſame play calls her grandſon, couſin.

"Why, my young *couſin*, it is good to grow.

"*York. Grandam*, one night, as he did ſit at ſupper," &c.

In this very play Lady Capulet ſays,

"Tybalt, my *couſin*, O, my brother's child!"

and in Fletcher's *Woman Pleaſed*, Sylvio ſtyles Rhodope at one time his *aunt*, at others his *couſin*, to the great annoyance of Mr. Sympſon, the editor. MASON.

See alſo Vol. VI. p. 504, n. 4. MALONE.

[4] —*our* dancing *days*:] Thus the folio: the quarto reads, our *ſtanding* days. STEEVENS.

2. *Cap.*

2. *Cap.* 'Tis more, 'tis more: his ſon is elder, ſir;
His ſon is thirty.

1. *Cap.* Will you tell me that [5]?
His ſon was but a ward two years ago.

*Rom.* What lady's that, which doth enrich the hand
Of yonder knight [6]?

*Serv.* I know not, ſir.

*Rom.* O, ſhe doth teach the torches to burn bright!
It ſeems ſhe hangs upon the cheek of night [7]
Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear [8]:
Beauty too rich for uſe, for earth too dear!
So ſhews a ſnowy dove trooping with crows,
As yonder lady o'er her fellows ſhows.
The meaſure done, I'll watch her place of ſtand,
And, touching hers, make happy my rude hand.
Did my heart love till now? forſwear it, ſight!
For I ne'er ſaw true beauty till this night [9].

5 *Will you tell me*, &c.] This ſpeech ſtands thus in the firſt copy:

Will you tell me that? it cannot be ſo:
His ſon was but a ward three years ago;
Good youths i'faith!—Oh, youth's a jolly thing!"

There are many trifling variations in almoſt every ſpeech of this play; but when they are of little conſequence I have forborne to encumber the page by the inſertion of them. The laſt, however, of theſe three lines is natural, and worth preſerving. STEEVENS.

6 *What lady's that, which doth enrich the hand*
*Of yonder* knight?] Here is another proof that our authour had the poem, and not Painter's Novel, in his mind. In the novel we are told, "A certain *lord* of that troupe took Juliet by the hand to dance." In the poem of *Romeus* and *Juliet*, as in the play, her partner is a *knight*:

"With torch in hand a comely *knight* did fetch her forth to dance." MALONE.

7 —*upon the cheek of night*—] Shakſpeare has the ſame thought in his 27th ſonnet:

"Which, like a jewel hung in ghaſtly night,
"Makes black night beauteous, and her old face new,"

STEEVENS.

8 *Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear:*] So, in *Lily's Euphues*: "A fair pearl in a Morian's ear." T. H. W.

9 *For I ne'er ſaw true beauty till this night.*] Thus *K. Henry VIII.*

"——o beauty,
"Till now I never knew thee!" STEEVENS.

*Tyb.*

*Tyb.* This, by his voice, ſhould be a Montague:—
Fetch me my rapier, boy:—What! dares the ſlave
Come hither, cover'd with an antick face,
To fleer and ſcorn at our ſolemnity?
Now, by the ſtock and honour of my kin,
To ſtrike him dead I hold it not a ſin.

1. *Cap.* Why, how now, kinſman? wherefore ſtorm you ſo?

*Tyb.* Uncle, this is a Montague, our foe;
A villain, that is hither come in ſpight,
To ſcorn at our ſolemnity this night.

1. *Cap.* Young Romeo is't?

*Tyb.* 'Tis he, that villain Romeo.

1. *Cap.* Content thee, gentle coz, let him alone;
He bears him like a portly gentleman;
And, to ſay truth, Verona brags of him,
To be a virtuous and well-govern'd youth:
I would not for the wealth of all this town,
Here in my houſe, do him diſparagement:
Therefore be patient, take no note of him,
It is my will; the which if thou reſpect,
Shew a fair preſence, and put off theſe frowns,
An ill-beſeeming ſemblance for a feaſt.

*Tyb.* It fits, when ſuch a villain is a gueſt;
I'll not endure him.

1. *Cap.* He ſhall be endur'd;
What, goodman boy!—I ſay, he ſhall;—Go to;—
Am I the maſter here, or you? go to.
You'll not endure him!—God ſhall mend my ſoul—
You'll make a mutiny among my gueſts!
You will ſet cock-a-hoop! you'll be the man!

*Tyb.* Why, uncle, 'tis a ſhame.

1. *Cap.* Go to, go to,
You are a ſaucy boy:—Is't ſo, indeed?—
This trick may chance to ſcathe you[1];—I know what.
You muſt contrary me[2]! marry, 'tis time—

Well

[1] *To ſcathe you*;] i. e. to do you an injury. STEEVENS. See Vol. VI. p. 485, n. 3. MALONE.

[2] *You muſt contrary me!*] The uſe of this verb is common to our old writers.

Well ſaid, my hearts:—You are a princox; go[3]:—
Be quiet, or—More light, more light, for ſhame!—
I'll make you quiet; What!—Cheerly, my hearts.
*Tyb.* Patience perforce[4] with wilful choler meeting,
Makes my fleſh tremble in their different greeting.
I will withdraw: but this intruſion ſhall,
Now ſeeming ſweet, convert to bitter gall. [*Exit.*
*Rom.* If I profane with my unworthy hand [*to* Juliet.
This holy ſhrine, the gentle fine is this,—
My lips, two bluſhing pilgrims[5], ready ſtand
To ſmooth that rough touch with a tender kiſs.
*Jul.* Good pilgrim, you do wrong your hand too much,
Which mannerly devotion ſhews in this;
For ſaints have hands that pilgrims' hands do touch,
And palm to palm is holy palmers' kiſs.
*Rom.* Have not ſaints lips, and holy palmers too?
*Jul.* Ay, pilgrim, lips that they muſt uſe in prayer.

writers. So, in *Tully's Love* by *R. Greene*, 1616: "—rather wiſhing to die than to *contrary* her reſolution." Many inſtances more might be ſelected from *Sidney's Arcadia*.

Again, in Warner's *Albions England*, 1602, B. 10. Chap. 59.

"—his countermand ſhould have *contraried* ſo."

The ſame verb is uſed in Sir Thomas North's tranſlation of Plutarch. STEEVENS.

3 *You are a* princox; *go*:—] A *princox* is a coxcomb, a conceited perſon. The word is uſed by Ben Jonſon in *The Caſe is alter'd*, 1609; by Chapman in his comedy of *May-Day*, 1610; in the *Return from Parnaſſus*, 1606: "Your proud univerſity *Princox*;" again, in *Fuimus Troes*, 1633: "That *Princox* proud;" and indeed by moſt of the old dramatick writers. Cotgrave renders *un jeune eſtoudeau ſuperbe*—a young *princox* boy. STEEVENS.

4 *Patience perforce*—] This expreſſion is in part proverbial: the old adage is,

"*Patience perforce* is a medicine for a mad dog." STEEVENS.

5 *If I profane with my unworthy hand*
*This holy ſhrine, the gentle* fine *is this*,—
*My lips, two bluſhing pilgrims*, &c.] The old copies read *ſin*. MALONE.

All profanations are ſuppoſed to be expiated either by ſome meritorious action, or by ſome penance undergone, and puniſhment ſubmitted to. So Romeo would here ſay, if I have been profane in the rude touch of my hand, my lips ſtand ready, as two bluſhing pilgrims, to take off that offence, to atone for it by a ſweet penance. Our poet therefore muſt have wrote.—the gentle *fine* is this. WARBURTON.

*Jul.*

*Rom.* O then, dear ſaint, let lips do what hands do;
They pray, grant thou [6], leſt faith turn to deſpair.
*Jul.* Saints do not move, though grant for prayers' ſake.
*Rom.* Then move not, while my prayer's effect I take.
Thus from my lips, by yours, my ſin is purg'd. [*kiſſing her* [7].
*Jul.* Then have my lips the ſin that they have took.
*Rom.* Sin from my lips? O treſpaſs ſweetly urg'd!
Give me my ſin again.
*Jul.* You kiſs by the book [8].
*Nurſe.* Madam, your mother craves a word with you.
*Rom.* What is her mother?
*Nurſe.* Marry, bachelor,
Her mother is the lady of the houſe,
And a good lady, and a wiſe, and virtuous:
I nurs'd her daughter, that you talk'd withal;
I tell you,—he, that can lay hold of her,
Shall have the chinks [9].
*Rom.* Is ſhe a Capulet?
O dear account! my life is my foe's debt.
*Ben.* Away, begone; the ſport is at the beſt.
*Rom.* Ay, ſo I fear; the more is my unreſt.
1. *Cap.* Nay, gentlemen, prepare not to be gone;
We have a trifling fooliſh banquet towards [1].—

Is

[6] *O then, dear ſaint, let lips do what hands do;*
*They pray, grant thou,* &c.] Juliet had ſaid before, that *palm to palm* was holy palmers' *kiſs*; ſhe afterwards ſays that palmers have lips that they muſt uſe in prayer. Romeo replies, that "the prayer of his lips was, that they might do what hands do;" that is, that they might kiſs. MASON.

[7] —kiſſing *her.*] Our poet here, without doubt, copied from the mode of his own time: and kiſſing a lady in a publick aſſembly, we may conclude, was not thought indecorous. In *K. Henry VIII.* he in like manner makes Lord Sands kiſs Anne Boleyn, next to whom he ſits at the ſupper given by Cardinal Wolſey. MALONE.

[8] *You kiſs by the book.*] In *As you Like it*, we find it was uſual *to quarrel by the book*, and we are told in the note, that there were books extant for good manners. Juliet here appears to refer to a third kind, containing the *art of courtſhip*, an example from which it is probable that Roſalind hath adduced. HENLEY.

[9] —*the* chinks.] Thus the old copies; for which Mr. Pope and the ſubſequent editors have ſubſtituted *chink*. MALONE.

[1] *We have a trifling fooliſh banquet* towards.] *Towards* is ready at hand. So, in *Hamlet:*

Is it e'en so? Why, then I thank you all;
I thank you, honest gentlemen [9]; good night:—
More torches here!—Come on, then let's to bed.
Ah, sirrah, [*to* 2. Cap.] by my fay, it waxes late;
I'll to my rest. [*Exeunt all but* Juliet *and* Nurse.

*Jul.* Come hither, nurse [1]: What is yon gentleman?

*Nurse.* The son and heir of old Tiberio.

*Jul.* What's he, that now is going out of door?

*Nurse.* Marry, that, I think, be young Petruchio.

*Jul.* What's he, that follows there, that would not dance?

*Nurse.* I know not.

*Jul.* Go, ask his name:—if he be married,
My grave is like to be my wedding bed.

*Nurse.* His name is Romeo, and a Montague;
The only son of your great enemy.

*Jul.* My only love sprung from my only hate!
Too early seen unknown, and known too late!
Prodigious birth of love it is to me,
That I must love a loathed enemy.

*Nurse.* What's this? what's this?

*Jul.* A rhyme I learn'd even now
Of one I danc'd withal. [*One calls within,* Juliet.

*Nurse.* Anon, anon:—
Come, let's away; the strangers all are gone. [*Exeunt.*

" What might be *towards*, that this sweaty haste
" Doth make the night joint-labourer with the day?"
Again, in the *Phœnix*, by Middleton, 1607:—" here's a voyage *towards*, will make us all." STEEVENS.

It appears from the former part of this scene that Capulet's company had supped. A *banquet*, it should be remembered, often meant in old times nothing more than a collation of fruit, wine, &c. So, in *The Life of Lord Cromwell*, 1602:

" Their dinner is our *banquet after dinner*."

Again, in Heath's *Chronicle of the Civil Wars*, 1661, p. 662: " *After dinner*, he was served with a *banquet*." MALONE.

[9] —*honest gentlemen*;] Here the quarto, 1597, adds:

" I promise you, but for your company,
" I would have been in bed an hour ago:
" Light to my chamber, ho!" STEEVENS.

[1] *Come hither, nurse: What is yon gentleman?*] This and the following questions are taken from the novel. STEEVENS.

See the poem of *Romeus and Juliet*, Vol. X. p. 479. MALONE.

*Enter*

*Enter* CHORUS[2].

Now old desire doth in his death-bed lie,
And young affection gapes to be his heir;
That fair[3], for which love groan'd for *, and would die,
With tender Juliet match'd, is now not fair.
Now Romeo is belov'd, and loves again,
Alike bewitched by the charm of looks;
But to his foe suppos'd he must complain,
And she steal love's sweet bait from fearful hooks:
Being held a foe, he may not have access
To breathe such vows as lovers use to swear;
And she as much in love, her means much less
To meet her new-beloved any where:
But passion lends them power, time means to meet,
Temp'ring extremities with extreme sweet. [*Exit.*

## ACT II. SCENE I.

*An open Place, adjoining* Capulet's *Garden.*

*Enter* ROMEO.

*Rom.* Can I go forward, when my heart is here?
Turn back, dull earth, and find thy center out.
[*He climbs the wall, and leaps down.*

*Enter* BENVOLIO, *and* MERCUTIO.

*Ben.* Romeo! my cousin Romeo!

[2] This chorus added since the first edition. POPE.
The use of this chorus is not easily discovered; it conduces nothing to the progress of the play, but relates what is already known, or what the next scene will shew; and relates it without adding the improvement of any moral sentiment. JOHNSON.

[3] *That* fair—] *Fair* it has been already observed, was formerly used as a substantive, and was synonymous to beauty. See Vol. III. p. 170, n. 6. MALONE.

* —*for which love groan'd* for,] Thus the ancient copies, for which all the modern editors, adopting Mr. Rowe's alteration, read—groan'd *for*. This is one of the many changes that have been made in the text from not attending to ancient phraseology; for this kind of duplication was common in Shakspeare's time. So, in *Coriolanus*: "*In* what enormity is Marcius poor *in*, that you two have not in abundance?" See Vol. VII. p. 184, n. 1. Again, in *As you Like it*, Act II. sc. vii: "—the scene *wherein* we play *in*." MALONE.

*Mer.* He is wife;
And, on my life, hath ſtolen him home to bed.
*Ben.* He ran this way, and leap'd this orchard wall;
Call, good Mercutio.
*Mer.* Nay, I'll conjure too.—
Romeo! humours! madman! paſſion! lover!
Appear thou in the likneſs of a ſigh,
Speak but one rhyme, and I am ſatisfied;
Cry but—Ah me! pronounce but—love and dove[4];
Speak to my goſſip Venus one fair word,
One nick-name for her purblind ſon and heir,
Young Adam Cupid, he that ſhot ſo trim,
When king Cophetua lov'd the beggar-maid[5].—

He

4 —pronounce *but love and dove*;] Thus the firſt quarto, 1597. *Pronounce* in the quartos of 1599 and 1609 was made *provaunt*.

In the firſt folio, which appears to have been printed from the latter of theſe copies, the ſame reading is adopted. The editor of the ſecond folio arbitrarily ſubſtituted *couply*, meaning certainly *couple*, and all the modern editors have adopted his innovation. *Provant*, as Mr. Steevens has obſerved, means *proviſion*; but I have never met with the verb *To provant*, nor has any example of it been produced. I have no doubt therefore that it was a corruption, and have adhered to the firſt quarto.

In this very line, love and *dove*, the reading of the original copy of 1597, was corrupted in the two ſubſequent quartos and the folio, to —love and *doy*; and *heir* in the next line corrupted into *her*. MALONE.

5 *Young* Adam *Cupid, he that ſhot ſo* trim,
*When king Cophetua lov'd the beggar-maid.*] Cupid is called *Adam* with alluſion to the celebrated archer Adam Bell, (ſee Percy's *Reliques of ancient Engliſh Poetry*, Vol. I. p. 7.) whom Shakſpeare has again alluded to in *Much ado about nothing*: "If I do, hang me in a bottle like a cat, and ſhoot at me; and he that hits me, let him be clapp'd on the ſhoulder, and call'd *Adam*."—The old copies read *Abraham*, the initial letter only being probably ſet down in the manuſcript. The foregoing paſſage fully ſupports the emendation, which was ſuggeſted by Mr. Upton. Of this kind of ignorance the old copies of the play before us furniſh a remarkable inſtance in the next ſcene. In the original copy of 1597 we have this line:

And follow thee, my *lord*, throughout the world.

In the two next quartos the word *lord* being abbreviated, according to a common faſhion of that time,—

And follow thee, my L. throughout the world.

the printer of the quarto publiſhed in 1637, exhibited the line thus:

And follow thee, my *love*, throughout the world.

and

He heareth not, he ſtirreth not, he moveth not;
The ape is dead[6], and I muſt conjure him.—
I conjure thee by Roſaline's bright eyes,
By her high forehead[7], and her ſcarlet lip,
By her fine foot, ſtraight leg, and quivering thigh,
And the demeſnes that there adjacent lie,
That in thy likeneſs thou appear to us.

*Ben.* An if he hear thee, thou wilt anger him.

*Mer.* This cannot anger him: 'twould anger him
To raiſe a ſpirit in his miſtreſs' circle
Of ſome ſtrange nature, letting it there ſtand
Till ſhe had laid it, and conjur'd it down;
That were ſome ſpight: my invocation
Is fair and honeſt, and, in his miſtreſs' name,
I conjure only but to raiſe up him.

*Ben.* Come, he hath hid himſelf among thoſe trees,
To be conſorted with the humorous night[8]:

Blind

and Mr. Pope, Mr. Theobald, and Dr. Warburton, adopted this arbitrary change.

The ballad here alluded to, is *King Cophetua and the Beggar-maid*, or, as it is called in ſome old copies, *The ſong of a beggar and a king*. The following ſtanza, which Shakſpeare had particularly in view,

" The *blinded* boy that *ſhoots* ſo *trim*,
" From heaven down did hie,
" He drew a dart and ſhot at him,
" In place where he did lie;"

ſupports (as Dr. Percy has obſerved,) the reading *trim*, which is found in the firſt quarto 1597, and which in the ſubſequent copies was changed to *true*. The change was certainly not accidental; and this is one of a great many inſtances in which I have obſerved changes to have been made by the printer or editor, in the later quartos, and even in the firſt folio, for the ſake of ſome imaginary improvement, and without authority. MALONE.

[6] *The ape is dead,*—] This phraſe appears to have been frequently applied to young men, in our authour's time, without any reference to the mimickry of that animal. It was an expreſſion of tenderneſs, like *poor fool*. Naſhe, in one of his pamphlets, mentions his having read Lily's *Euphues*, when he was a little *ape* at Cambridge. MALONE.

[7] *By her* high *forehead,*—] It has already been obſerved that a high forehead was in Shakſpeare's time thought eminently beautiful. See Vol. I. p. 85, n. 7; and Vol. VII. p. 505, n. 7. MALONE.

[8] —*the* humorous *night:*] I ſuppoſe *Shakſpeare* means humid, the moiſt *dewy* night. *Chapman* uſes the word in that ſenſe in the tranſlation of *Homer*, book II. edit. 1598:

Blind is his love, and beſt befits the dark.
*Mer.* If love be blind, love cannot hit the mark.
Now will he ſit under a medlar tree,
And wiſh his miſtreſs were that kind of fruit,
As maids call medlars, when they laugh alone.—
Ah, Romeo[9], that ſhe were, ah, that ſhe were
An open—*et cætera*, thou a poperin pear!

Romeo,

" The other gods and knights at arms ſlept all the *humorous* night.' STEEVENS.

In *Meaſure for Meaſure* we have " the *vaporous* night approaches;" which ſhews that Mr. Steevens has rightly interpreted the word in the text. MALONE.

9 *Ah, Romeo*, &c.] Theſe two lines, which are found in the quartos of 1597, 1599, and in the folio, were rejected by Mr. Pope, who in like manner has rejected *whole ſcenes* of our authour; but what is more ſtrange, his example has in this inſtance been followed by the ſucceeding editors.

However improper any lines may be for recitation on the ſtage, an editor in my apprehenſion has no right to omit any paſſage that is found in all the authentick copies of his authour's works. I know not on what authority it has been ſaid, that theſe lines are a proof that " either the poet or his friends knew ſometimes how to blot." They appear not only in the editions adready mentioned, but alſo in that copy which has no date, and in the edition of 1637.

I have adhered to the original copy. The two ſubſequent quartos and the folio read, with a ſlight variation,

An open—*or* thou a poperin pear.

Shakſpeare followed the faſhion of his own time, which was, when ſomething indecent was meant to be ſuppreſſed, to print *et cætera*, inſtead of the word. See Minſheu's Dictionary, p. 112, col. 2. Our poet did not conſider, that however ſuch a practice might be admitted in a printed book, it is abſurd where words are intended to be recited. When theſe lines were ſpoken, as undoubtedly they were to our anceſtors, who do not appear to have been extremely delicate, the actor muſt have evaded the difficulty by an abrupt ſentence.

The unſeemly name of the apple here alluded to, is well known. *Poperingue* is a town in French Flanders, two leagues diſtant from Ypres. From hence the *Poperin* pear was brought into England. What were the peculiar qualities of a *Poperin* pear, I am unable to aſcertain. The word was choſen, I believe, merely for the ſake of a quibble, which it is not neceſſary to explain. Probably for the ſame reaſon the Popering tree was preferred to any other by the authour of the mock poem of *Hero and Leander*, ſmall 8vo. 1653:

" She thought it ſtrange to ſee a man
" In privy walk, and then anan

" See

Romeo, good night;—I'll to my truckle-bed;
This field-bed is too cold for me to ſleep:
Come, ſhall we go?
*Ben.* Go, then; for 'tis in vain
To ſeek him here, that means not to be found. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.

Capulet's *Garden.*

*Enter* ROMEO.

*Rom.* He jeſts at ſcars[1], that never felt a wound.—
[Juliet *appears above, at a window.*
But, ſoft! what light through yonder window breaks!
It is the eaſt, and Juliet is the ſun!—
Ariſe, fair ſun, and kill the envious moon,
Who is already ſick and pale with grief,
That thou her maid art far more fair than ſhe:
Be not her maid[2], ſince ſhe is envious;
Her veſtal livery is but ſick and green,
And none but fools do wear it; caſt it off.—
It is my lady; O, it is my love:
O, that ſhe knew ſhe were[3]!—
She ſpeaks, yet ſhe ſays nothing; What of that?
Her eye diſcourſes, I will anſwer it.—
I am too bold, 'tis not to me ſhe ſpeaks:
Two of the faireſt ſtars in all the heaven,
Having ſome buſineſs, do entreat her eyes
To twinkle in their ſpheres till they return.
What if her eyes were there, they in her head?
The brightneſs of her cheek would ſhame thoſe ſtars,
As day-light doth a lamp; her eye in heaven
Would through the airy region ſtream ſo bright,
That birds would ſing, and think it were not night.
See, how ſhe leans her cheek upon her hand!

" She ſtepp'd behind a *Popering* tree,
" And liſten'd for ſome novelty." MALONE.

[1] *He jeſts at ſcars,*] That is, Mercutio jeſts, whom he overheard. JOHNSON.

[2] *Be not her maid,*] Be not a votary to the moon, to Diana. JOHNSON.

[3] *It is my lady*; &c.] This line and half I have replaced. JOHNSON.

O, that

O, that I were a glove upon that hand [4],
That I might touch that cheek [5]!

*Jul.* Ah me!

*Rom.* She ſpeaks:—
O, ſpeak again, bright angel! for thou art
As glorious to this night [6], being o'er my head,
As is a winged meſſenger of heaven
Unto the white-upturned wond'ring eyes
Of mortals, that fall back to gaze on him,
When he beſtrides the lazy-pacing clouds [7],
And ſails upon the boſom of the air.

*Jul.* O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou Romeo?
Deny thy father, and refuſe thy name:
Or, if thou wilt not, be but ſworn my love,
And I'll no longer be a Capulet.

*Rom.* Shall I hear more, or ſhall I ſpeak at this? [*Aſide.*

*Jul.* 'Tis but thy name, that is my enemy;—
Thou art thyſelf though, not a Montague [8].

What's

4 *O, that I were a glove upon that hand,*] This paſſage appears to have been ridiculed by Shirley in *The School of Compliments*, a comedy, 1637:

"Oh that I were a flea upon that lip," &c. STEEVENS.

5 —touch *that cheek!*] The quarto 1597, reads—*kiſs* that cheek. STEEVENS.

6 *O, ſpeak again, bright angel! for thou art*
*As glorious* to this night, &c.] The ſenſe is, that Juliet appeared as ſplendid an object in the vault of heaven obſcured by darkneſs, as an angel could ſeem to the eyes of mortals, who were falling back to gaze upon him.

*As glorious to this night*, means *as glorious an appearance in this dark night*, &c. STEEVENS.

7 —*the* lazy-pacing *clouds*,] Thus corrected from the firſt edition: in the others *lazy-puffing*. POPE.

8 *Thou art thyſelf* though, *not a Montague.*] For the preſent punctuation I am accountable. It appears to me to afford a clear ſenſe, which the line as printed in the old copies, where we have a comma after *thyſelf*, and no point after *though*, does not in my apprehenſion afford.

Thou art, *however*, ſays Juliet, a being *ſui generis*, amiable and perfect, not tainted by the enmity which your family bears to mine.

According to the common punctuation, the adverſative particle is uſed without any propriety, or rather makes the paſſage nonſenſe. "*Although*

What's Montague? it is nor hand, nor foot,
Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part
Belonging to a man. O, be ſome other name!

"*Altbough* thou art *not* a Montague, not actuated by any of thoſe unjuſtifiable prejudices that actuate your family, you are moſt amiable and virtuous." The lady might with as much propriety have obſerved, that *though* it was ſummer, it was hot; or, *though* it was night, the ſun did not ſhine.

According to Mr. Steevens, the meaning is—"Thou art thyſelf, i. e. a being of diſtinguiſhed excellence, though thou art *not* (what thou appeareſt to others,) akin to thy family in malice." If he was NOT a Montague, or, as it is rightly explained, NOT *akin to his family in malice*, whence is the wonder that he is a being of diſtinguiſhed excellence? or what the need of an *adverſative* particle in ſuch a propoſition? If indeed the lady had ſaid, that Romeo was a being of uncommon excellence, *though he was a* Montague, ſhe would have talked with preciſion.

*Though* is again uſed by Shakſpeare in *A Midſummer-Night's Dream*, Act III. ſc. laſt, in the ſame ſenſe:

"My legs are longer *though*, to run away."

Again, in *The Taming of the Shrew*:

"'Would Catharine had never ſeen him *though*."

Again, in *K. Henry VIII.*

"I would not be ſo ſick *though*, for his place."

Other writers frequently uſe *though* for *however*. So, in *The Fatal Dowry*, a tragedy, by Maſſinger, 1632:

"Would you have him your huſband that you love,
"And can it not be?—He is your ſervant, *though*,
"And may perform the office of a huſband."

Again, in *Cupid's Revenge*, by B. and Fletcher:

"— O diſſembling woman,
"Whom I muſt reverence *though*.

Again, in the laſt ſpeech of *the Maid's Tragedy* by B. and Fletcher, 1619:

"Look to him *though*, and bear thoſe bodies in."

Again, in Otway's *Venice Preſerved*:

"I thank thee for thy labour *though*, and him too."

Dr. Warburton's interpretation is wholly inadmiſſible. "You *would* be juſt what you are, [i. e. not *more* excellent,] although you were not of the houſe of Montague."—Juliet is not here ſpeculating whether, if Romeo were not, or ceaſed to be, of the hoſtile faction, his excellence was or was not capable of *increaſe*; nor does ſhe ſay, "thou *would'ſt* be thyſelf," (as Dr. Warburton makes her ſay,) but "thou *art* thyſelf." This, I ſay, is not the ſubject of her ſpeculation. She is ſimply endeavouring to account for Romeo's being amiable and excellent, though he *is* a Montague. And, to prove this, ſhe aſſerts that he merely bears that name, but has none of the qualities of that houſe. MALONE.

What's

What's in a name [9]? that which we call a roſe,
By any other name [1] would ſmell as ſweet;
So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd,
Retain that dear perfection which he owes,
Without that title:—Romeo, doff thy name;
And for that name, which is no part of thee,
Take all myſelf [2].

*Rom.* I take thee at thy word:
Call me but love, and I'll be new baptiz'd;
Henceforth I never will be Romeo.

*Jul.* What man art thou, that, thus beſcreen'd in night,
So ſtumbleſt on my counſel?

*Rom.* By a name
I know not how to tell thee who I am:
My name, dear ſaint, is hateful to myſelf,
Becauſe it is an enemy to thee;
Had I it written, I would tear the word.

*Jul.* My ears have not yet drunk a hundred words

9 —*nor any other part*
*Belonging to a man. O, be ſome other name!*
*What's in a name?* &c.] The middle line is not found in the original copy of 1597, being added, it ſhould ſeem, on a reviſion. The paſſage in the firſt copy ſtands thus:

Nor arm, nor face, *nor any other part:*
What's in a name? That which we call a roſe, &c.

In the copy of 1599 and all the ſubſequent ancient copies, the words *nor any other part* were omitted by the overſight of the tranſcriber or printer, and the lines thus abſurdly exhibited:

Nor arm nor face, *O be ſome other name!*
*Belonging to a man.*
What's in a name, &c.

*Belonging*, &c. evidently was intended to begin a line, as it now does; but the printer having omitted the words *nor any other part*, took the remainder of the ſubſequent line, and carried it to that which preceeded. The tranſpoſition now made needs no note to ſupport it: the context in this and many other places ſuperſedes all arguments. MALONE.

1 *By any other name*—] Thus the quarto, 1597. All the ſubſequent ancient copies read—By any other *word*. MALONE.

2 *Take all myſelf.*] The elder quarto reads, *Take all I have.* STEEVENS.

Of

Of that tongue's utterance[3], yet I know the ſound;
Art thou not Romeo, and a Montague?

*Rom.* Neither, fair ſaint, if either thee diſlike[4].

*Jul.* How cam'ſt thou hither, tell me? and wherefore?
The orchard walls are high, and hard to climb;
And the place death, conſidering who thou art,
If any of my kinſmen find thee here.

*Rom.* With love's light wings did I o'er-perch theſe walls[5];
For ſtony limits cannot hold love out:
And what love can do, that dares love attempt;
Therefore thy kinſmen are no let to me[6].

*Jul.* If they do ſee thee, they will murder thee.

*Rom.* Alack! there lies more peril in thine eye,
Than twenty of their ſwords[7]; look thou but ſweet,

3 *My* ears *have not yet* drunk *a hundred words*
*Of* that tongue's utterance,] Thus the quarto, 1597. The ſubſequent ancient copies read—of *thy* tongue's *uttering*. We meet with almoſt the ſame words as thoſe here attributed to Romeo, in *King Edward III.* a tragedy, 1596:

"I might perceive his eye in her eye loſt,
"*His ear to drink her ſweet tongue's utterance.*" MALONE.

4 *Neither, fair* ſaint, *if either thee* diſlike.] Thus the original copy. The ſubſequent ancient copies read—fair *maid*. "If either thee *diſlike*" was the phraſeology of Shakſpeare's age. So, it *likes* me well; for it pleaſes me well. MALONE.

5 *With love's light wings did I* o'er-perch theſe walls;] Here alſo we find Shakſpeare following the ſteps of the authour of *The Hyſtory of Romeus and Juliet*, 1562:

"Approaching near the place from whence his heart had life,
"So light he wox, he *leap'd the wall*, and there he ſpy'd his wife,
"Who in the *window* watch'd the coming of her lord,—." MALONE.

6 —*no* let *to me.*] i. e. no ſtop or hinderance. So, in *Hamlet:*

"By heaven I'll make a ghoſt of him that *lets* me."

Thus the original edition. The ſubſequent copies read—no *ſtop* to me. MALONE.

7 —*there lies more peril in thine eye,*
*Than twenty of their ſwords*;] B. and Fletcher have copied this thought in *The Maid of the Mill:*

"—The lady may command, ſir;
"She bears an eye more dreadful than your weapon." STEEVENS.

And

And I am proof againſt their enmity.

*Jul.* I would not for the world, they ſaw thee here.

*Rom.* I have night's cloak to hide me from their ſight[8];

And, but thou love me, let them find me here[9]:
My life were better ended by their hate,
Than death prorogued[1], wanting of thy love.

*Jul.* By whoſe direction found'ſt thou out this place?

*Rom.* By love, who firſt did prompt me to inquire;
He lent me counſel, and I lent him eyes.
I am no pilot; yet, wert thou as far
As that vaſt ſhore waſh'd with the fartheſt ſea,
I would adventure for ſuch merchandiſe.

*Jul.* Thou know'ſt, the maſk of night is on my face;
Elſe would a maiden bluſh bepaint my cheek,
For that which thou haſt heard me ſpeak to-night.
Fain would I dwell on form, fain fain deny
What I have ſpoke; But farewel compliment[2]!
Doſt thou love me? I know, thou wilt ſay—Ay;
And I will take thy word: yet, if thou ſwear'ſt,

[8] —*from their* ſight;] So the firſt quarto. All the other ancient copies have—from their *eyes*. MALONE.

[9] *And,* but *thou love me, let them find me here:*] And ſo thou do but love me, I care not what may befall me: Let me be found here. Such appears to me to be the meaning.

Mr. Maſon thinks that "*but* thou love me," means, *unleſs* thou love me; grounding himſelf, I ſuppoſe, on the two ſubſequent lines. But thoſe contain, in my apprehenſion, a diſtinct propoſition. He firſt ſays, that he is content to be diſcovered, if he be but ſecure of her affection; and then adds, that death from the hands of her kinſmen would be preferable to life without her love. *But*, however, it muſt be acknowledged, has often in old Engliſh the meaning which Mr. Maſon would here affix to it. MALONE.

[1] *Than death* prorogued,] i. e. delayed, deferred to a more diſtant period. So in Act IV. ſc. i.

"I hear thou muſt, and nothing may *prorogue* it,
"On thurſday next be married to this county." MALONE.

[2] —*farewell compliment!*] That is, farewell attention to forms. MASON.

Thou

Thou may'ſt prove falſe; at lovers' perjuries,
They ſay, Jove laughs. O, gentle Romeo,
If thou doſt love, pronounce it faithfully:
Or if thou think'ſt I am too quickly won,
I'll frown, and be perverſe, and ſay thee nay,
So thou wilt woo; but, elſe, not for the world.
In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond;
And therefore thou may'ſt think my haviour light:
But truſt me, gentleman, I'll prove more true
Than thoſe that have more cunning to be ſtrange[3].
I ſhould have been more ſtrange, I muſt confeſs,
But that thou over-heard'ſt, ere I was ware,
My true love's paſſion: therefore pardon me;
And not impute this yielding to light love,
Which the dark night hath ſo diſcovered.

*Rom.* Lady, by yonder bleſſed moon I ſwear,
That tips with ſilver all theſe fruit-tree tops,—

*Jul.* O, ſwear not by the moon, the inconſtant moon
That monthly changes in her circled orb,
Leſt that thy love prove likewiſe variable.

*Rom.* What ſhall I ſwear by?

*Jul.* Do not ſwear at all;
Or, if thou wilt, ſwear by thy gracious ſelf,
Which is the god of my idolatry,
And I'll believe thee.

*Rom.* If my heart's dear love—

*Jul.* Well, do not ſwear: although I joy in thee,
I have no joy of this contract to-night:
It is too raſh, too unadvis'd, too ſudden;
Too like the lightning, which doth ceaſe to be,

3 *Than thoſe that have more* cunning *to be* ſtrange.] Thus the quarto, 1597. In the ſubſequent ancient copies *cunning* was changed to—*coying*. MALONE.

*To be ſtrange*, is to put on affected coldneſs, to appear ſhy. So, in Greene's *Mamilia*, 1593: "Is it the faſhion in Padua to be *ſo ſtrange* with your friends?" STEEVENS.

See Vol. X. p. 38, n. 4. MALONE.

Ere

Ere one can ſay—It lightens [4]. Sweet, good night [5]!
This bud of love, by ſummer's ripening breath,
May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet.
Good night, good night! as ſweet repoſe and reſt
Come to thy heart, as that within my breaſt!

*Rom.* O, wilt thou leave me ſo unſatisfied?

*Jul.* What ſatisfaction canſt thou have to-night?

*Rom.* The exchange of thy love's faithful vow for mine.

*Jul.* I gave thee mine before thou didſt requeſt it:
And yet I would it were to give again.

*Rom.* Would'ſt thou withdraw it? for what purpoſe, love?

*Jul.* But to be frank, and give it thee again.
And yet I wiſh but for the thing I have:
My bounty is as boundleſs as the ſea,
My love as deep; the more I give to thee,
The more I have, for both are infinite.

[Nurſe *calls within.*

I hear ſome noiſe within; Dear love, adieu!
Anon, good nurſe!—Sweet Montague, be true.
Stay but a little, I will come again. [*Exit.*

*Rom.* O bleſſed bleſſed night! I am afeard,
Being in night, all this is but a dream,
Too flattering-ſweet to be ſubſtantial.

*Re-enter* JULIET, *above.*

*Jul.* Three words, dear Romeo, and good night, indeed.

[4] *Ere one can ſay—It lightens.*] So, in the *Miracles of Moſes*, by Drayton:

" —lightning ceaſeleſsly to burn,
" Swifter than thought from place to place to paſs,
" And being gone, doth ſuddenly return
" *Ere you could ſay preciſely what it was.*"

The ſame thought occurs in the *Midſummer Night's Dream.* STEEV.

Drayton's *Miracles of Moſes* was firſt printed in quarto, in 1604. MALONE.

[5] *Sweet, good night!*] All the intermediate lines from *Sweet, good night*, to *Stay but a little*, &c. were added after the firſt copy. STEEV.

If

If that thy bent of love be honourable[6],
Thy purpoſe marriage, ſend me word to-morrow,
By one that I'll procure to come to thee,
Where, and what time, thou wilt perform the rite;
And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay,
And follow thee my lord throughout the world:

*Nur.* [*Within.*] Madam.

*Jul.* I come, anon:—But if thou mean'ſt not well,
I do beſeech thee,—

*Nurſe.* [*Within.*] Madam.

*Jul.* By and by, I come:—
To ceaſe thy ſuit[7], and leave me to my grief:
To-morrow will I ſend.

*Rom.* So thrive my ſoul,—

*Jul.* A thouſand times good night! [*Exit.*

*Rom.* A thouſand times the worſe, to want thy light.—
Love goes toward love, as ſchool-boys from their books;
But love from love, toward ſchool with heavy looks.
[*retiring ſlowly.*

*Re-enter* JULIET, *above.*

*Jul.* Hiſt! Romeo, hiſt!—O, for a faulconer's voice,
To lure this taſſel-gentle back again[8]!
Bondage

[6] *If that thy* bent *of love be honourable*, &c.] In *The Tragical Hyſtory* already quoted Juliet uſes nearly the ſame expreſſions:

" —if your thought be chaſte, and have on virtue ground,
" If wedlock be the end and *mark* which your deſire hath found,
" Obedience ſet aſide, unto my parents due,
" The quarrel eke that long ago between our houſholds grew,
" *Both me and mine I will all whole to you betake*,
" And *following you whereſo you go*, my father's houſe forſake:
" But if by wanton love and by unlawful *ſuit*
" You think in ripeſt years to pluck my maidenhood's dainty fruit,
" You are beguil'd, and now your Juliet you *beſeeks*,
" To *ceaſe your ſuit*, and ſuffer her to live among her likes."
MALONE.

[7] *To ceaſe thy* ſuit,—] So the quarto, 1597. The two ſubſequent quartos and the folio have—thy *ſtrife*. MALONE.

[8] *To lure this* taſſel-gentle *back again!*] The *taſſel* or *tiercel* (for ſo it ſhould be ſpelt) is the male of the *goſhawk*; ſo called, becauſe it is a *tierce* or *third* leſs than the female. This is equally true of all birds of prey. In the *Booke of Falconrye*, by George Turbervile, gent.

Bondage is hoarſe, and may not ſpeak aloud;
Elſe would I tear the cave where echo lies,
And make her airy tongue more hoarſe than mine
With repetition of my Romeo's name.

*Rom.* It is my ſoul, that calls upon my name:
How ſilver-ſweet ſound lovers' tongues by night,
Like ſofteſt muſick to attending ears!

*Jul.* Romeo!

*Rom.* Madam[9].

*Jul.* At what o'clock to-morrow
Shall I ſend to thee?

*Rom.* At the hour of nine.

*Jul.* I will not fail; 'tis twenty years till then.
I have forgot why I did call thee back.

*Rom.* Let me ſtand here till thou remember it.

*Jul.* I ſhall forget, to have thee ſtill ſtand there,
Rememb'ring how I love thy company.

*Rom.* And I'll ſtill ſtay, to have thee ſtill forget,
Forgetting any other home but this.

printed in 1575, I find a whole chapter on the *falcon-gentle*, &c. So, in *The Guardian*, by Maſſinger:

" —then for an evening flight,
" A *tiercel-gentle*."

Again, in Decker's *Match me in London*, 1631:

" Your *taſſel-gentle*, ſhe's lur'd off and gone."

This ſpecies of hawk had the epithet of gentle annexed to it, from the eaſe with which it was tamed, and its attachment to man. STEEV.

It appears from the old books on this ſubject that certain hawks were conſidered as appropriated to certain ranks. The *tercel-gentle* was appropriated to the prince; and thence, we may ſuppoſe, was choſen by Juliet as an appellation for her beloved Romeo. In an ancient treatiſe entitled *Hawking, Hunting, and Fiſhing, with the true meaſures of blowing*, is the following paſſage:

" The names of all manner of hawkes, and to whom they belong:
For a PRINCE
There is a falcon gentle, and a *tercel* gentle; and theſe are for a prince."
MALONE.

[9] —*Madam.*] Thus the original copy of 1597. In the two ſubſequent copies and the folio we have—My *niece*. What word was intended it is difficult to ſay. The editor of the ſecond folio ſubſtituted—My *ſweet*. I have already ſhewn, that all the alterations in that copy were made at random; and have therefore preſerved the original word, though leſs tender than that which was arbitrarily ſubſtituted in its place. MALONE.

*Jul.* 'Tis almoſt morning, I would have thee gone:
And yet no further than a wanton's bird;
Who lets it hop a little from her hand,
Like a poor priſoner in his twiſted gyves,
And with a ſilk thread plucks it back again,
So loving-jealous of his liberty.

*Rom.* I would, I were thy bird.

*Jul.* Sweet, ſo would I:
Yet I ſhould kill thee with much cheriſhing.
Good night, good night! parting is ſuch ſweet ſorrow,
That I ſhall ſay—good night, till it be morrow. [*Exit.*

*Rom.* Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy breaſt!—
'Would I were ſleep and peace, ſo ſweet to reſt!
Hence will I to my ghoſtly father's cell;
His help to crave, and my dear hap to tell[1]. [*Exit.*

## SCENE III.

*Friar* Laurence's *Cell.*

*Enter Friar* Lawrence, *with a baſket.*

*Fri.* The grey-ey'd morn ſmiles on the frowning night[2],
Checkering the eaſtern clouds with ſtreaks of light;
And flecked darkneſs[3] like a drunkard reels
From forth day's path, and Titan's firy wheels[4]:
Now

[1] *Hence will I to my* ghoſtly father's cell;
*His help to crave, and my dear hap to tell.*] Thus the quarto, 1597, except that it has *good* inſtead of *dear*. That of 1599, and the folio, read:
Hence will I to my ghoſtly *frier's cloſe* cell,
His help to crave, and my dear hap to tell. Malone.

[2] *The grey-ey'd morn, &c.*] So the firſt edition. The firſt four lines of this ſpeech, as has been obſerved by Mr. Pope and Dr. Johnſon, are inadvertently printed twice over in the ſubſequent ancient copies, and form the concluſion of Romeo's preceding ſpeech as well as the commencement of the friar's in the preſent ſcene. Malone.

[3] *And* flecked *darkneſs*—] *Flecked* is ſpotted, dappled, ſtreak'd, or variegated. In this ſenſe it is uſed by Churchyard, in his *Legend of Thomas Mowbray Duke of Norfolk.* Mowbray, ſpeaking of the Germans, ſays:

Now ere the ſun advance his burning eye,
The day to cheer, and night's dank dew to dry,
I muſt up-fill this oſier cage of ours,
With baleful weeds, and precious-juiced flowers.
The earth, that's nature's mother, is her tomb[5];
What is her burying grave, that is her womb:
And from her womb children of divers kind
We ſucking on her natural boſom find;
Many for many virtues excellent,
None but for ſome, and yet all different.
O, mickle is the powerful grace[6], that lies
In herbs, plants, ſtones[7], and their true qualities:

" All jagg'd and frounc'd, with divers colours deck'd,
" They ſwear, they curſe, and drink till they be *fleck'd*,"

Lord Surrey uſes the ſame word in his tranſlation of the 4th Æneid:

" Her quivering cheekes *flecked* with deadly ſtaine."

The ſame image occurs in *Much ado about Nothing:* Act V. ſc. iii.

" *Dapples* the drowſy eaſt with ſpots of grey." STEEVENS.

The word is ſtill uſed in Scotland, where " a *flecked* cow" is a common expreſſion. See the Gloſſary to Gawin Douglas's tranſlation of Virgil, in v. *fleckit*. MALONE.

4 *From forth day's* path, *and Titan's fiery wheels:*] Thus the quarto 1597. That of 1599, and the folio have—*burning* wheels.

The modern editions read corruptly, after the ſecond folio:

From forth day's *path-way made by* Titan's wheels. MALONE.

5 *The earth, that's nature's mother, is her tomb;*]

" Omniparens, eadem rerum commune ſepulchrum."
*Lucretius.*

" The womb of nature, and perhaps her grave." *Milton.*
STEEVENS.

So, *in Pericles, Prince of Tyre,* 1609:

" —Time's the king of men,
" *For he's their parent, and he is their grave.*" MALONE.

6 —*powerful grace,*] Efficacious virtue. JOHNSON.

7 *O, mickle is the powerful grace, that lies*
*In* herbs, plants, ſtones, &c.] This affords a natural introduction to the friar's furniſhing Juliet with the ſleepy potion in Act IV. In the paſſage before us Shakſpeare had the poem in his thoughts:

" But not in vain, my child, hath all my wand'ring been;—
" What force the *ſtones*, the *plants*, and *metals*, have to work,
" And divers other things that in the bowels of earth do lurk,
" With care I have ſought out, with pain I did them prove."
MALONE.

For

For nought so vile that on the earth doth live [8],
But to the earth [9] some special good doth give;
Nor aught so good, but, strain'd from that fair use,
Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse:
Virtue itself turns vice, being misapply'd;
And vice sometime's by action dignify'd.
Within the infant rind of this small flower [1]
Poison hath residence, and med'cine power:
For this, being smelt, with that part [2] cheers each part;
Being tasted, slays all senses with the heart.
Two such oppos'd foes encamp them still
In man [3] as well as herbs, grace, and rude will;
And, where the worser is predominant,
Full soon the canker death eats up that plant [4].

*Enter* ROMEO.

*Rom.* Good morrow, father!
*Fri. Benedicite!*

[8] *For nought so vile that on the earth doth live,*] The quarto, 1597, reads:

For nought so vile that *vile* on earth doth live. STEEVENS.

[9] —*to the earth*—] i. e. to the inhabitants of the earth. MALONE.

[1] —*of this* small *flower*—] So the quarto 1597. All the subsequent ancient copies have—this *weak* flower. MALONE.

[2] —*with that part*—] i. e. with the part which smells; with the olfactory nerves. MALONE.

[3] *Two such oppos'd* foes encamp *them still*
*In man*—] So, in our authour's *Lover's Complaint*:

" —terror, and dear modesty,
" *Encamp'd in hearts*, but *fighting* outwardly."

Thus the quarto of 1597. The quarto of 1599, and all the subsequent ancient copies read—such oppos'd *kings*.—Our authour has more than once alluded to these *oppos'd foes*, contending for the dominion of man.—So, in *Othello*:

" Yea, curse his *better angel* from his side."

Again, in his 144th Sonnet:

" To win me soon to hell, my female evil
" Tempteth my *better angel* from my side:
" Yet this I ne'er shall know, but live in doubt,
" Till my *bad angel* fire my *good one* out." MALONE.

[4] *Full soon the* canker death eats up *that plant.*] So, in our authour's 99th Sonnet:

" A vengeful *canker eat* him *up* to *death*." MALONE.

What early tongue ſo ſweet ſaluteth me?—
Young ſon, it argues a diſtemper'd head,
So ſoon to bid good morrow to thy bed:
Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye,
And where care lodges, ſleep will never lie;
But where unbruiſed youth with unſtuff'd brain[5]
Doth couch his limbs, there golden ſleep doth reign:
Therefore thy earlineſs doth me aſſure,
Thou art up-rous'd by ſome diſtemp'rature;
Or if not ſo, then here I hit it right—
Our Romeo hath not been in bed to-night.

*Rom.* That laſt is true, the ſweeter reſt was mine.

*Fri.* God pardon ſin! waſt thou with Roſaline?

*Rom.* With Roſaline, my ghoſtly father? no;
I have forgot that name, and that name's woe.

*Fri.* That's my good ſon: But where haſt thou been then?

*Rom.* I'll tell thee, ere thou aſk it me again.
I have been feaſting with mine enemy;
Where, on a ſudden, one hath wounded me,
That's by me wounded; both our remedies
Within thy help and holy phyſick lies[6]:
I bear no hatred, bleſſed man; for, lo,
My interceſſion likewiſe ſteads my foe.

*Fri.* Be plain, good ſon, and homely in thy drift;
Riddling confeſſion finds but riddling ſhrift.

*Rom.* Then plainly know, my heart's dear love is ſet
On the fair daughter of rich Capulet:
As mine on hers, ſo hers is ſet on mine;
And all combin'd, ſave what thou muſt combine
By holy marriage: When, and where, and how,
We met, we woo'd, and made exchange of vow,
I'll tell thee as we paſs; but this I pray,
That thou conſent to marry us this day.

5 —*with uuſtuff'd brain*, &c.] The copy, 1597, reads:
—with unſtuff'd *brains*
Doth couch his limmes, there golden ſleep *remaines*.
STEEVENS.

6 —*both our* remedies
*Within thy help and holy phyſick* lies:] See Vol. VIII. p. 357, n. 4; and Vol. X. p. 66, n. 9. MALONE.

*Fri.*

*Fri.* Holy ſaint Francis! what a change is here!
Is Roſaline, whom thou didſt love ſo dear,
So ſoon forſaken? young men's love then lies
Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes.
*Jeſu Maria!* what a deal of brine
Hath waſh'd thy ſallow cheeks for Roſaline!
How much ſalt water thrown away in waſte,
To ſeaſon love, that of it doth not taſte!
The ſun not yet thy ſighs from heaven clears,
Thy old groans ring yet in my ancient ears;
Lo, here upon thy cheek the ſtain doth ſit
Of an old tear that is not waſh'd off yet:
If e'er thou waſt thyſelf, and theſe woes thine,
Thou and theſe woes were all for Roſaline;
And art thou chang'd? pronounce this ſentence then—
Women may fall, when there's no ſtrength in men.

*Rom.* Thou chidd'ſt me oft for loving Roſaline.

*Fri.* For doting, not for loving, pupil mine.

*Rom.* And bad'ſt me bury love.

*Fri.* Not in a grave,
To lay one in, another out to have.

*Rom.* I pray thee, chide not: ſhe, whom I love now,
Doth grace for grace, and love for love allow;
The other did not ſo.

*Fri.* O, ſhe knew well,
Thy love did read by rote, and could not ſpell [7].
But come, young waverer, come go with me,
In one reſpect I'll thy aſſiſtant be;
For this alliance may ſo happy prove,
To turn your houſholds' rancour to pure love [8].

*Rom.* O, let us hence; I ſtand on ſudden haſte.

*Fri.* Wiſely, and ſlow; They ſtumble, that run faſt.

[*Exeunt.*

[7] —and *could not ſpell.*] Thus the quarto, 1597. The ſubſequent ancient copies all have—

Thy love did read by rote *that* could not ſpell.

I mention theſe minute variations only to ſhew, what I have ſo often urged, the very high value of firſt editions. MALONE.

[8] The two following lines were added ſince the firſt copy of this play. STEEVENS.

## SCENE IV.

*A Street.*

*Enter* BENVOLIO, *and* MERCUTIO.

*Mer.* Where the devil ſhould this Romeo be?—Came he not home to-night?

*Ben.* Not to his father's; I ſpoke with his man.

*Mer.* Ah, that ſame pale hard-hearted wench, that Roſaline,
Torments him ſo, that he will ſure run mad.

*Ben.* Tybalt, the kinſman of old Capulet,
Hath ſent a letter to his father's houſe.

*Mer.* A challenge, on my life.

*Ben.* Romeo will anſwer it.

*Mer.* Any man, that can write, may anſwer a letter.

*Ben.* Nay, he will anſwer the letter's maſter, how he dares, being dared.

*Mer.* Alas, poor Romeo, he is already dead! ſtabb'd with a white wench's black eye; ſhot thorough the ear with a love-ſong; the very pin of his heart cleft with the blind bow-boy's but-ſhaft [9]; And is he a man to encounter Tybalt?

*Ben.* Why, what is Tybalt?

*Mer.* More than prince of cats [1], I can tell you [2]. O,

[9] —*the very* pin *of his heart cleft with the blind bow-boy's but-ſhaft*;] The alluſion is to archery. The clout, or white mark at which the arrows are directed, was faſtened by a black *pin* placed in the center of it. To hit this was the higheſt ambition of every markſman. So, in *No Wit like a Woman's*, a comedy, by Middleton, 1657:

"They have ſhot two arrows without heads,
"They cannot ſtick i' the but yet: hold out, knight,
"And I'll *cleave* the black *pin* i' the midſt of the *white*."

Again, in Marlowe's *Tamburlaine*, 1590:

"For kings are clouts that every man ſhoots at;
"Our crown the *pin* that thouſands ſeek to *cleave*." MALONE.

[1] *More than prince of cats*,—] *Tybert*, the name given to the *cat*, in the ſtory-book of *Reynard the Fox*. WARBURTON.

So, in *Have with you to Saffron Walden*, &c. 1596: "—not *Tibalt* prince of *cats*," &c. STEEVENS.

[2] —*I can tell you*.] So the firſt quarto. Theſe words are omitted in all the ſubſequent ancient copies. MALONE.

he

he is the courageous captain of compliments[3]. He fights as you ſing prick-ſong, keeps time, diſtance, and proportion[4]; reſts me his minim reſt[5], one, two, and the third in your boſom: the very butcher of a ſilk button[6], a duelliſt, a duelliſt; a gentleman of the very firſt houſe,—of the firſt and ſecond cauſe[7]: Ah, the immortal paſſado! the punto reverſo! the hay[8]!—

*Ben.* The what?

*Mer.* The pox of ſuch antick, liſping, affecting fantaſticoes[9]; theſe new tuners of accents!—*By Jeſu, a very good blade!—a very tall man!—a very good whore!*

3 —*courageous captain of* compliments.] A complete maſter of all the laws of ceremony, the principal man in the doctrine of punctilio.

" A *man of compliments*, whom right and wrong
" Have choſe as umpire;"

ſays our authour of Don *Armado*, the Spaniard, in *Love's Labour's Loſt*. JOHNSON.

4 —*keeps time, diſtance, and proportion*;] So *Jonſon's Bobadil*:

" Note your *diſtance*, keep your due *proportion of time*." STEEVENS.

5 —*his* minim *reſts*—] A *minim* is a note of ſlow time in muſick, equal to two crotchets. MALONE.

6 —*the very butcher of a ſilk button*,] So, in the *Return from Parnaſſus*:

" Strikes his poinado at a *button's* breadth." STEEVENS.

7 *A gentleman of the very firſt houſe,—of the firſt and ſecond cauſe*:] " A gentleman of the *firſt houſe*;—of the *firſt* and *ſecond cauſe*," is a gentleman of the firſt rank, of the firſt eminence among theſe duelliſts; and one who underſtands the whole ſcience of quarrelling, and will tell you of the *firſt cauſe*, and the *ſecond cauſe*, for which a man is to fight.—The *Clown*, in *As you like it*, talks of the *ſeventh cauſe* in the ſame ſenſe. STEEVENS.

8 —*the bay!*] All the terms of the modern fencing-ſchool were originally Italian; the rapier, or ſmall thruſting ſword, being firſt uſed in Italy. The *bay* is the word *bai*, you *have* it, uſed when a thruſt reaches the antagoniſt, from which our fencers, on the ſame occaſion, without knowing, I ſuppoſe, any reaſon for it, cry out, *ha!* JOHNSON.

9 —*affecting fantaſticoes*;] Thus the old copies, and rightly. The modern editors read, *phantaſies*. Naſh, in his *Have with you to Saffron Walden*, 1596, ſays—" Follow ſome of theſe new-fangled Galiardo's and Signor Fantaſtico's," &c. Again, in Decker's comedy of *Old Fortunatus*, 1600:—" I have danc'd with queens, dallied with ladies, worn ſtrange attires, ſeen *fantaſticoes*, convers'd with humoriſts." &c. STEEVENS.

*Fantaſticoes* is the reading of the firſt quarto, 1597; all the ſubſequent *ancient* copies read arbitrarily and corruptly—*phantacies* MALONE.

—Why,

—Why, is not this a lamentable thing, grandſire[1], that we ſhould be thus afflicted with theſe ſtrange flies, theſe faſhion-mongers, theſe pardon-mes[2], who ſtand ſo much on the new form, that they cannot ſit at eaſe on the old bench? O, their *bons*, their *bons*[3]!

*Enter* ROMEO.

*Ben.* Here comes Romeo, here comes Romeo.

*Mer.* Without his roe, like a dried herring:—O fleſh, fleſh, how art thou fiſhified!—Now is he for the numbers that Petrarch flow'd in: Laura, to his lady, was but a kitchen-wench;—marry, ſhe had a better love to be-rhyme her: Dido, a dowdy; Cleopatra, a gipſy; Helen and Hero, hildings and harlots; Thiſbé, a grey

[1] *Why, is not this a lamentable thing, grandfire,*] Humorouſly apoſtrophiſing his anceſtors, whoſe ſober times were unacquainted with the fopperies here complained of. WARBURTON.

[2] —*theſe* pardon-mes,] *Pardonnez-moi* became the language of doubt or heſitation among men of the ſword, when the point of honour was grown ſo delicate, that no other mode of contradiction would be endured. JOHNSON.

The old copies have—theſe *pardon-mees*, not, theſe pardon *nez-moie*. Theobald *firſt* ſubſtituted the French word, without any neceſſity. MALONE.

[3] *O, their* bons, *their* bons!] Mercutio is here ridiculing thoſe frenchified fantaſtical coxcombs whom he calls *pardonnezmoi's*: and therefore, I ſuſpect here he meant to write French too.

*O,* their *bon's! their bon's!*

i. e. how ridiculous they make themſelves in crying out *good*, and being in ecſtaſies with every trifle; as he had juſt deſcribed them before:

" ——a very good blade!" &c. THEOBALD.

The old copies read—O, their *bones*, their *bones!* Mr. Theobald's emendation is confirmed by a paſſage in Green's *Tu Quoque*, from which we learn that *bon* jour was the common ſalutation of thoſe who affected to appear fine gentlemen in our authour's time: "No, I want the *bon jour* and the *tu quoque*, which yonder gentleman has." MALONE.

*They ſtand ſo much on the* new form, *that they cannot ſit at eaſe on the* old bench.] This conceit is loſt, if the double meaning of the word *form* be not attended to. FARMER.

A quibble on the two meanings of the word *form* occurs in *Love's Labour's Loſt*, Act I. ſc ii: "—fitting with her on the *form*, and taken following her into the park; which, put together, is, in manner and *form* following." STEEVENS.

eye

eye or ſo[4], but not to the purpoſe.—Signior Romeo, *bon jour!* there's a French ſalutation to your French ſlop[5]. You gave us the counterfeit fairly laſt night.

*Rom.* Good morrow to you both. What counterfeit did I give you?

*Mer.* The ſlip, ſir, the ſlip[6]; Can you not conceive?

*Rom.*

[4] *Thiſbé a* grey *eye or ſo,*] He means to allow that Thiſbé had a very fine eye; for from various paſſages it appears that a grey eye was in our authour's time thought eminently beautiful. This may ſeem ſtrange to thoſe who are not converſant with ancient phraſeology; but a *grey* eye undoubtedly meant what we now denominate a *blue* eye. Thus, in *Venus and Adonis:*

"Her two *blue* windows faintly ſhe upheaveth,"—

i. e. the windows or lids of her *blue* eyes. In the very ſame poem the eyes of Venus are termed *grey:*

"Mine eyes are *grey* and bright, and quick in turning."

Again, in *Cymbeline:*

"To ſee the incloſed lights, now canopy'd
"Under theſe windows: white and *azure* lac'd;
"With *blue* of heaven's own tinct."

In *Twelfth Night,* Olivia ſays, "I will give out divers ſchedules of my *beauty*;—as *item,* two lips, indifferent red; *item,* two *grey* eyes, with lids to them," &c. So Julia, in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona,* ſpeaking of her rival's eyes, as eminently beautiful, ſays,

"Her eyes are *grey* as glaſs, and ſo are mine."

And Chaucer has the ſame compariſon:

"—hire eyes *gray* as *glas.*"

This compariſon proves deciſively what I have aſſerted; for clear and tranſparent glaſs is not what we now call grey, but blue, or azure.

MALONE.

[5] —*your French ſlop.*] *Slops* are large looſe *breeches* or *trowſers,* worn at preſent only by ſailors. STEEVENS.

See Vol. II. n. 376, n. 9. MALONE.

[6] —*What* counterfeit, &c.

*Mer. The* ſlip, *ſir, the* ſlip;] To underſtand this play upon the words *counterfeit* and *ſlip,* it ſhould be obſerved that in our author's time there was a counterfeit piece of money diſtinguiſhed by the name of a *ſlip.* This will appear in the following inſtances: "And therefore he went and got him certain *ſlips,* which are *counterfeit* pieces of money, being braſſe, and covered over with ſilver, which the common people call *ſlips.*" *Thieves falling out, true men come by their goods;* by Robert Greene.

Again:

"——I had like t' have been

"Abus'd

*Rom.* Pardon, good Mercutio, my buſineſs was great; and, in ſuch a caſe as mine, a man may ſtrain courteſy.

*Mer.* That's as much as to ſay—ſuch a caſe as yours conſtrains a man to bow in the hams.

*Rom.* Meaning—to court'ſy.

*Mer.* Thou haſt moſt kindly hit it.

*Rom.* A moſt courteous expoſition.

*Mer.* Nay, I am the very pink of courteſy.

*Rom.* Pink for flower.

*Mer.* Right.

*Rom.* Why, then is my pump well flower'd[7].

*Mer.* Well ſaid[8]: follow me this jeſt now, till thou haſt worn out thy pump; that, when the ſingle ſole of it is worn, the jeſt may remain, after the wearing, ſolely ſingular.

*Rom.* O ſingle-ſoled jeſt[9], ſolely ſingular for the ſingleneſs!

" Abus'd i' the buſineſs, had the *ſlip* ſlurr'd on me;
" A *counterfeit.*" *Magnetick Lady*, A. III. S. vi. REED.

*The ſlip* is again uſed equivocally in *No Wit like a Woman's*, a comedy, by Middleton, 1657: " *Clown.* Becauſe you ſhall be ſure on't you have given me a *nine-pence* here, and I'll give you *the ſlip* for it." [*Exit.* MALONE.

[7] *—then is my pump well flower'd.*] Here is a vein of wit too thin to be eaſily found. The fundamental idea is, that Romeo wore *pinked* pumps, that is, punched with holes in figures. JOHNSON.

See the ſhoes of the *morris-dancers* in the plate at the concluſion of the firſt part of *K. Henry IV.* with Mr. Tollet's remarks annexed to it.

It was the cuſtom to wear ribbons in the ſhoes formed into the ſhape of roſes, or of any other flowers. So, in the *Maſque* by the gent. of Gray's-Inn, 1614: " Every maſker's *pump* was faſten'd with a *flower* ſuitable to his cap." STEEVENS.

[8] *Well ſaid:*] So the original copy. The quarto of 1599, and the other ancient copies, have—*Sure wit*, follow, &c. What was meant, I ſuppoſe, was—*Sheer* wit! follow, &c. and this corruption may ſerve to juſtify an emendation that I have propoſed in a paſſage in *Antony and Cleopatra*, where I am confident *ſure* was a printer's blunder. See Vol. VII. p 483, n. 5. MALONE.

9 *O* ſingle-ſoled *jeſt*,] This epithet is here uſed equivocally. It formerly ſignified mean or contemptible; and that is one of the ſenſes in which it is uſed here. So, in Holinſhed's Deſcription of Ireland, p. 23:—" which was not unlikely, conſidering that a meane tower might ſerve ſuch *ſingle-ſoale* kings as were at thoſe daies in Ireland."
MALONE.

*Mer.*

*Mer.* Come between us, good Benvolio; my wits fail.

*Rom.* Switch and ſpurs, ſwitch and ſpurs; or I'll cry a match.

*Mer.* Nay, if thy wits run the wild-gooſe chaſe, I have done; for thou haſt more of the wild-gooſe in one of thy wits, than, I am ſure, I have in my whole five: Was I with you there for the gooſe?

*Rom.* Thou waſt never with me for any thing, when thou waſt not there for the gooſe.

*Mer.* I will bite thee by the ear[1] for that jeſt.

*Rom.* Nay, good gooſe, bite not[2].

*Mer.* Thy wit is a very bitter ſweeting[3]; it is a moſt ſharp ſauce.

*Rom.* And is it not well ſerved in to a ſweet gooſe?

*Mer.* O, here's a wit of cheverel[4], that ſtretches from an inch narrow to an ell broad!

*Rom.* I ſtretch it out for that word—broad: which added to the gooſe, proves thee far and wide a broad gooſe.

*Mer.* Why, is not this better now than groaning for love? now art thou ſociable, now art thou Romeo; now art thou what thou art, by art as well as by

[1] *I will* bite thee by the ear—] So Sir Epicure Mammon to Face in Jonſon's *Alchymiſt*:

"Slave, I could *bite thine ear.*" STEEVENS.

[2] —*good gooſe, bite not.*] is a proverbial expreſſion, to be found in Ray's Collection; and is uſed in *The Two Angry Women of Abington*, 1599. STEEVENS.

[3] —*a very bitter ſweeting*;] A bitter *ſweeting*, is an apple of that name. So, in *Summer's laſt Will and Teſtament*, 1600:

"—as well crabs as *ſweetings* for his ſummer fruits."

Again, in *Fair Em*, 1631:

"—what, in diſpleaſure gone!

"And left me ſuch a *bitter ſweet* to gnaw upon?" STEEV.

[4] —*a wit of* cheverel,] *Cheverel* is ſoft leather for gloves. JOHNS.

So, in the *Two Maids of More-clacke*, 1609:

"Drawing on love's white hand a glove of warmth,

"Not *cheveril* ſtretching to ſuch prophanation."

Again, in *The Owl*, by Drayton:

"A *cheverell* conſcience, and a ſearching wit." STEEVENS.

*Cheveril* is from Chevreuil, roebuck. MUSGRAVE.

nature:

nature: for this driveling love is like a great natural, that runs lolling up and down to hide his bauble in a hole[5].

*Ben.* Stop there, ſtop there.

*Mer.* Thou deſireſt me to ſtop in my tale againſt the hair[6].

*Ben.* Thou would'ſt elſe have made thy tale large.

*Mer.* O, thou art deceived, I would have made it ſhort: for I was come to the whole depth of my tale: and meant, indeed, to occupy the argument no longer[7].

*Rom.* Here's goodly geer!

*Enter* Nurſe, *and* PETER.

*Mer.* A ſail, a ſail, a ſail[8]!

*Ben.* Two, two; a ſhirt, and a ſmock.

*Nurſe.* Peter!

*Peter.* Anon?

*Nurſe.* My fan, Peter[9].

*Mer.* Pr'ythee, do, good Peter, to hide her face; for her fan's the fairer of the two.

[5] —*to hide his* bauble *in a hole.*] It has been already obſerved by Sir *J. Hawkins*, in a note on *All's Well*, &c. that a *bauble* was one of the accoutrements of a licenſed fool or jeſter. So again, in Sir *W. D'Avenant's Albovine*, 1629: "For ſuch rich widows there love *court fools*, and uſe to play with their *baubles*."

See the plate at the end of *K. Henry IV.* P. I. with Mr. Tollet's obſervations on it. STEEVENS.

[6] —*againſt the hair.*] *A contrepoil:* Fr. An expreſſion equivalent to one which we now uſe,—"againſt the grain." STEEVENS.

[7] —*to* occupy *the argument no longer.*] Here we have another wanton alluſion. See Vol. V. p. 331, n. 5. MALONE.

[8] Mer. *A ſail, a ſail, &c.*] Thus the quarto, 1597. In the ſubſequent ancient copies theſe words are erroneouſly given to Romeo. MALONE.

[9] *My fan, Peter.*] The buſineſs of *Peter* carrying the *Nurſe's fan*, ſeems ridiculous according to modern manners; but I find ſuch was formerly the practice. In an old pamphlet, called "*The Serving-man's Comfort*," 1598, we are informed, "The miſtreſs muſt have one to carry her cloake and hood, another her *fanne*." FARMER.

Again, in *Love's Labour's Loſt*:

To ſee him walk before a lady, and to *bear a fan.*

Again, in *Every Man out of his Humour*: "If any lady, &c. wants an upright gentleman in the nature of a gentleman-uſher, &c. who can hide his face with her fan," &c. STEEVENS.

*Nurſe.*

*Nurſe.* God ye good morrow, gentlemen.

*Mer.* God ye good den[1], fair gentlewoman.

*Nurſe.* Is it good den?

*Mer.* Tis no leſs, I tell you; for the bawdy hand of the dial[2] is now upon the prick of noon.

*Nurſe.* Out upon you! what a man are you?

*Rom.* One, gentlewoman, that God hath made himſelf to mar.

*Nurſe.* By my troth, it is well ſaid;—For himſelf to mar, quoth'a?—Gentlemen, can any of you tell me where I may find the young Romeo?

*Rom.* I can tell you; but young Romeo will be older when you have found him, than he was when you ſought him: I am the youngeſt of that name, for 'fault of a worſe.

*Nurſe.* You ſay well.

*Mer.* Yea, is the worſt well? very well took, i'faith; wiſely, wiſely.

*Nurſe.* If you be he, ſir, I deſire ſome confidence with you.

*Ben.* She will indite him to ſome ſupper.

*Mer.* A bawd, a bawd, a bawd! So ho!

*Rom.* What haſt thou found?

*Mer.* No hare, ſir[3]; unleſs a hare, ſir, in a lenten pye, that is ſomething ſtale and hoar ere it be ſpent.

[1] *God ye good den,*] i. e. God give you a good even. The firſt of theſe contractions is common among the ancient comic writers. So, in R. Brome's *Northern Laſs*, 1633:

"*God you good even*, ſir." STEEVENS.

[2] *—the hand of the dial—*] In the *Puritan Widow*, 1607, which has been attributed to our author, is a ſimilar expreſſion: "—the feſkewe of the diall is upon the chriſſe-croſſe of noon." STEEVENS.

[3] *No hare, ſir;*] Mercutio having roared out, *So, bo!* the cry of the ſportſmen when they ſtart a hare, Romeo aſks *what he has found*. And Mercutio anſwers, *No hare*, &c. The reſt is a ſeries of quibbles unworthy of explanation, which he who does not underſtand, needs not lament his ignorance. JOHNSON.

*So bo!* is the term made uſe of in the field when the hare is found in her ſeat, and not when ſhe is *ſtarted*. A. C.

*An old hare hoar*[4],
*And an old hare hoar,*
*Is very good meat in lent:*
*But a hare that is hoar,*
*Is too much for a ſcore,*
*When it hoars ere it be ſpent.*—

Romeo, will you come to your father's? we'll to dinner thither.

*Rom.* I will follow you.

*Mer.* Farewel, ancient lady; farewel, lady, lady, lady[5].

[*Exeunt* MERCUTIO, *and* BENVOLIO.

*Nurſe.* Marry, farewel[6]!—I pray you, ſir, what ſaucy merchant was this[7], that was ſo full of his ropery[8]?

*Rom.* A gentleman, nurſe, that loves to hear himſelf talk; and will ſpeak more in a minute, than he will ſtand to in a month.

[4] *An old hare* hoar,] *Hoar* or *hoary*, is often uſed for mouldy, as things grow white from moulding. So, in *Pierce Pennyleſs's Supplication to the Devil*, 1595: "—as *hoary* as Dutch butter." Again, in F. Beaumont's letter to Speght on his edition of Chaucer, 1602: "Many of Chaucer's words are become as it were vinew'd and *hoarie* with over-long lying." STEEVENS.

Theſe lines appear to have been part of an old ſong. In the quarto 1597, we have here this ſtage direction: "*He walks between them*, [i. e. the nurſe and Peter,] *and ſings*. MALONE.

[5] —*lady, lady, lady.*] The burthen of an old ſong. See Vol. IV. p. 38, n. 6. STEEVENS.

[6] *Marry, farewell!*—] Theſe words I have recovered from the quarto, 1597. MALONE.

[7] —*what ſaucy merchant was this*, &c.] The term *merchant* which was, and even now is, frequently applied to the loweſt ſort of dealers, ſeems anciently to have been uſed on theſe familiar occaſions in contradiſtinction to *gentleman*; ſignifying that the perſon ſhewed by his behaviour he was a low fellow. The term *chap*, i. e. *chapman*, a word of the ſame import with *merchant* in its leſs reſpectable ſenſe, is ſtill in common uſe among the vulgar, as a general denomination for any perſon of whom they mean to ſpeak with freedom or diſreſpect. STEEVENS.

See Vol. VI. p. 38, n. 1. MALONE.

[8] —*of his ropery?*] *Ropery* was anciently uſed in the ſame ſenſe as *roguery* is now. So, in the *Three Ladies of London*, 1584:

"Thou art very pleaſant and full of thy *roperye*."

*Rope-tricks* are mentioned in another place. STEEVENS.

See Vol. III. p. 271, n. 6. MALONE.

*Nurſe.*

*Nurſe.* An 'a ſpeak any thing againſt me, I'll take him down an 'a were luſtier than he is, and twenty ſuch Jacks [9]; and if I cannot, I'll find thoſe that ſhall. Scurvy knave! I am none of his flirt-gills; I am none of his ſkains-mates [1]:—And thou muſt ſtand by too, and ſuffer every knave to uſe me at his pleaſure?

*Pet* I ſaw no man uſe you at his pleaſure; if I had, my weapon ſhould quickly have been out, I warrant you; I dare draw as ſoon as another man, if I ſee occaſion in a good quarrel, and the law on my ſide.

*Nurſe.* Now, afore God, I am ſo vex'd, that every part about me quivers. Scurvy knave!—Pray you, ſir, a word: and as I told you, my young lady bade me inquire you out; what ſhe bade me ſay, I will keep to myſelf: but firſt let me tell ye, if ye ſhould lead her into a fool's paradiſe, as they ſay [2], it were a very groſs kind of behaviour, as they ſay: for the gentlewoman is young; and, therefore, if you ſhould deal double with her, truly, it were an ill thing to be offered to any gentlewoman, and very weak dealing,

9 —*ſuch* Jacks;] See Vol. II. p. 214, n. 5. MALONE.

1 —*none of his* ſkains-*mates*:] *None of his ſkains-mates* means, I apprehend, none of his cut-throat companions. MALONE.

A *ſkein* or *ſkain* was either a knife or *a ſhort dagger*. By *ſkains-mates* the nurſe means none of his looſe companions who frequent the fencing-ſchool with him, where we may ſuppoſe the exerciſe of this weapon was taught.

The word is uſed in the old tragedy of *Soliman and Perſeda*, 1599:

"Againſt the light-foot Iriſh have I ſerv'd,
"And in my ſkin beare tokens of their *ſkeins*."

Green, in his *Quip for an upſtart Courtier*, deſcribes "an ill-favour'd knave, who wore by his ſide a *ſkeine* like a brewer's bung-knife."

*Skein* is the Iriſh word for a *knife*. STEEVENS.

Swift has the word in his deſcription of an Iriſh feaſt:

"A cubit at leaſt
"The length of their *ſkains*." NICHOLS.

2 —*if ye ſhould lead her into* a fool's paradiſe, *as they ſay*,] So, in *A Handfull of pleaſant delightes, containing ſundrie new ſonets*, &c. 1584:

"When they ſee they may her win,
"They leave then where they did begin:
"They prate, and make the matter nice,
"And leave her *in fooles paradiſe*." MALONE.

*Rom.* Nurſe, commend me to thy lady and miſtreſs. I proteſt unto thee,—

*Nurſe.* Good heart! and, i'faith, I will tell her as much: Lord, lord, ſhe will be a joyful woman.

*Rom.* What wilt thou tell her, nurſe? thou doſt not mark me.

*Nurſe.* I will tell her, ſir,—that you do proteſt [3]; which, as I take it, is a gentleman-like offer.

*Rom.* Bid her deviſe ſome means to come to ſhrift
This afternoon;
And there ſhe ſhall at friar Lawrence' cell
Be ſhriv'd, and marry'd. Here is for thy pains [4].

*Nurſe.* No, truly, ſir; not a penny.

*Rom.* Go to; I ſay, you ſhall.

*Nurſe.* This afternoon, ſir? well, ſhe ſhall be there.

*Rom.* And ſtay, good nurſe, behind the abbey-wall:
Within this hour my man ſhall be with thee;
And bring thee cords made like a tackled ſtair [5];
Which to the high top-gallant of my joy [6]
Muſt be my convoy in the ſecret night.
Farewel!—Be truſty, and I'll quit thy pains.
Farewel!—Commend me to thy miſtreſs.

[3] —*proteſt*;] Whether the repetition of this word conveyed any idea peculiarly comic to Shakſpeare's audience, is not at preſent to be determined. The uſe of it, however, is ridiculed in the old comedy of *Sir Giles Gooſecap*, 1606:

"There is not the beſt duke's ſon in France dares ſay, *I proteſt*, till he be one and thirty years old at leaſt; for the inheritance of that word is not to be poſſeſſed before." STEEVENS.

[4] —*Here is for thy pains.*] So, in *The Tragical Hyſtory of Romeus and Juliet*, 1562:

"Then he vi crowns of gold out of his pocket drew,
"And gave them her;—a ſlight reward, quoth he;—and ſo adieu." MALONE.

[5] —*like a tackled ſtair*;] Like ſtairs of rope in the tackle of a ſhip. JOHNSON.

*A ſtair*, for a flight of ſtairs, is ſtill the language of Scotland, and was probably once common to both kingdoms. MALONE.

[6] —*top-gallant of my joy*—] The *top-gallant* is the higheſt extremity of the maſt of a ſhip.

The expreſſion is common to many writers; among the reſt, to Markham in his *Engliſh Arcadia*, 1607: "—beholding in the high *top-gallant* of his valour—." STEEVENS.

*Nurſe.*

*Nurſe.* Now God in heaven bleſs thee!—Hark you, ſir.

*Rom.* What ſay'ſt thou, my dear nurſe?

*Nurſe.* Is your man ſecret? Did you ne'er hear ſay—Two may keep counſel, putting one away?

*Rom.* I warrant thee [7]: my man's as true as ſteel.

*Nurſe.* Well, ſir; my miſtreſs is the ſweeteſt lady—Lord, lord!—when 'twas a little prating thing [8],—O,—there's a nobleman in town, one Paris, that would fain lay knife aboard; but ſhe, good ſoul, had as lieve ſee a toad, a very toad, as ſee him. I anger her ſometimes, and tell her that Paris is the properer man; but, I'll warrant you, when I ſay ſo, ſhe looks as pale as any clout in the varſal world. Doth not roſemary and Romeo begin both with a letter [9]?

*Rom.* Ay, nurſe; What of that? both with an R.

[7] *I warrant thee!*] *I*, which is not in the quartos or firſt folio, was ſupplied by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

[8] *Well, ſir; my miſtreſs is the ſweeteſt lady:*—Lord, lord!—*when 'twas a little* prating *thing*,—] So, in the poem:

"And how ſhe gave her ſuck in youth, ſhe leaveth not to tell.
"A pretty babe, quoth ſhe, it was, when it was young;
"*Lord*, how it could full prettily have *prated* with its tongue," &c.

This dialogue is not found in Painter's *Rhomeo and Julietta*. MALONE.

[9] *Doth not* roſemary *and Romeo begin both with a letter?*] By this queſtion the nurſe means to inſinuate that Romeo's image was ever in the mind of Juliet, and that they would be married. Roſemary being conceived to have the power of ſtrengthening the memory, was an emblem of remembrance, and of the affection of lovers, and (for this reaſon probably,) was worn at weddings. So, *in A Handfull of pleaſant Delites*, &c. 1584:

"Roſemary is for remembrance,
"Betweene us daie and night,
"Wiſhing that I might alwaies have
"You preſent in my ſight."

Again, in our authour's *Hamlet*:

"There's *roſemary*, that's for *remembrance*."

That roſemary was much uſed at weddings, appears from many paſſages in the old plays. So, in the *Noble Spaniſh Soldier*, 1634: "I meet few but are ſtuck with roſemary; every one aſk'd me, who was to be *married?*" Again, in the *Wit of a Woman*, 1604: "What is here to do? Wine and cakes, and *roſemary*, and *noſegaies?* What, a *wedding?*" MALONE.

*Nurſe.* Ah, mocker! that's the dog's name. R is for the dog. No; I know it begins with ſome other letter[1]: and ſhe hath the prettieſt ſententious of it, of you and roſemary, that it would do you good to hear it.

*Rom.* Commend me to thy lady. [*Exit.*

*Nurſe.* Ay, a thouſand times.—Peter!

*Pet.* Anon?

*Nurſe.* Peter, Take my fan, and go before[2]. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE V.

Capulet's *Garden.*

*Enter* JULIET.

*Jul.* The clock ſtruck nine, when I did ſend the nurſe;
In half an hour ſhe promis'd to return.
Perchance, ſhe cannot meet him:—that's not ſo.—
O, ſhe is lame! love's heralds ſhould be thoughts[3],

[1] *Ah, mocker! that's the dog's name. R. is for the* dog. *No; I know it begins with ſome other letter:*] This paſſage is not in the original copy of 1597. The quarto 1599, and folio read—Ah, mocker, that's the dog's name. R is for *the no*, I know it begins, &c. The emendation was made by Mr. Tyrwhitt.

Dr. Warburton obſerves that Ben Jonſon in his *Engliſh Grammar*, ſays, that R is the dog's name, and hirreth in the ſound.

"Irritata canis quod R R quam plurima dicat." *Lucil.*

I am not ſure that Mr. Tyrwhitt's emendation is neceſſary. An abrupt ſentence may have been intended. R. is for the—No; I know it begins, &c. The ſame remark, I have lately obſerved, has been made by an anonymous writer. MALONE.

[2] *Peter, take my fan, and go before.*] Thus the firſt quarto. The ſubſequent ancient copies inſtead of theſe words have—Before, and apace. MALONE.

[3] —*ſhould be thoughts*, &c.] The ſpeech is thus continued in the quarto, 1597:

——— ſhould be thoughts,
And run more ſwift than haſty powder fir'd,
Doth hurry from the fearful cannon's mouth.
Oh, now ſhe comes! Tell me, gentle nurſe,
What ſays my love?—

The greateſt part of the ſcene is likewiſe added ſince that edition. STEEVENS.

Which

Which ten times faſter glide than the ſun's beams,
Driving back ſhadows over lowring hills:
Therefore do nimble-pinion'd doves draw love,
And therefore hath the wind-ſwift Cupid wings.
Now is the ſun upon the highmoſt hill
Of this day's journey; and from nine till twelve
Is three long hours,—yet ſhe is not come.
Had ſhe affections, and warm youthful blood,
She'd be as ſwift in motion as a ball;
My words would bandy her to my ſweet love,
And his to me:
But old folks, many feign as they were dead;
Unwieldy, ſlow, heavy and pale as lead.

*Enter* Nurſe, *and* Peter.

O God, ſhe comes!—O honey nurſe, what news?
Haſt thou met with him? Send thy man away.
*Nurſe.* Peter, ſtay at the gate. [*Exit* Peter.
*Jul.* Now, good ſweet nurſe,—O lord! why look'ſt thou ſad?
Though news be ſad, yet tell them merrily;
If good, thou ſham'ſt the muſick of ſweet news
By playing it to me with ſo ſour a face[4].
*Nurſe.* I am aweary, give me leave a while;—
Fie, how my bones ache! What a jaunt have I had[5]!
*Jul.* I would, thou hadſt my bones, and I thy news:

[4] *If good, thou ſham'ſt the muſick of ſweet news,*
*By playing it to me with ſo ſour a face.*] So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:
" ——needs ſo tart a favour,
" To trumpet ſuch good tidings!"
Again, in *Cymbeline*:
" ——if it be ſummer-news,
" Smile to it before." MALONE.

[5] *What a* jaunt *have I had!*] This is the reading of the folio. The quarto reads:
—what a *jaunce* have I had!
The two words appear to have been formerly ſynonymous. See *King Richard II.*
" Spur-gall'd and tir'd by *jauncing* Bolingbroke." MALONE.

Nay, come, I pray thee, ſpeak;—good, good nurſe, ſpeak.

*Nurſe.* Jeſu, What haſte? can you not ſtay awhile?
Do you not ſee, that I am out of breath?

*Jul.* How art thou out of breath, when thou haſt breath
To ſay to me—that thou art out of breath?
The excuſe, that thou doſt make in this delay,
Is longer than the tale thou doſt excuſe.
Is thy news good, or bad? anſwer to that;
Say either, and I'll ſtay the circumſtance:
Let me be ſatisfied, Is't good or bad?

*Nurſe.* Well, you have made a ſimple choice; you know not how to chooſe a man: Romeo! no, not he; though his face be better than any man's, yet his leg excels all men's; and for a hand, and a foot, and a body,—though they be not to be talk'd on, yet they are paſt compare: He is not the flower of courteſy,—but, I'll warrant him, as gentle as a lamb.—Go thy ways, wench; ſerve God:—What, have you dined at home?

*Jul.* No, no: But all this did I know before;
What ſays he of our marriage? what of that[6]?

*Nurſe.* Lord, how my head akes! what a head have I?
It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces.
My back o' t' other ſide,—O, my back, my back!—
Beſhrew your heart, for ſending me about,
To catch my death with jaunting up and down!

*Jul.* I'faith, I am ſorry that thou art not well:
Sweet, ſweet, ſweet nurſe, tell me, what ſays my love?

*Nurſe.* Your love ſays like an honeſt gentleman,
And a courteous, and a kind, and a handſome,
And, I warrant, a virtuous:—Where is your mother?

*Jul.* Where is my mother?—why, ſhe is within;
Where ſhould ſhe be? How oddly thou reply'ſt?

[6] *No, no: But all this did I knew before;*
What ſays he of our marriage? *what of that?*] So, in *The Tragicall Hiſtory of Romeus and Juſiet*, 1562:
"Tell me elſe what, quod ſhe, this evermore I thought;
"But of *our marriage*, ſay at once, what anſwer have you brought?" MALONE.

*Your*

*Your love ſays like an honeſt gentleman,—*
*Where is your mother?*

*Nurſe.* O, God's lady dear!
Are you ſo hot? Marry, come up, I trow;
Is this the poultice for my aking bones?
Henceforward do your meſſages yourſelf.

*Jul.* Here's ſuch a coil;—Come, what ſays Romeo?

*Nurſe.* Have you got leave to go to ſhrift to-day?

*Jul.* I have.

*Nurſe.* Then hie you hence to friar Lawrence' cell,
There ſtays a huſband to make you a wife:
Now comes the wanton blood up in your cheeks,
They'll be in ſcarlet ſtraight at any news.
Hie you to church; I muſt another way,
To fetch a ladder, by the which your love
Muſt climb a bird's neſt ſoon, when it is dark:
I am the drudge, and toil in your delight;
But you ſhall bear the burden ſoon at night.
Go, I'll to dinner; hie you to the cell.

*Jul.* Hie to high fortune!—honeſt nurſe, farewel.

[*Exeunt.*

## SCENE VI.

*Friar* Lawrence's *Cell.*

*Enter Friar* LAWRENCE, *and* ROMEO[7].

*Fri.* So ſmile the heavens upon this holy act,
That after-hours with ſorrow chide us not!

*Rom.*

[7] This ſcene was entirely new formed: the reader may be pleaſed to have it as it was at firſt written:

*Rom.* Now, father Laurence, in thy holy grant
Conſiſts the good of me and Juliet.
*Friar.* Without more words, I will do all I may
To make you happy, if in me it lie.
*Rom.* This morning here ſhe 'pointed we ſhould meet,
And conſummate thoſe never-parting bands,
Witneſs of our hearts' love, by joining hands;
And come ſhe will.
*Friar.* I gueſs ſhe will indeed:
Youth's love is quick, ſwifter than ſwifteſt ſpeed.

*Rom.* Amen, amen! but come what ſorrow can,
It cannot countervail the exchange of joy
That one ſhort minute gives me in her ſight:
Do thou but cloſe our hands with holy words,
Then love-devouring death do what he dare,
It is enough I may but call her mine.

*Fri.* Theſe violent delights have violent ends[8],
And in their triumph die; like fire and powder,
Which, as they kiſs, conſume: The ſweeteſt honey
Is loathſome in his own deliciouſneſs,
And in the taſte confounds the appetite:
Therefore, love moderately; long love doth ſo;
Too ſwift arrives[9] as tardy as too ſlow.

*Enter Juliet ſomewhat faſt, and embraceth Romeo.*

See where ſhe comes!——
So light a foot ne'er hurts the trodden flower;
Of love and joy, ſee, ſee the ſoveregn power!

*Jul.* Romeo!

*Rom.* My Juliet, welcome! As do waking eyes
(Clos'd in night's miſts) attend the frolick day,
So Romeo hath expected Juliet;
And thou art come.

*Jul.* I am (if I be day)
Come to my ſun; ſhine forth, and make me fair.

*Rom.* All beauteous fairneſs dwelleth in thine eyes.

*Jul.* Romeo, from thine all brightneſs doth ariſe.

*Friar.* Come, wantons, come, the ſtealing hours do paſs;
Defer embracements to ſome fitter time:
Part for a time, "you ſhall not be alone,
"'Till holy church hath join'd you both in one."

*Rom.* Lead, holy father, all delay ſeems long.

*Jul.* Make haſte, make haſte, this ling'ring doth us wrong.

*Friar.* O, ſoft and fair makes ſweeteſt work, they ſay;
Haſte is a common hind'rer in croſs-way. [*Exeunt.*

STEEVENS.

[8] *Theſe violent delights have violent ends,*] So, in our authour's *Rape of Lucrece:*

"Theſe violent vanities can never laſt." MALONE.

[9] *Too ſwift arrives*—] He that travels too faſt is as long before he comes to the end of his journey, as he that travels ſlow. Precipitation produces miſhap. JOHNSON.

*Enter*

*Enter* JULIET.

Here comes the lady [1]:—O, ſo light a foot
Will ne'er wear out the everlaſting flint:
A lover may beſtride the goſſamours [2]
That idle in the wanton ſummer air,
And yet not fall; ſo light is vanity.

*Jul.* Good even to my ghoſtly confeſſor.

*Fri.* Romeo ſhall thank thee, daughter, for us both.

*Jul.* As much to him, elſe are his thanks too much.

*Rom.* Ah, Juliet, if the meaſure of thy joy
Be heap'd like mine, and that thy ſkill be more
To blazon it, then ſweeten with thy breath
This neighbour air, and let rich muſick's tongue
Unfold the imagin'd happineſs that both
Receive in either by this dear encounter.

*Jul.* Conceit, more rich in matter than in words [3],
Brags of his ſubſtance, not of ornament:
They are but beggars that can count their worth [4];
But my true love is grown to ſuch exceſs,

[1] *Here comes the lady*: &c.] However the poet might think the alteration of this ſcene on the whole to be neceſſary, I am afraid, in reſpect of the paſſage before us, he has not been very ſucceſsful. The violent hyperbole of *never wearing out the everlaſting flint* appears to me not only more reprehenſible, but even leſs beautiful than the lines as they were originally written, where the lightneſs of Juliet's motion is accounted for from the cheerful effects the paſſion of love produced in her mind. STEEVENS.

[2] *A lover may beſtride the* goſſamours—] The *Goſſamer* is the long white filament which flies in the air in ſummer. So, in *Hannibal and Scipio*, 1637, by *Nabbes*:

" Fine as Arachne's web, or *goſſamer*,
" Whoſe curls when garniſh'd by their dreſſing, ſhew
" Like that ſpun vapour when 'tis pearl'd with dew?"

STEEVENS.

See Bullokar's *Engliſh Expoſitor*, 1616: " *Goſſomor*. Things that flye like cobwebs in the ayre." MALONE.

[3] Conceit, *more rich*, &c.] Conceit here means imagination. So, in the *Rape of Lucrece*:

" —which the *conceited* painter drew ſo proud," &c.

See Vol. VI. p. 536, n. 8. MALONE.

[4] *They are but beggars that can count their worth*;] So, in *Much ado about Nothing*: " I were but little happy, if I could ſay how much." MALONE.

I cannot

I cannot ſum up half my ſum of wealth[5].

*Fri.* Come, come with me, and we will make ſhort work;

For, by your leaves, you ſhall not ſtay alone,
Till holy church incorporate two in one. [*Exeunt.*

## ACT III. SCENE I.

*A publick Place.*

*Enter* MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, *Page, and Servants.*

*Ben.* I pray thee, good Mercutio, let's retire;
The day is hot[6], the Capulets abroad,
And, if we meet, we ſhall not 'ſcape a brawl;
For now, theſe hot days, is the mad blood ſtirring.

*Mer.* Thou art like one of thoſe fellows, that, when he enters the confines of a tavern, claps me his ſword upon the table, and ſays, *God ſend me no need of thee!* and, by the operation of the ſecond cup, draws it on the drawer, when, indeed, there is no need.

*Ben.* Am I like ſuch a fellow?

*Mer.* Come, come, thou art as hot a Jack in thy mood as any in Italy; and as ſoon moved to be moody, and as ſoon moody to be moved.

*Ben.* And what to?

*Mer.* Nay, an there were two ſuch, we ſhould have none ſhortly, for one would kill the other. Thou! why thou wilt quarrel with a man that hath a hair more, or a hair leſs, in his beard, than thou haſt. Thou wilt quarrel with a man for cracking nuts, having no other reaſon but becauſe thou haſt hazel eyes; What eye, but ſuch an eye, would ſpy out ſuch a quarrel? Thy head is as full of quarrels, as an egg is full of meat; and yet

[5] *I cannot ſum up half my ſum of wealth.*] The quarto, 1599, reads:
I cannot ſum up *ſum* of half my wealth.
The undated quarto and the folio:
I cannot ſum up *ſome* of half my wealth.
The emendation was made by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

[6] *The day is hot,*] It is obſerved, that in Italy almoſt all aſſaſſinations are committed during the heat of ſummer. JOHNSON.

thy

thy head hath been beaten as addle as an egg, for quarrelling. Thou haſt quarrell'd with a man for coughing in the ſtreet, becauſe he hath waken'd thy dog that hath lain aſleep in the ſun. Didſt thou not fall out with a tailor for wearing his new doublet before Eaſter? with another, for tying his new ſhoes with old ribband? and yet thou wilt tutor me from quarreling[7]!

*Ben.* An I were ſo apt[8] to quarrel as thou art, any man ſhould buy the fee-ſimple of my life for an hour and a quarter.

*Mer.* The fee-ſimple? O ſimple!

*Enter* TYBALT, *and Others.*

*Ben.* By my head, here come the Capulets.

*Mer.* By my heel, I care not.

*Tyb.* Follow me cloſe, for I will ſpeak to them[9].—Gentlemen, good den: a word with one of you.

*Mer.* And but one word with one of us? Couple it with ſomething; make it a word and a blow.

*Tyb.* You ſhall find me apt enough to that, ſir, if you will give me occaſion.

*Mer.* Could you not take ſome occaſion without giving?

*Tyb.* Mercutio, thou conſort'ſt with Romeo,—

*Mer.* Conſort! what, doſt thou make us minſtrels? an thou make minſtrels of us, look to hear nothing but diſ-

7 —*thou wilt tutor me* from *quarreling!*] Thou wilt endeavour to reſtrain me, by prudential advice, from quarreling.

Thus the quarto 1599, and the folio. The quarto, 1597, reads—thou wilt *forbid* me of quarreling. The modern editions, after Mr. Pope, read—Thou wilt tutor me *for* quarreling. MALONE.

8 *An I were ſo apt*, &c.] Theſe two ſpeeches have been added ſince the firſt quarto, together with ſome few circumſtances in the reſt of the ſcene, as well as in the enſuing one. STEEVENS.

9 Follow me cloſe, *for I will ſpeak to them.*] In the original copy this line is not found, Tybalt entering alone. In that of 1599 we find this ſtage-direction: "Enter Tybalt, *Petruchio*, and others;" and the above line is inſerted; but I ſtrongly ſuſpect it to be an interpolation; for would Tybalt's partizans ſuffer him to be killed without taking any part in the affray? That they do not join in it, appears from the account given by Benvolio. In the original copy Benvolio ſays, on the entrance of Tybalt, "By my head, here comes *a Capulet.*" Inſtead of the two latter words, we have in the quarto 1599, *the Capulets.* MALONE.

cords:

cords: here's my fiddleſtick; here's that ſhall make you dance. 'Zounds, conſort!

*Ben.* We talk here in the publick haunt of men:
Either withdraw into ſome private place,
Or reaſon coldly of your grievances,
Or elſe depart; here all eyes gaze on us.

*Mer.* Men's eyes were made to look, and let them gaze;
I will not budge for no man's pleaſure, I.

*Enter* ROMEO.

*Tyb.* Well, peace be with you, ſir! here comes my man.

*Mer.* But I'll be hang'd, ſir, if he wear your livery:
Marry, go before to field, he'll be your follower;
Your worſhip, in that ſenſe, may call him—man.

*Tyb.* Romeo, the hate I bear thee [1], can afford
No better term than this—Thou art a villain.

*Rom.* Tybalt, the reaſon that I have to love thee
Doth much excuſe the appertaining rage
To ſuch a greeting:—Villain am I none;
Therefore farewel; I ſee, thou know'ſt me not.

*Tyb.* Boy, this ſhall not excuſe the injuries
That thou haſt done me; therefore turn, and draw.

*Rom.* I do proteſt, I never injur'd thee;
But love thee better than thou canſt deviſe,
Till thou ſhalt know the reaſon of my love:
And ſo, good Capulet,—which name I tender
As dearly as mine own,—be ſatisfied.

*Mer.* O calm, diſhonourable, vile ſubmiſſion!
*A la ſtoccata* [2] carries it away.— [*draws.*
Tybalt, you rat-catcher, will you walk?

*Tyb.* What would'ſt thou have with me?

[1] — *the* hate *I bear thee,*] So the quarto, 1597. The ſubſequent ancient copies have—the *love*, &c. MALONE.

[2] *A la ſtoccata*—] *Stoccata* is the Italian term for a thruſt or a ſtab with a rapier. So, in the *Devil's Charter*. 1607:

"He makes a quick thruſt; I with a ſwift paſſado
"Make quick avoidance, and with this *ſtoccata*," &c.
STEEVENS.

*Mer.* Good king of cats [3], nothing, but one of your nine lives; that I mean to make bold withal, and, as you ſhall uſe me hereafter, dry-beat the reſt of the eight. Will you pluck your ſword out of his pilcher by the ears [4]? make haſte, leſt mine be about your ears ere it be out.

*Tyb.* I am for you. [*drawing.*

*Rom.* Gentle Mercutio, put thy rapier up.

*Mer.* Come, ſir, your paſſado. [*They fight.*

*Rom.* Draw, Benvolio;

Beat down their weapons:—Gentlemen, for ſhame
Forbear this outrage;—Tybalt—Mercutio—
The prince expreſsly hath forbid this bandying
In Verona ſtreets:—hold, Tybalt;—good Mercutio.

[*Exeunt* Tybalt *and his Partizans.*

*Mer.* I am hurt;—
A plague o' both the houſes!—I am ſped:—
Is he gone, and hath nothing?

*Ben.* What, art thou hurt?

*Mer.* Ay, ay, a ſcratch, a ſcratch; marry, 'tis enough.—
Where is my page?—go, villain, fetch a ſurgeon.

[*Exit* Page.

*Rom.* Courage, man; the hurt cannot be much.

*Mer.* No, 'tis not ſo deep as a well, nor ſo wide as a church door; but 'tis enough, 'twill ſerve: aſk for me

3 *Good king of cats,*] Alluding to his name. See p. 72, n. 1. MALONE.

4 *Will you pluck your ſword out of his* pilcher *by the ears?*] We ſhould read *pilche*, which ſignifies a cloke or coat of ſkins, meaning the ſcabbard. WARBURTON,

The old quarto reads *ſcabbard*. Dr. Warburton's explanation is, I believe, juſt. Naſh, in *Pierce Pennyleſs his Supplication*, 1595, ſpeaks of a carman in a leather *pilche*. Again, in *Decker's Satiromaſtix*: "Thou haſt forgot how thou ambled'ſt in a leather *pilch*, by a play-waggon on the highway, and took'ſt mad Jeronimo's part, to get ſervice among the mimics."

It appears from this paſſage, that *Ben Jonſon* acted the part of *Hieronimo* in *the Spaniſh Tragedy*, the ſpeech being addreſſed to *Horace*, under which character old *Ben* is ridiculed. STEEVENS.

to-

to-morrow, and you shall find me a grave man[5]. I am pepper'd, I warrant, for this world:—A plague o' both your houses!—'Zounds, a dog, a rat, a mouse, a cat, to scratch a man to death! a braggart, a rogue, a villain, that fights by the book of arithmetick!—Why, the devil, came you between us? I was hurt under your arm.

*Rom.* I thought all for the best.

*Mer.* Help me into some house, Benvolio,
Or I shall faint.—A plague o' both your houses!
They have made worm's meat of me:
I have it, and soundly too:—Your houses!

[*Exeunt* MERCUTIO, *and* BENVOLIO.

*Rom.* This gentleman, the prince's near ally,
My very friend, hath got this mortal hurt
In my behalf; my reputation stain'd
With Tybalt's slander, Tybalt, that an hour
Hath been my kinsman:—O sweet Juliet,
Thy beauty hath made me effeminate,
And in my temper soften'd valour's steel*.

[5] —*a* grave *man.*] After this, the quarto, 1597, continues Mercutio's speech as follows:

—A pox o'both your houses! I shall be fairly mounted upon four men's shoulders for your house of the Montagues and the Capulets: and then some peasantly rogue, some sexton, some base slave, shall write my epitaph, that Tybalt came and broke the prince's laws, and Mercutio was slain for the first and second cause. Where's the surgeon?

*Boy.* He's come, sir.

*Mer.* Now he'll keep a mumbling in my guts on the other side.—Come, Benvolio, lend me thy hand: A pox o'both your houses! STEEVENS.

—*you shall find me* a grave man.] This jest was better in old language, than it is at present; Lidgate says, in his elegy upon Chaucer:

"My master *Chaucer* now *is grave.*" FARMER.

I meet with the same quibble in the *Revenger's Tragedy*, 1608, where *Vindici* dresses up a lady's *scull*, and observes:

"—she has a somewhat *grave* look with her." STEEVENS.

Again, in sir Thomas Overbury's Description of a Sexton, CHARACTERS, 1616: "At every church-style commonly there's an ale-house; where let him bee found never so idle-pated, hee is still a *grave* drunkard." MALONE.

* —soften'd *valour's* steel.] So, in *Coriolanus*:

"——When *steel* grows *soft*
"As the parasite's silk—." MALONE.

*Re-enter*

*Re-enter* BENVOLIO.

*Ben.* O Romeo, Romeo, brave Mercutio's dead;
That gallant ſpirit hath aſpir'd the clouds [6],
Which too untimely here did ſcorn the earth.

*Rom.* This day's black fate on more days doth depend [7];
This but begins the woe, others muſt end.

*Re-enter* TYBALT.

*Ben.* Here comes the furious Tybalt back again.

*Rom.* Alive! in triumph [8]! and Mercutio ſlain!
Away to heaven, reſpective lenity [9],
And fire-ey'd fury be my conduct now [1]!—
Now, Tybalt, take the *villain* back again,
That late thou gav'ſt me; for Mercutio's ſoul
Is but a little way above our heads,

[6] —*hath* aſpir'd *the clouds,*] So, in Greene's *Card of Fancy*, 1608: "Her haughty mind is too lofty for me to *aſpire.*" We never uſe this verb at preſent without ſome particle, as, *to* and *after.* STEEVENS.

So alſo Marlowe, in his *Tamburlaine*, 1590:

"Untill our bodies turn to elements,
"And both our ſouls *aſpire* celeſtial thrones. MALONE.

[7] *This day's black fate on more days does depend;*] This day's unhappy deſtiny *hangs over* the days yet to come. There will yet be more miſchief. JOHNSON.

[8] *Alive! in triumph! &c.*—] Thus the quarto, 1597: for which the quarto 1599 has:

He *gan* in triumph—

This in the ſubſequent ancient copies was made—He *gone*, &c. MALONE.

[9] —reſpective *lenity*—] Cool, conſiderate gentleneſs. *Reſpect* formerly ſignified conſideration; prudential caution. So, in the *Rape of Lucrece*, Vol. X. p. 102:

"*Reſpect* and reaſon well beſeem the ſage." MALONE.

[1] *And fire-ey'd fury be my* conduct *now!*] *Conduct* for *conductor.* So, in a former ſcene of this play, quarto, 1597:

"Which to the high top-gallant of my joy
"Muſt be my *conduct* in the ſecret night."

Thus the firſt quarto. In that of 1599 *end* being corruptly printed inſtead of *ey'd*, the editor of the folio, according to the uſual proceſs of corruption, exhibited the line thus:

And fire *and* fury be my conduct now. MALONE.

Staying

Staying for thine to keep him company;
Either thou, or I, or both, must go with him.

*Tyb.* Thou, wretched boy, that didst consort him here,
Shalt with him hence.

*Rom.* This shall determine that.

[*They fight*; Tybalt *falls*.

*Ben.* Romeo, away, be gone!
The citizens are up, and Tybalt slain:—
Stand not amaz'd:—the prince will doom thee death,
If thou art taken:—hence!—be gone!—away!

*Rom.* O! I am fortune's fool [2]!

*Ben.* Why dost thou stay? [*Exit* ROMEO.

*Enter* Citizens, *&c.*

1. *Cit.* Which way ran he, that kill'd Mercutio?
Tybalt, that murderer, which way ran he?

*Ben.* There lies that Tybalt.

1. *Cit.* Up, sir, go with me;
I charge thee in the prince's name, obey.

*Enter* Prince, *attended*; MONTAGUE, CAPULET, *their Wives, and Others.*

*Prin.* Where are the vile beginners of this fray?

*Ben.* O noble prince, I can discover all
The unlucky manage of this fatal brawl:
There lies the man, slain by young Romeo,
That slew thy kinsman, brave Mercutio.

*La. Cap.* Tybalt, my cousin!—O my brother's child!
Unhappy sight! ah, the blood is spill'd [3]
Of my dear kinsman!—Prince, as thou art true [4],
For blood of ours, shed blood of Montague.—

[2] *O! I am fortune's fool!*] I am always running in the way of evil fortune, *like* the fool in the play. *Thou art death's fool*, in *Measure for Measure*. See Dr. Warburton's note. JOHNSON.

In the first copy, O! I am *fortune's slave*. STEEVENS.

[3] *Unhappy sight! ah, the blood is spill'd*—] Thus the quarto, 1597. The quarto 1599, and the subsequent ancient copies, read:

O prince! O cousin! husband! O, the blood is spill'd, &c.

The modern editors have followed neither copy. The word *me* was probably inadvertently omitted in the first quarto.

Unhappy sight! ah *me*, the blood is spill'd, &c. MALONE.

[4] —*as thou art true*,] As thou art *just* and *upright*. JOHNSON.

O cousin

O couſin, couſin!

*Prin.* Benvolio, who began this bloody fray?

*Ben.* Tybalt, here ſlain, whom Romeo's hand did ſlay;
Romeo that ſpoke him fair, bade him bethink
How nice the quarrel [5] was, and urg'd withal [6]
Your high diſpleaſure:—all this—uttered
With gentle breath, calm look, knees humbly bow'd,—
Could not take truce with the unruly ſpleen
Of Tybalt deaf to peace, but that he tilts
With piercing ſteel at bold Mercutio's breaſt;
Who, all as hot, turns deadly point to point,
And, with a martial ſcorn, with one hand beats
Cold death aſide, and with the other ſends
It back to Tybalt, whoſe dexterity
Retorts it: Romeo he cries aloud,
*Hold, friends! friends, part!* and, ſwifter than his tongue,
His agile arm beats down their fatal points,
And 'twixt them ruſhes; underneath whoſe arm
An envious thruſt from Tybalt hit the life
Of ſtout Mercutio, and then Tybalt fled:
But by and by comes back to Romeo,
Who had but newly entertain'd revenge,
And to't they go like lightning; for, ere I
Could draw to part them, was ſtout Tybalt ſlain;
And, as he fell, did Romeo turn and fly:
This is the truth, or let Benvolio die.

*La. Cap.* He is a kinſman to the Montague,
Affection makes him falſe [7], he ſpeaks not true:

Some

[5] *How* nice *the quarrel*—] How *ſlight*, how *unimportant*, how *petty*. So, in the laſt Act:

"The letter was not *nice*, but full of charge,
"Of dear import." JOHNSON.

See alſo Vol. VII. p. 539, n. 2. MALONE.

[6] —*and urg'd withal*—] The reſt of this ſpeech was new written by the poet, as well as a part of what follows in the ſame ſcene. STEEVENS.

[7] *Affection makes him* falſe,] The charge of falſhood on Benvolio, though produced at hazard, is very juſt. The authour, who ſeems to intend the character of Benvolio as good, meant perhaps to ſhew, how

Some twenty of them fought in this black ſtrife,
And all thoſe twenty could but kill one life:
I beg for juſtice, which thou, prince, muſt give;
Romeo ſlew Tybalt, Romeo muſt not live.

*Prin.* Romeo ſlew him, he ſlew Mercutio;
Who now the price of his dear blood doth owe?

*Mon.* Not Romeo, prince, he was Mercutio's friend;
His fault concludes but, what the law ſhould end,
The life of Tybalt.

*Prin.* And, for that offence,
Immediately we do exile him hence:
I have an intereſt in your hates' proceeding [8],
My blood for your rude brawls doth lie a bleeding;
But I'll amerce you with ſo ſtrong a fine,
That you ſhall all repent the loſs of mine:
I will be deaf to pleading and excuſes;
Nor tears, nor prayers, ſhall purchaſe out abuſes [9],
Therefore uſe none: let Romeo hence in haſte,
Elſe, when he's found, that hour is his laſt.
Bear hence this body, and attend our will:
Mercy but murders, pardoning thoſe that kill [1].

[*Exeunt.*

the beſt minds in a ſtate of faction and diſcord, are detorted to criminal partiality. JOHNSON.

[8] —*in your* hates' *proceeding*;] This, as Mr. Steevens has obſerved, is the reading of the original quarto, 1597. From that copy, in almoſt every ſpeech of this play, readings have been drawn by the modern editors, much preferable to thoſe of the ſucceeding ancient copies. The quarto of 1599 reads—*hearts* proceeding; and the corruption was adopted in the folio. MALONE.

[9] *Nor tears, nor prayers, ſhall purchaſe out abuſes,*] This was probably deſigned as a ſtroke at the church of Rome, by which the different prices of murder, inceſt, and all other crimes, were minutely ſettled, and as ſhameleſsly received. STEEVENS.

[1] *Mercy but murders, pardoning thoſe that kill.*] So, in *Hale's Memorials:* "When I find myſelf ſwayed to mercy, let me remember likewiſe that there is a mercy due to the country."

Thus the quarto 1599, and the folio. The ſentiment here enforced is different from that found in the firſt edition, 1597. There the prince concludes his ſpeech with theſe words:

Pity ſhall dwell, and govern with us ſtill;
Mercy to all but murderers,—pardoning none that kill.

MALONE.

SCENE

## SCENE II.

*A Room in* Capulet's *houſe.*

*Enter* JULIET.

*Jul.* Gallop apace, you firy-footed ſteeds,
Towards Phœbus' manſion [2]; ſuch a waggoner
As Phaeton would whip you to the weſt,
And bring in cloudy night immediately [3].—
Spread thy cloſe curtain, love-performing night!
That run-away's eyes may wink [4]; and Romeo

Leap

[2] Gallop apace, *you firy-footed ſteeds,*
*Towards Phœbus' manſion*; *&c.*] Our authour probably remembered Marlowe's *King Edward II.* which was performed before 1593:

" *Gallop apace,* bright Phœbus, through the ſkie,
" And duſky *night* in ruſty iron car;
" Between you both, ſhorten the time, I pray,
" That I may ſee that moſt deſired day." MALONE.

The ſecond quarto and folio read, Phœbus' *lodging.* STEEVENS.

[3] —*immediately.*] Here ends this ſpeech in the eldeſt quarto. The reſt of the ſcene has likewiſe received conſiderable alterations and additions. STEEVENS.

[4] *Spread thy cloſe curtain, love-performing night!*
*That* run-away's *eyes may wink*;] Dr. Warburton reads—That *the* runaway's eyes may wink, i. e. the *ſun's.* Mr. Heath juſtly obſerves on this emendation, that the ſun is neceſſarily abſent as ſoon as night begins, and that it is very unlikely that Juliet, who has juſt complained of his tedioufneſs, ſhould call him a *runaway.* In the *Merchant of Venice,* as Dr. Warburton has obſerved, that term is applied to night:

" For the cloſe night doth play the *runaway.*" MALONE.

The conſtruction of this paſſage, however elliptical or perverſe, I believe to be as follows:

*May that run-away's eyes wink!*

Or, *That run-away's eyes, may (they) wink!*

Theſe ellipſes are frequent in Spenſer; and *that* for *oh! that,* is not uncommon, as Dr. Farmer obſerves in a note on the firſt ſcene of the *Winter's Tale.* So, in *Antony and Cleopatra,* Act III. ſc. vi.

*That* ever I ſhould call thee caſt-away!

Juliet firſt wiſhes for the abſence of the ſun, and then invokes the night to ſpread its curtain cloſe around the world:

Spread thy cloſe curtain, love-performing night!

next, recollecting that the night would ſeem ſhort to her, ſhe ſpeaks of it as of a *run-away,* whoſe flight ſhe would wiſh to retard, and whoſe eyes ſhe would blind leſt they ſhould make diſcoveries. The *eyes*

Leap to these arms, untalk'd of, and unseen!—
Lovers can see to do their amorous rites
By their own beauties[5]: or, if love be blind,
It best agrees with night.—Come, civil night[6],
Thou sober-suited matron, all in black,
And learn me how to lose a winning match,
Play'd for a pair of stainless maidenhoods:
Hood my unmann'd blood[7] bating in my cheeks,

*of night* are the stars, so called in the *Midsummer-Night's Dream*. Dr. Warburton has already proved that Shakspeare terms *the night* a *run-away* in the *Merchant of Venice*: and in the *Fair Maid of the Exchange*, 1607, it is spoken of under the same character:

"The night hath play'd the swift-foot *run-away*."

Romeo was not expected by Juliet till the sun was gone, and therefore it was of no consequence to her that any eyes should wink but those of the night; for, as Ben Jonson says in *Sejanus*,

"——*night hath many eyes*,
"Whereof, tho' most do sleep, yet some are spies." STEEVENS.

*That* seems not to be the optative adverb *utinam*, but the pronoun *ista*. These lines contain no wish, but a reason for Juliet's preceding wish for the approach of *cloudy* night; for in such a night there may be no star-light to discover our stolen pleasures;

"That runaway eyes *may* wink, and Romeo
"Leap to these arms, untalk'd of, and unseen."

BLACKSTONE.

5 *Lovers can see to do their amorous rites*
*By their own beauties:*] So, in Marlowe's *Hero and Leander*:
"—dark night is Cupid's day."

The quartos 1599 and 1609, and the folio read—*And* by their own beauties. In the text the undated quarto has been followed. MALONE.

6 *Come*, civil *night*,] *Civil is grave, decently solemn*. JOHNSON.
So, in our poet's *Lover's Complaint*:
"—my white stole of chastity I daff'd,
"Shook off my sober guards and *civil* fears." MALONE.

7 —unmann'd *blood*—] *Hood my* unmann'd *blood* bating *in my cheeks*. These are terms of falconry. An *unmanned* hawk is one that is not brought to endure company. *Bating* (not *baiting*, as it has hitherto been printed) is fluttering with the wings as striving to fly away. So, in Ben Jonson's *Sad Shepherd*:
"A hawk yet half so haggard and *unmann'd*."
Again, in the *Book of hauking*, &c. bl. l. no date: "It is called *bating*, for she *bateth* with herselfe most often causeleſſe." STEEVENS.
See Vol. III. p. 317, n. *. To *hood* a hawk, that is, to cover its head with a hood, was an usual practice, before the bird was suffered to fly at its quarry. MALONE.

With

With thy black mantle; till ſtrange love, grown bold *,
Think true love acted, ſimple modeſty.
Come, night!—Come, Romeo! come, thou day in night!
For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night
Whiter than new ſnow upon a raven's back [8].—
Come, gentle night; come, loving, black-brow'd night,
Give me my Romeo: and, when he ſhall die [9],
Take him and cut him out in little ſtars [1],
And he will make the face of heaven ſo fine,
That all the world will be in love with night,
And pay no worſhip to the gariſh ſun [2].—

* —grown *bold*,] This is Mr. Rowe's emendation. The old copies for *grown* have *grow*. MALONE.

[8] *Whiter than new ſnow upon a raven's back.*] Thus the quarto 1599, and the folio. The line is not in the firſt quarto. The editor of the ſecond folio, for the ſake of the metre, reads—*on* a raven's back; and ſo, many of the modern editors. MALONE.

[9] —*when* he *ſhall die*,] This emendation is drawn from the undated quarto, The quarto of 1599, 1609, and the folio, read—when *I* ſhall die. MALONE.

[1] *Take him and cut him out in little ſtars*, &c.] The ſame childiſh thought occurs in *The Wiſdome of Doctor Dodypoll*, which was acted before the year 1596:

" The glorious parts of fair Lucilia,
" Take them and joine them in the heavenly ſpheres;
" And fixe them there as an eternal light,
" For lovers to adore and wonder at." STEEVENS.

[2] —*the* gariſh *ſun*.] Milton had this ſpeech in his thoughts when he wrote *Il Penſeroſo*:

" ——*Civil* night,
" Thou ſober-*ſuited* matron."—*Shakſpeare.*
" Till *civil ſuited* morn appear."—*Milton.*
" Pay no worſhip to the *gariſh* ſun."—*Shakſpeare.*
" Hide me from day's *gariſh* eye."—*Milton.* JOHNSON.

*Gariſh* is gaudy, ſhowy. So, in *K. Richard III.*:

" A dream of what thou waſt, a *gariſh* flag.

Again, in Marlow's *Edward II.* 1598:

" ——march'd like players
" With *gariſh* robes."

It ſometimes ſignifies wild, flighty. So, in the following inſtance: " —ſtarting up and *gairiſhly* ſtaring about, eſpecially on the face of *Eliofto*." Hinde's *Eliofto Libidinoſo*, 1660. STEEVENS.

O, I have bought the manſion of a love *,
But not poſſeſs'd it; and, though I am ſold,
Not yet enjoy'd: So tedious is this day,
As is the night before ſome feſtival
To an impatient child, that hath new robes,
And may not wear them. O, here comes my nurſe,
*Enter* Nurſe, *with cords.*
And ſhe brings news; and every tongue, that ſpeaks
But Romeo's name, ſpeaks heavenly eloquence.—
Now, nurſe, what news? What haſt thou there? the cords,
That Romeo bade thee fetch?

*Nurſe.* Ay, ay, the cords. [*throws them down.*

*Jul.* Ah me! what news! why doſt thou wring thy hands?

*Nurſe.* Ah well-a-day! he's dead, he's dead, he's dead!
We are undone, lady, we are undone!—
Alack the day! he's gone, he's kill'd, he's dead!

*Jul.* Can heaven be ſo envious?

*Nurſe.* Romeo can,
Though heaven cannot:—O Romeo! Romeo!—
Who ever would have thought it?—Romeo!

*Jul.* What devil art thou, that doſt torment me thus?
This torture ſhould be roar'd in diſmal hell.
Hath Romeo ſlain himſelf? ſay thou but *I* [3],
And that bare vowel *I* ſhall poiſon more
Than the death-darting eye of cockatrice [4]:

I am

* —*I have bought* the manſion of a love,] So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

" —the ſtrong baſe and *building of my love*
" Is as the very center to the earth,
" Drawing all things to it." MALONE.

3 —*ſay thou but* I,] In Shakſpeare's time (as Theobald has obſerved,) the affirmative particle *ay* was uſually written *I*, and here it is neceſſary to retain the old ſpelling. MALONE.

4 —*death-darting eye of cockatrice:*] See Vol. VI. p. 181, n. *; and p. 192, n. 7. MALONE.

The ſtrange lines that follow here in the common books, are not in the old edition. POPE.

The ſtrange lines are theſe:

I am not I, if there be ſuch an I,
Or thoſe eyes ſhot, that make thee anſwer, I.
If he be ſlain, ſay—I; or if not, no:
Brief ſounds determine of my weal or woe.

Theſe

I am not I, if there be ſuch an *I*;
Or thoſe eyes ſhut, that make thee anſwer, *I*.
If he be ſlain, ſay—*I*; or if not, no:
Brief ſounds determine of my weal, or woe.
*Nurſe.* I ſaw the wound, I ſaw it with mine eyes,—
God ſave the mark!—here on his manly breaſt:
A piteous corſe, a bloody piteous corſe;
Pale, pale as aſhes, all bedawb'd in blood,
All in gore blood;—I ſwounded at the ſight.
*Jul.* O break, my heart!—poor bankrupt, break at once!
To priſon, eyes! ne'er look on liberty!
Vile earth, to earth reſign; end motion here;
And thou, and Romeo, preſs one heavy bier!
*Nurſe.* O Tybalt, Tybalt, the beſt friend I had!
O courteous Tybalt! honeſt gentleman!
That ever I ſhould live to ſee thee dead!
*Jul.* What ſtorm is this, that blows ſo contrary?
Is Romeo ſlaughter'd? and is Tybalt dead?
My dear-lov'd couſin, and my dearer lord[5]?—
Then, dreadful trumpet, ſound the general doom!
For who is living, if thoſe two are gone?
*Nurſe.* Tybalt is gone, and Romeo baniſh'd;

Theſe lines hardly deſerve emendation; yet it may be proper to obſerve, that their meanneſs has not placed them below the malice of fortune, the two firſt of them being evidently tranſpoſed; we ſhould read:

—that bare vowel *I* ſhall poiſon more
Than the death-darting eye of cockatrice,
Or thoſe eyes *ſhot*, that make thee anſwer, I.
I am not I, &c. JOHNSON.

I think the tranſpoſition recommended may be ſpared. The ſecond line is corrupted. Read *ſhut* inſtead of *ſhot*, and then the meaning will be ſufficiently intelligible.

*Shot*, however, may be the ſame as *ſhut*. So, in Chaucer's *Miller's Tale*, late edit. ver. 3358:

"And dreſſed him up by a *ſhot* window." STEEVENS.

5 *My* dear-lov'd *couſin, and my dearer lord?*] The quarto 1599, and the folio, read,

My *deareſt* couſin, and my dearer lord?

Mr. Pope introduced the preſent reading from the original copy of 1597. MALONE.

Romeo, that kill'd him, he is banished.

*Jul.* O God!—did Romeo's hand shed Tybalt's blood?

*Nurse.* It did, it did; alas the day! it did.

*Jul.* O serpent heart, hid with a flow'ring face!
Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave [6]?
Beautiful tyrant! fiend angelical!
Dove-feather'd raven [7]! wolvish-ravening lamb!
Despised substance of divinest show!
Just opposite to what thou justly seem'st,
A damned saint *, an honourable villain!—
O, nature! what hadst thou to do in hell,
When thou did'st bower the spirit of a fiend
In mortal paradise of such sweet flesh?—
Was ever book, containing such vile matter,
So fairly bound? O, that deceit should dwell
In such a gorgeous palace!

*Nurse.* There's no trust,
No faith, no honesty in men; all perjur'd,
All forsworn, all naught, all dissemblers.—
Ah, where's my man? give me some *aqua vitæ*:—
These griefs, these woes, these sorrows make me old [8].
Shame come to Romeo!

[6] *O serpent heart, hid with a flow'ring face!*
*Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave?*] So, in *King John*:
"Rush, inconsiderate, fiery voluntaries,
"*With ladies' faces and fierce dragons' spleen.*
Again, in *King Henry VIII.*
"You have angels' faces, but heaven knows your hearts."
The line, *Did ever dragon, &c.* and the following eight lines, are not in the quarto 1597. MALONE.

[7] *Dove-feather'd raven!*] The quarto 1599, and folio, read:
*Ravenous* dove-feather'd raven, wolvish-ravening lamb.
The word *ravenous*, which was written probably in the manuscript by mistake in the latter part of the line, for *ravening*, and then struck out, crept from thence to the place where it appears. It was properly rejected by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

* *A* damned *saint,*] The quarto 1599, for *damned* has—*dimme*; the first folio *dimne*. The reading of the text is found in the undated quarto. MALONE.

[8] *These griefs, these woes, these sorrows make me old.*] So, in our authour's *Lover's Complaint*:
"Not age, but sorrow, over me hath power." MALONE.

*Jul.*

*Jul.* Bliſter'd be thy tongue,
For ſuch a wiſh! he was not born to ſhame:
Upon his brow ſhame is aſham'd to ſit [9];
For 'tis a throne where honour may be crown'd
Sole monarch of the univerſal earth.
O, what a beaſt was I to chide at him!

*Nurſe.* Will you ſpeak well of him that kill'd your couſin?

*Jul.* Shall I ſpeak ill of him that is my huſband?
Ah, poor my lord, what tongue ſhall ſmooth thy name,
When I, thy three-hours wife, have mangled it [1]?—
But, wherefore, villain, didſt thou kill my couſin?
That villain couſin would have kill'd my huſband:
Back, fooliſh tears [2], back to your native ſpring;

9 *Upon his brow ſhame is aſham'd to ſit;*] So, in Painter's *Palace of Pleaſure*, tom. ij. p. 223: "Is it poſſible that under ſuch beautie and rare comelineſſe, diſloyaltie and treaſon may have their *ſiedge* and lodging?" STEEVENS.

1 *Ah, poor my lord, what tongue ſhall ſmooth thy name,*
*When I, thy three-hours wife, have mangled it?*] So, in the poem already quoted:

"Ah cruel *murd'ring tongue*, murderer of others' fame,
"How durſt thou once attempt to touch the honour of his *name?*
"Whoſe deadly foes do yield him due and earned praiſe,
"For though his freedom be bereft, his honour not decays.
"Why blam'ſt thou Romeus for ſlaying of Tybalt?
"Since he is guiltleſs quite of all, and Tybalt bears the fault.
"Whither ſhall he, alas! poor baniſh'd man, now fly?
"What place of ſuccour ſhall he ſeek beneath the ſtarry ſky?
"Since ſhe purſueth him, and him defames by wrong,
"That in diſtreſs ſhould be his fort, and only rampire ſtrong."
MALONE.

2 *Back*, fooliſh *tears*, &c.] So, in the *Tempeſt*:

"——I am a *fool*
"To weep at what I am glad of."

I think, in this ſpeech of Juliet, the words *woe* and *joy* ſhould change places; otherwiſe, her reaſoning is inconcluſive. STEEVENS.

There is ſurely no need of change. Juliet's reaſoning, as the text now ſtands, is perfectly correct. "*Back*," ſays ſhe, "*to your native ſource, you fooliſh tears! Properly you ought to flow only on melancholy occaſions; but now you erroneouſly ſhed your tributary drops for an event* [the death of Tybalt and the ſubſequent eſcape of my beloved Romeo] *which is in fact to me a ſubject of joy.—Tybalt, if he could, would have ſlain my huſband; but my huſband is alive, and has ſlain Tybalt. This is a ſource of joy, not of ſorrow: wherefore then do I weep?* MALONE.

Your

Your tributary drops belong to woe,
Which you, miſtaking, offer up to joy.
My huſband lives, that Tybalt would have ſlain;
And Tybalt's dead, that would have ſlain my huſband:
All this is comfort; Wherefore weep I then?
Some word there was, worſer than Tybalt's death,
That murder'd me: I would forget it fain;
But, O! it preſſes to my memory,
Like damned guilty deeds to ſinners' minds:
*Tybalt is dead, and Romeo—baniſh'd*;
That—*baniſhed*, that one word—*baniſhed*,
Hath ſlain ten thouſand Tybalts [3]. Tybalt's death
Was woe enough, if it had ended there:
Or,—if four woe delights in fellowſhip [4],
And needly will be rank'd with other griefs,—
Why follow'd not, when ſhe ſaid—Tybalt's dead,
Thy father, or thy mother, nay, or both,
Which modern lamentation [5] might have mov'd?
But, with a rear-ward following Tybalt's death,
*Romeo is baniſhed*,—to ſpeak that word,
Is father, mother, Tybalt, Romeo, Juliet,
All ſlain, all dead:—*Romeo is baniſhed*,—
There is no end, no limit, meaſure, bound,
In that word's death; no words can that woe ſound.—
Where is my father, and my mother, nurſe?

*Nurſe.* Weeping and wailing over Tybalt's corſe:
Will you go to them? I will bring you thither.

3 *Hath ſlain ten thouſand Tybalts.*] That is, is worſe than the loſs of ten thouſand Tybalts. Dr. Johnſon's explanation [hath put Tybalt out of my mind, as if out of being,] cannot be right; for the paſſage itſelf ſhews that Tybalt was not out of her mind. MASON.

4 —*four woe delights in fellowſhip,*] So, in the *Rape of Lucrece*:

"And fellowſhip in woe doth woe aſſuage,
"As palmers' chat makes ſhort their pilgrimage."

Again, in *King Lear*:

"—the mind much ſufferance doth o'er-ſkip,
"When grief hath mates, and bearing fellowſhip." MALONE.

5 *Which* modern *lamentation*, &c.] This line is left out of the later editions, I ſuppoſe becauſe the editors did not remember that Shakſpeare uſes *modern* for *common*, or *ſlight*: I believe it was in his time confounded in colloquial language with *moderate*. JOHNSON.

See Vol. III. p. 396, n. 6. MALONE.

*Jul.*

*Jul.* Waſh they his wounds with tears? mine ſhall be ſpent,
When theirs are dry, for Romeo's baniſhment.
Take up thoſe cords:—Poor ropes, you are beguil'd,
Both you and I; for Romeo is exil'd:
He made you for a highway to my bed;
But I, a maid, die maiden-widowed.
Come, cords; come, nurſe; I'll to my wedding bed;
And death, not Romeo, take my maidenhead!
*Nurſe.* Hie to your chamber: I'll find Romeo
To comfort you:—I wot well where he is.
Hark ye, your Romeo will be here at night;
I'll to him; he is hid at Laurence' cell.
*Jul.* O find him! give this ring to my true knight,
And bid him come to take his laſt farewel. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE III.

*Friar* Laurence's *Cell.*

*Enter Friar* LAURENCE, *and* ROMEO.

*Fri.* Romeo, come forth; come forth, thou fearful man;
Affliction is enamour'd of thy parts,
And thou art wedded to calamity.
*Rom.* Father, what news? what is the prince's doom?
What ſorrow craves acquaintance at my hand,
That I yet know not?
*Fri.* Too familiar
Is my dear ſon with ſuch ſour company:
I bring thee tidings of the prince's doom.
*Rom.* What leſs than dooms-day is the prince's doom?
*Fri.* A gentler judgment vaniſh'd from his lips,
Not body's death, but body's baniſhment.
*Rom.* Ha! baniſhment? be merciful, ſay—death:
For exile hath more terror in his look,
Much more than death: do not ſay—baniſhment.
*Fri.* Hence from Verona art thou baniſhed:
Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.
*Rom.* There is no world without Verona walls,
But purgatory, torture, hell itſelf.

Hence-baniſhed is baniſh'd from the world,
And world's exile is death:—then baniſhment[6]
Is death miſ-term'd: calling death—baniſhment,
Thou cut'ſt my head off with a golden axe,
And ſmil'ſt upon the ſtroke that murders me.

*Fri.* O deadly ſin! O rude unthankfulneſs!
Thy fault our law calls death; but the kind prince,
Taking thy part, hath ruſh'd aſide the law,
And turn'd that black word death to baniſhment:
This is dear mercy[7], and thou ſeeſt it not.

*Rom.* 'Tis torture, and not mercy: heaven is here,
Where Juliet lives; and every cat, and dog,
And little mouſe, every unworthy thing,
Live here in heaven, and may look on her,
But Romeo may not.—More validity,
More honourable ſtate, more courtſhip lives
In carrion flies, than Romeo[8]: they may ſeize
On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand,
And ſteal immortal bleſſing from her lips;
Who, even in pure and veſtal modeſty,
Still bluſh, as thinking their own kiſſes ſin;
But Romeo may not; he is baniſhed[9]:

Flies

[6] —*then* baniſhment—] The quarto 1599, and the folio, read—then *baniſhed*. The emendation was made by Sir Thomas Hanmer. The words are not in the quarto 1597. MALONE.

[7] *This is dear mercy,*—] So the quarto 1599, and the folio. The earlieſt copy reads—This is *mere* mercy. MALONE.

[8] ——*More* validity,
*More honourable ſtate, more* courtſhip *lives*
*In carrion flies, than Romeo:*] *Validity* ſeems here to mean *worth* or *dignity*: and *courtſhip* the ſtate of a *courtier* permitted to approach the higheſt preſence. JOHNSON.

By *courtſhip*, the authour ſeems rather to have meant, the ſtate of a lover; that dalliance, in which he who *courts* or wooes a lady is ſometimes indulged. This appears clearly from the ſubſequent lines:

" ——they may ſeize
" On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand,
" And ſteal immortal bleſſing from her lips;—
" *Flies* may do this." MALONE.

[9] *But Romeo may not; he is baniſhed:*] This line in the original copy immediately follows—And ſteal immortal bleſſing from her lips. The two lines, *Who, even*, &c. were added in the copy of 1599, and are merely

Flies may do this, when I from this muſt fly;
They are free men, but I am baniſhed.
And ſay'ſt thou yet, that exile is not death [1]?
Hadſt thou no poiſon mix'd, no ſharp-ground knife,
No ſudden mean of death, though ne'er ſo mean,
But—baniſhed—to kill me; baniſhed?
O friar, the damned uſe that word in hell;
Howlings attend it: How haſt thou the heart,
Being a divine, a ghoſtly confeſſor,
A ſin-abſolver, and my friend profeſt,
To mangle me with that word—baniſhment?

*Fri.* Thou fond mad man, hear me but ſpeak a word [2].

*Rom.* O, thou wilt ſpeak again of baniſhment.

*Fri.* I'll give thee armour to keep off that word;
Adverſity's ſweet milk, philoſophy,
To comfort thee, though thou art baniſhed [3].

*Rom.* Yet baniſhed?—Hang up philoſophy!
Unleſs philoſophy can make a Juliet,
Diſplant a town, reverſe a prince's doom;
It helps not, it prevails not, talk no more.

merely parenthetical: the line therefore, *But Romeo may not*, &c. undoubtedly ought to follow thoſe two lines. By miſtake, in the copy of 1599, it was inſerted lower down, after—*is not death.* MALONE.

1 *They are free men, but I am baniſhed.*
*And ſay'ſt thou yet, that exile is not death?*] Theſe two lines are not in the original copy. MALONE.

2 Thou *fond mad man*, hear me but ſpeak a word.] So the quarto 1597. The quartos 1599 and 1609 read:
*Then* fond mad man, *hear me a little* ſpeak.
The folio:
*Then* fond mad man, hear *me ſpeak.* MALONE.

3 *Adverſity's ſweet milk, philoſophy,*
*To comfort thee, though thou art baniſhed.*] So, in *Romeus and Juliet*, the friar ſays,
"Virtue is always thrall to troubles and annoy,
"But *wiſdom in adverſity* finds cauſe of quiet joy.
See alſo Lily's *Euphues*, 1580: "Thou ſayeſt *baniſhment* is better to the freeborne. There be many meates which are ſowre in the mouth and ſharp in the maw; but if thou mingle them with *ſweet* ſawces, they yeeld both a pleaſant taſte and wholeſome nouriſhment.—I ſpeake this to this end; that though thy *exile* ſeeme grievous to thee, yet guiding thyſelfe with the rules of *philoſophy*, it ſhall be more tolerable." MALONE.

*Fri.*

*Fri.* O, then I ſee that madmen have no ears.

*Rom.* How ſhould they, when that wiſe men have no eyes?

*Fri.* Let me diſpute with thee of thy eſtate.

*Rom.* Thou canſt not ſpeak of what thou doſt not feel:
Wert thou as young as I, Juliet thy love[4],
An hour but marry'd, Tybalt murdered,
Doating like me, and like me baniſhed,
Then might'ſt thou ſpeak, then might'ſt thou tear thy hair[5],
And fall upon the ground, as I do now,
Taking the meaſure of an unmade grave.

*Fri.* Ariſe; one knocks; good Romeo, hide thyſelf.
[*Knocking within.*

*Rom.* Not I; unleſs the breath of heart-ſick groans,
Miſt-like, infold me from the ſearch of eyes. [*Knocking.*

*Fri.* Hark, how they knock!—Who's there?—
Romeo, ariſe;
Thou wilt be taken:—Stay a while:—ſtand up;
[*Knocking.*
Run to my ſtudy:—By and by:—God's will!
What wilfulneſs is this[6]?—I come, I come. [*Knocking.*
Who knocks ſo hard? whence come you? what's your will?

*Nurſe.* [*within.*] Let me come in, and you ſhall know my errand;
I come from lady Juliet.

*Fri.* Welcome then.

4 *Wert thou as young as I, Juliet thy love,*] Thus the original copy; for which in the folio we have—

Wert thou as young *as Juliet my* love.

I only mention this to ſhew the very high value of the early quarto editions. MALONE.

5 —*then might'ſt thou tear thy hair,*] So, in the poem:

"Theſe heavy tidings heard, his golden locks he tare,
"And like a frantick man hath torn the garments that he ware.—
"He riſeth oft, and ſtrikes his head againſt the walls;
"He falleth down again, and loud for haſty death he calls."
MALONE.

6 *What* wilfulneſs—] Thus the quarto 1597. That of 1599, and the folio, have—What *ſimpleneſs*. MALONE.

*Enter*

*Enter* Nurſe.

*Nurſe.* O holy friar, O, tell me, holy friar,
Where is my lady's lord, where's Romeo?
*Fri.* There on the ground, with his own tears made drunk.
*Nurſe.* O, he is even in my miſtreſs' caſe,
Juſt in her caſe!
*Fri.* O woeful ſympathy!
Piteous predicament[7]!
*Nurſe.* Even ſo lies ſhe,
Blubbering and weeping, weeping and blubbering:—
Stand up, ſtand up; ſtand, an you be a man:
For Juliet's ſake, for her ſake, riſe and ſtand;
Why ſhould you fall into ſo deep an O?
*Rom.* Nurſe!
*Nurſe.* Ah ſir! ah ſir!—Well, death's the end of all.
*Rom.* Spak'ſt thou of Juliet? how is it with her?
Doth ſhe not think me an old murderer,
Now I have ſtain'd the childhood of our joy
With blood remov'd but little from her own?
Where is ſhe? and how doth ſhe? and what ſays
My conceal'd lady to our cancell'd love[8]?
*Nurſe.* O, ſhe ſays nothing, ſir, but weeps and weeps;
And now falls on her bed; and then ſtarts up,
And Tybalt calls; and then on Romeo cries,
And then down falls again.
*Rom.* As if that name,
Shot from the deadly level of a gun,
Did murder her; as that name's curſed hand
Murder'd her kinſman.—O tell me, friar, tell me,
In what vile part of this anatomy
Doth my name lodge? tell me, that I may ſack

[7] —*O woeful ſympathy!*
*Piteous predicament!*] Theſe words, which in the old copies make part of the nurſe's ſpeech, have been aſſigned to the friar on the ſuggeſtion of Dr. Farmer. MALONE.

[8] —cancell'd *love?*] The folio reads—*conceal'd* love. JOHNSON.
The quarto, *cancell'd* love. STEEVENS.
The epithet *concealed* is to be underſtood, not of the perſon, but of the condition of the lady. So that the ſenſe is, my lady whoſe being ſo, together with our marriage which made her ſo, is concealed from the world. HEATH.

The

The hateful manſion. [*drawing his ſword.*

*Fri.* Hold thy deſperate hand:
Art thou a man? thy form cries out, thou art;
Thy tears are womaniſh; thy wild acts denote
The unreaſonable fury of a beaſt[9]:
Unſeemly woman, in a ſeeming man[1]!
Or ill-beſeeming beaſt, in ſeeming both!
Thou haſt amaz'd me: by my holy order,
I thought thy diſpoſition better temper'd.
Haſt thou ſlain Tybalt? wilt thou ſlay thyſelf?
And ſlay thy lady too that lives in thee[2],
By doing damned hate upon thyſelf?
Why rail'ſt thou on thy birth, the heaven, and earth[3]?

[9] *Art thou a man? thy form cries out, thou art;*
*Thy tears are womaniſh; thy wild acts denote*
*The unreaſonable fury of a beaſt:*] Shakſpeare has here cloſely followed his original:

"*Art thou*, quoth he, *a man? thy ſhape ſaith, ſo thou art;*
"*Thy crying and thy weeping eyes denote a woman's heart.*
"For manly reaſon is quite from off thy mind out-chaſed,
"And in her ſtead affections lewd and fancies highly placed;
"So that I ſtood in doubt, this hour at the leaſt,
"*If thou a man or woman wert, or elſe a brutiſh beaſt.*"
*Tragicall Hyſtory of Romeus and Juliet*, 1562. MALONE.

[1] *Unſeemly woman*, &c.] *Thou art a beaſt of ill qualities, under the appearance both of a woman and a man.* JOHNSON.

[2] *And ſlay thy lady* too *that* lives *in thee*,] Thus the firſt copy. The quarto 1599, and the folio, have—

And ſlay thy lady, that *in thy life lives*. MALONE.

[3] *Why* rail'ſt *thou on thy birth, the heaven, and earth?*] Romeo has not here railed on his birth, &c. though in his interview with the friar as deſcribed in the poem, he is made to do ſo:

"Firſt *Nature* did he blame, the author of his life,
"In which his joys had been ſo ſcant, and ſorrows aye ſo rife;
"The time and place of *birth* he fiercely did reprove;
"He cryed out with open mouth againſt the *ſtars above.*—
"On fortune eke he *rail'd*".

Shakſpeare copied the remonſtrance of the friar, without reviewing the former part of his ſcene. He has in other places fallen into a ſimilar inaccuracy, by ſometimes following and ſometimes deſerting his original.

The lines, *Why rail'ſt thou*, &c. to—*thy own defence*, are not in the firſt copy. They are formed on a paſſage in the poem:

"Why cry'ſt thou out on love? why doſt thou blame thy fate?
"Why doſt thou ſo cry after death? thy life why doſt thou hate?"
&c. MALONE.

Since

Since birth, and heaven, and earth, all three do meet
In thee at once; which thou at once would'ſt loſe.
Fie, fie! thou ſham'ſt thy ſhape, thy love, thy wit;
Which, like an uſurer, abound'ſt in all,
And uſeſt none in that true uſe indeed
Which ſhould bedeck thy ſhape, thy love, thy wit.
Thy noble ſhape is but a form of wax,
Digreſſing from the valour of a man:
Thy dear love, ſworn, but hollow perjury,
Killing that love which thou haſt vow'd to cheriſh:
Thy wit, that ornament to ſhape and love,
Miſ-ſhapen in the conduct of them both,
Like powder in a ſkill-leſs ſoldier's flaſk [4],
Is ſet on fire by thine own ignorance,
And thou diſmember'd with thine own defence [5].
What, rouſe thee, man! thy Juliet is alive,
For whoſe dear ſake thou waſt but lately dead;
There art thou happy: Tybalt would kill thee,
But thou ſlew'ſt Tybalt; there art thou happy too [6]:
The law, that threaten'd death, becomes thy friend,
And turns it to exile; there art thou happy:
A pack of bleſſings lights upon thy back;
Happineſs courts thee in her beſt array;
But, like a mis-behav'd and ſullen wench,
Thou pout'ſt upon thy fortune and thy love [7]:

Take

4 *Like powder in a ſkill-leſs ſoldier's flaſk*, &c.] To underſtand the force of this alluſion, it ſhould be remembered that the ancient Engliſh ſoldiers, uſing *match*-locks, inſtead of locks with flints as at preſent, were obliged to carry a lighted *match* hanging at their belts, very near to the wooden *flaſk* in which they kept their powder. The ſame alluſion occurs in *Humor's Ordinary*, an old collection of Engliſh epigrams:

"When ſhe his *flaſk* and touch-box ſet on fire,
"And till this hour the burning is not out." STEEVENS.

5 *And thou diſmember'd with thine own defence.*] And thou torn to pieces with thy own weapons. JOHNSON.

6 —*there art thou happy* too:] Thus the firſt quarto. In the ſubſequent quartos and the folio *too* is omitted. MALONE.

7 *Thou pout'ſt* upon *thy fortune and thy love:*] The quarto 1599, and 1609, read:

Thou *puts up* thy fortune and thy love.

Take heed, take heed, for ſuch die miſerable.
Go, get thee to thy love, as was decreed,
Aſcend her chamber, hence and comfort her;
But, look, thou ſtay not till the watch be ſet,
For then thou canſt not paſs to Mantua;
Where thou ſhalt live, till we can find a time
To blaze your marriage, reconcile your friends,
Beg pardon of the prince, and call thee back
With twenty hundred thouſand times more joy
Than thou went'ſt forth in lamentation.—
Go before, nurſe: commend me to thy lady;
And bid her haſten all the houſe to bed,
Which heavy ſorrow makes them apt unto:
Romeo is coming [8].

*Nurſe.* O Lord, I could have ſtaid here all the night,
To hear good counſel: O, what learning is!—
My lord, I'll tell my lady you will come.

*Rom.* Do ſo, and bid my ſweet prepare to chide.

*Nurſe.* Here, ſir, a ring ſhe bid me give you, ſir:
Hie you, make haſte, for it grows very late. [*Exit* Nurſe.

*Rom.* How well my comfort is reviv'd by this!

*Fri.* Go hence: Good night [9]; and here ſtands all
your ſtate [1];—
Either be gone before the watch be ſet,
Or by the break of day diſguis'd from hence:
Sojourn in Mantua; I'll find out your man,
And he ſhall ſignify from time to time
Every good hap to you, that chances here:
Give me thy hand; 'tis late: farewel; good night.

*Rom.* But that a joy paſt joy calls out on me,

The editor of the folio endeavoured to correct this by reading:
Thou *putteſt* up thy fortune and thy love.
The undated quarto has *powts*, which, with the aid of the original copy in 1597, pointed out the true reading. There the line ſtands:
Thou *frown'ſt upon* thy fate, that ſmiles on thee. MALONE.

[8] *Romeo is coming.*] Much of this ſpeech has likewiſe been added ſince the firſt edition. STEEVENS.

9 *Go hence: Good night*; &c.] Theſe three lines are omitted in all the modern editions. JOHNSON.
They were firſt omitted, with many others, by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

[1] —*here ſtands all your ſtate*;] The whole of your fortune depends on this. JOHNSON.

It

It were a grief, ſo brief to part with thee:
Farewel. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE IV[2].

*A Room in* Capulet's *Houſe.*

*Enter* CAPULET, *Lady* CAPULET, *and* PARIS.

*Cap.* Things have fallen out, ſir, ſo unluckily,
That we have had no time to move our daughter:
Look you, ſhe lov'd her kinſman Tybalt dearly,
And ſo did I;—Well, we were born to die.—
'Tis very late, ſhe'll not come down to-night:
I promiſe you, but for your company,
I would have been a-bed an hour ago.

*Par.* Theſe times of woe afford no time to woo:
Madam, good night: commend me to your daughter.

*La. Cap.* I will, and know her mind early to-mororw;
To-night ſhe's mew'd up[3] to her heavineſs.

*Cap.* Sir Paris, I will make a deſperate tender
Of my child's love[4]: I think, ſhe will be rul'd
In all reſpects by me; nay more, I doubt it not.—
Wife, go you to her ere you go to bed;
Acquaint her here of my ſon Paris' love;
And bid her, mark you me, on wedneſday next—
But, ſoft; What day is this?

*Par.* Monday, my lord.

*Cap.* Monday? ha! ha! Well, wedneſday is too ſoon,
O' thurſday let it be;—o' thurſday, tell her,

[2] Some few unneceſſary verſes are omitted in this ſcene according to the oldeſt editions. POPE.

Mr. Pope means, as appears from his edition, that *he* has followed the oldeſt copy, and omitted ſome unneceſſary verſes which are not found there, but inſerted in the enlarged copy of this play. But he has expreſſed himſelf ſo looſely, as to have been miſunderſtood by Mr. Steevens. In the text theſe *unneceſſary* verſes, as Mr. Pope calls them, are preſerved, conformably to the enlarged copy of 1599. MALONE.

[3] —*mew'd* up—] This is a phraſe from falconry. A *mew* was a place of confinement for hawks. STEEVENS.

[4] *Sir Paris, I will make a* deſperate *tender*
*Of my child's love:*—] *Deſperate* means only *bold, adventurous*, as if he had ſaid in the vulgar phraſe, *I will ſpeak a* bold *word*, and venture *to promiſe you my daughter.* JOHNSON.

So, in *The Weakeſt goes to the Wall*, 1600:
"Witneſs this *deſperate tender* of mine honour." STEEVENS.

She shall be married to this noble earl :—
Will you be ready ? do you like this haste ?
We'll keep no great ado ;—a friend, or two :—
For hark you, Tybalt being slain so late,
It may be thought we held him carelessly,
Being our kinsman, if we revel much :
Therefore we'll have some half a dozen friends,
And there an end. But what say you to thursday ?

*Par.* My lord, I would that thursday were to-morrow.

*Cap.* Well, get you gone :—O' thursday be it then :—
Go you to Juliet ere you go to bed,
Prepare her, wife, against this wedding-day.—
Farewell, my lord.—Light to my chamber, ho!
Afore me, it is so very late, that we
May call it early by and by :—Good night. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE V.

Juliet's *Chamber* [5].

*Enter* ROMEO, *and* JULIET.

*Jul.* Wilt thou be gone ? it is not yet near day [6] :
It was the nightingale, and not the lark,
That

[5] SCENE V. *Juliet's chamber.*] The stage-direction in the first edition is—"*Enter Romeo and Juliet, at the window.*" In the second quarto, "*Enter Romeo and Juliet aloft.*" They appeared probably in the balcony which was erected on the old English stage. See the *Account of the Ancient Theatres* in Vol. I. MALONE.

[6] *Wilt thou be gone ? it is not yet near day*, &c.] This scene is formed on the following hints in the poem of *Romeus and Juliet*, 1562 :

" The golden sun was gone to lodge him in the west,
" The full moon eke in yonder south had sent most men to rest ;
" When restless Romeus and restless Juliet,
" In wonted sort, by wonted mean, in Juliet's chamber met, &c.
* * *
" Thus these two lovers pass away the weary night
" In pain, and plaint, not, as they went, in pleasure and delight.
" But now, somewhat too soon, in fartherst east arose
" Fair Lucifer, the golden star that lady Venus chose ;
" Whose course appointed is with speedy race to run,
" A messenger of dawning day and of the rising sun.—
" When thou ne lookest wide, ne closely dost thou wink,
" When Phœbus from our hemisphere in western wave doth sink,

" What

That pierc'd the fearful hollow of thine ear;
Nightly ſhe ſings on yon pomegranate tree[7]:
Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.

*Rom.* It was the lark, the herald of the morn,
No nightingale: look, love, what envious ſtreaks
Do lace the ſevering clouds in yonder eaſt:
Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the miſty mountain tops;
I muſt be gone and live, or ſtay and die.

*Jul.* Yon light is not day-light, I know it, I:
It is ſome meteor that the ſun exhales,
To be to thee this night a torch-bearer,
And light thee on thy way to Mantua:
Therefore ſtay yet, thou need'ſt not to be gone.

*Rom.* Let me be ta'en, let me be put to death;
I am content, ſo thou wilt have it ſo.
I'll ſay yon grey is not the morning's eye,
'Tis but the pale reflex[8] of Cynthia's brow;
Nor that is not the lark, whoſe notes do beat
The vaulty heaven ſo high above our heads:
I have more care to ſtay[9], than will to go;—
Come, death, and welcome! Juliet wills it ſo.—
How is't, my ſoul? let's talk, it is not day.

*Jul.* It is, it is, hie hence, be gone, away;
It is the lark that ſings ſo out of tune,
Straining harſh diſcords, and unpleaſing ſharps.

"What colour then the heavens do ſhew unto thine eyes,
"The ſame, or like, ſaw Romeus in fartheſt eaſtern ſkies:
"As yet he ſaw no day, ne could he call it night,
"With equal force decreaſing dark fought with increaſing light.
"Then Romeus in arms his lady gan to fold,
"With friendly kiſs, and ruthfully ſhe 'gan her knight behold."
MALONE.

7 Nightly *ſhe ſings on yon pomegranate tree:*] This is not merely a poetical ſuppoſition. It is obſerved of the nightingale, that, if undiſturbed, ſhe ſits and ſings upon the ſame tree for many weeks together. STEEVENS.

8 —*the pale reflex*—] The appearance of a cloud oppoſed to the moon. JOHNSON.

9 *I have more* care *to ſtay,*] *Care* was frequently uſed in Shakſpeare's age for *inclination*. MALONE.

Some ſay, the lark makes ſweet diviſion [1];
This doth not ſo, for ſhe divideth us:
Some ſay, the lark and loathed toad change eyes;
O, now I would they had chang'd voices too [2]!
Since arm from arm that voice doth us affray [3],
Hunting thee hence with hunts-up to the day [4].
O, now

[1] —ſweet *diviſion*;] *Diviſion* ſeems to have been the technical term for the pauſes or parts of a muſical compoſition. So, in *K. Hen. IV.* P. 1:

"Sung by a fair queen in a ſummer's bower,
"With raviſhing *diviſion* to her lute." STEEVENS.

[2] *Some ſay, the lark and loathed toad change eyes;*
*O, now I would they had chang'd voices too!*] I wiſh the lark and toad had changed voices; for then the noiſe which I hear would be that of the toad, not of the lark; it would conſequently be evening, at which time the toad croaks; not morning, when the lark ſings; and we ſhould not be under the neceſſity of ſeparation. A. C.

If the toad and lark had changed voices, the unnatural croak of the latter would have been no indication of the appearance of day, and conſequently no ſignal for her lover's departure. This is apparently the aim and purpoſe of Juliet's wiſh. HEATH.

The *toad* having very fine eyes, and the *lark* very ugly ones, was the occaſion of a common ſaying amongſt the people, that *the toad and lark had changed eyes*. To this the ſpeaker alludes. WARB.

This tradition of the toad and lark I have heard expreſſed in a ruſtick rhyme:

—*To heav'n I'd fly,*
*But that the toad beguil'd me of mine eye.* JOHNSON.

[3] *Since arm from arm*, &c.] Theſe two lines are omitted in the modern editions, and do not deſerve to be replaced, but as they may ſhew the danger of critical temerity. Dr. Warburton's change of *I would* to I *wot* was ſpecious enough, yet it is evidently erroneous. The ſenſe is this: *The lark, they ſay, has loſt her eyes to the toad, and now* I would *the toad had her voice too, ſince ſhe uſes it to the diſturbance of lovers.* JOHNSON.

[4] *Hunting thee hence with* hunts-up *to the day.*] The *huntſup* was the name of the tune anciently played to wake the hunters, and collect them together. So, in the *Return from Parnaſſus*, 1606:

"Yet will I play a *hunts-up* to my Muſe."

Again, in Drayton's *Polyolbion*, ſong 13th:

"But *hunts-up* to the morn the feather'd ſylvans ſing."
STEEVENS.

A *huntſup* alſo ſignified a morning *ſong* to a new-married woman, the

O, now be gone; more light and light it grows.

*Rom.* More light and light?—more dark and dark our woes.

*Enter* Nurſe.

*Nurſe.* Madam!

*Jul.* Nurſe?

*Nurſe.* Your lady mother's coming to your chamber: The day is broke; be wary, look about. [*Exit* Nurſe.

*Jul.* Then, window, let day in, and let life out.

*Rom.* Farewel, farewel! one kiſs, and I'll deſcend. [Romeo *deſcends.*

*Jul.* Art thou gone ſo? my love! my lord! my friend*! I muſt hear from thee every day i' the hour, For in a minute there are many days: O! by this count I ſhall be much in years, Ere I again behold my Romeo[5].

*Rom.* Farewel! I will omit no opportunity That may convey my greetings, love, to thee.

*Jul.* O, think'ſt thou, we ſhall ever meet again?

*Rom.* I doubt it not; and all theſe woes ſhall ſerve For ſweet diſcourſes in our time to come.

*Jul.* O God! I have an ill-divining ſoul[6]: Methinks,

the day after her marriage, and is certainly uſed here in that ſenſe. See Cotgrave's Dictionary, in v. *Reſveil.* MALONE.

Puttenham in his *Art of Engliſh Poeſy*, 1589, ſpeaking of one Gray, ſays, "what good eſtimation did he grow unto with the ſame King Henry [the Eighth,] and afterward with the duke of Somerſet, Protectour, for making certaine merry *ballades*, whereof one chiefly was, *The hunte is up, the hunte is up.*" ANONYMUS.

* *Art thou gone ſo? my love, my lord, my friend!*] Thus the quarto 1597. That of 1599, and the folio, read:

Art thou gone ſo? love, lord, *ay huſband*, friend! MALONE.

5 *O! by this count I ſhall be much in years,*
*Ere I again behold my Romeo.*]

"Illa ego, quæ fueram te decedente puella,
"Protinus ut redeas, facta videbor anus." *Ovid. Epiſt.* 1.
STEEVENS

6 *O God! I have an ill-divining ſoul:* &c.] This miſerable preſcience of futurity I have always regarded as a circumſtance particularly beautiful. The ſame kind of warning from the mind Romeo ſeems to have been conſcious of, on his going to the entertainment at the houſe of Capulet:

Methinks, I see thee, now thou art below,
As one dead[7] in the bottom of a tomb:
Either my eye-sight fails, or thou look'st pale.

*Rom.* And trust me, love, in my eye so do you:
Dry sorrow drinks our blood[8]. Adieu! adieu! [*Exit* Romeo.

*Jul.* O fortune, fortune! all men call thee fickle:
If thou art fickle, what dost thou with him
That is renown'd for faith? Be fickle, fortune;
For then, I hope, thou wilt not keep him long,
But send him back.

*La. Cap.* [*within.*] Ho, daughter! are you up?

*Jul.* Who is't that calls? it is my lady mother?
Is she not down so late, or up so early[9]?
What unaccustom'd cause procures her thither[1]?

*Enter Lady* CAPULET.

*La. Cap.* Why, how now, Juliet?

*Jul.* Madam, I am not well.

*La. Cap.* Evermore weeping for your cousin's death[2]? What,

" ——my mind misgives,
" Some consequence yet hanging in the stars,
" Shall bitterly begin his fearful date
" From this night's revels." STEEVENS.

7 *O God! I have an* ill-divining *soul*;
*Methinks*, I see thee, *now thou art below*,
*As one* dead—] So, in our authour's *Venus and Adonis*?
" The thought of it doth make my faint heart bleed;
" And fear doth teach it *divination*;
" *I prophecy thy death.*"
The reading of the text is that of the quarto, 1597. That of 1599, and the folio, read—now thou art *so low*. MALONE.

8 *Dry sorrow drinks our blood.*] This is an allusion to the proverb, " sorrow's dry." STEEVENS.
He is accounting for their *paleness*. It was an ancient notion that sorrow consumed the blood, and shortened life. Hence in one of the three parts of *King Henry VI.* we have—" *blood-sucking* sighs." MALONE.

9 *Is she not down so late, or up so early?*] Is she not laid down in her bed at so late an hour as this? or rather is she risen from bed at so early an hour of the morn? MALONE.

1 —procures *her hither?*] *Procures* for *brings*. WARBURTON.

2 *Evermore weeping for your cousin's death?* &c.] So, in *The Tragicall Hystory of Romeus and Juliet*, 1562:
" —time it is that now you should our Tybalt's death forget;
" Of whom since God hath claim'd the life that was but lent,
" He is in bliss, ne is there cause why you should thus lament:
" *You*

What, wilt thou waſh him from his grave with tears?
An if thou could'ſt, thou could'ſt not make him live;
Therefore, have done: Some grief ſhews much of love;
But much of grief ſhews ſtill ſome want of wit.

*Jul.* Yet let me weep for ſuch a feeling loſs.

*La. Cap.* So ſhall you feel the loſs, but not the friend
Which you weep for.

*Jul.* Feeling ſo the loſs,
I cannot chooſe but ever weep the friend.

*La. Cap.* Well, girl, thou weep'ſt not ſo much for his death,
As that the villain lives which ſlaughter'd him.

*Jul.* What villain, madam?

*La. Cap.* That ſame villain, Romeo.

*Jul.* Villain and he are many miles aſunder.
God pardon him *! I do, with all my heart;
And yet no man, like he, doth grieve my heart.

*La. Cap.* That is, becauſe the traitor murderer lives.

*Jul.* Ay, madam, from the reach of theſe my hands[3].
'Would, none but I might venge my couſin's death!

*La. Cap.* We will have vengeance for it, fear thou not:
Then weep no more. I'll ſend to one in Mantua,—
Where that ſame baniſh'd runagate doth live,—
That ſhall beſtow on him ſo ſure a draught[4],
That he ſhall ſoon keep Tybalt company:
And then, I hope, thou wilt be ſatisfied.

" *You cannot call him back with tears and ſhriekings ſhrill;*
" It is a fault thus ſtill to grudge at God's appointed will."
MALONE.

* *God pardon* him!] The word *him*, which was inadvertently omitted in the old copies, was inſerted by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

[3] *Ay, madam, from*, &c.] Juliet's equivocations are rather too artful for a mind diſturbed by the loſs of a new lover. JOHNSON.

[4] *That ſhall beſtow on him ſo ſure a draught,*] Thus the elder quarto, which I have followed in preference to the quartos 1599 and 1609, and the folio 1623, which read, leſs intelligibly,

Shall give him ſuch an unaccuſtom'd dram. STEEVENS.

The elder quarto has—That *ſhould*, &c. The word *ſhall* is drawn from that of 1599. MALONE.

—*unaccuſtom'd dram,*] In vulgar language, ſhall give him a *dram* which he is *not uſed* to. Though I have, if I miſtake not, obſerved, that in old books *unaccuſtomed* ſignifies *wonderful, powerful, efficacious*. JOHNSON.

*Jul.*

*Jul.* Indeed, I never ſhall be ſatisfied
With Romeo, till I behold him—dead—
Is my poor heart ſo for a kinſman vext:—
Madam, if you could find out but a man
To bear a poiſon, I would temper it;
That Romeo ſhould, upon receipt thereof,
Soon ſleep in quiet.—O, how my heart abhors
To hear him nam'd,—and cannot come to him,—
To wreak the love I bore my couſin Tybalt *
Upon his body that hath ſlaughter'd him!

*La. Cap.* Find thou the means, and I'll find ſuch a man[5].
But now I'll tell thee joyful tidings, girl.

*Jul.* And joy comes well in ſuch a needful time:
What are they, I beſeech your ladyſhip?

*La. Cap.* Well, well, thou haſt a careful father, child;
One, who, to put thee from thy heavineſs,
Hath ſorted out a ſudden day of joy,
That thou expect'ſt not, nor I look'd not for.

*Jul.* Madam, in happy time[6], what day is that?

*La. Cap.* Marry, my child, early next thurſday morn,
The gallant, young, and noble gentleman,
The county Paris[7], at ſaint Peter's church,
Shall happily make thee there a joyful bride.

*Jul.* Now, by ſaint Peter's church, and Peter too,

* —*my couſin* Tybalt—] The laſt word of this line, which is not in the old copies, was added by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

5 *Find thou*, &c.] This line, in the quarto 1597, is given to Juliet. STEEVENS.

6 —*in happy time*,—] *A la bonne heure.* This phraſe was interjected, when the hearer was not quite ſo well pleaſed as the ſpeaker. JOHNS.

7 *The county Paris*,—] It is remarked, that "Paris, though in one place called *Earl*, is moſt commonly ſtiled the *Countie* in this play. Shakſpeare ſeems to have preferred, for ſome reaſon or other, the *Italian Comte* to our *Count*: perhaps he took it from the old Engliſh novel, from which he is ſaid to have taken his plot."—He certainly did ſo: Paris is there firſt ſtiled *a young Earle*, and afterward *Counte*, *Countee*, and *County*; according to the unſettled orthography of the time.

The word however is frequently met with in other writers; particularly in Fairfax:

"So far'd the *Countie* with the Pagan bold," &c.

*Godfrey of Bulloigne*, Book 7. Stanza 90. FARMER.

See p. 42, n. 6. MALONE.

He

He ſhall not make me there a joyful bride.
I wonder at this haſte; that I muſt wed
Ere he, that ſhould be huſband, comes to woo.
I pray you, tell my lord and father, madam,
I will not marry yet; and, when I do, I ſwear,
It ſhall be Romeo, whom you know I hate,
Rather than Paris:—Theſe are news indeed!

*La. Cap.* Here comes your father; tell him ſo yourſelf,
And ſee how he will take it at your hands.

*Enter* CAPULET, *and* Nurſe.

*Cap.* When the ſun ſets, the air doth drizzle dew[8];
But for the ſun-ſet of my brother's ſon,
It rains downright.—
How now? a conduit, girl? what, ſtill in tears[9]?
Evermore ſhowering? In one little body
Thou counterfeit'ſt a bark, a ſea, a wind:
For ſtill thy eyes, which I may call the ſea,
Do ebb and flow with tears; the bark thy body is,
Sailing in this ſalt flood; the winds, thy ſighs;
Who,—raging with thy tears, and they with them,—
Without a ſudden calm, will overſet
Thy tempeſt-toſſed body.—How now, wife?
Have you deliver'd to her our decree?

*La. Cap.* Ay, ſir; but ſhe will none, ſhe gives you thanks.
I would, the fool were married to her grave!

[8] *When the ſun ſets, the* air *doth drizzle dew*;] Thus the undated quarto. The quarto 1599, and the folio, read,—the *earth* doth drizzle dew. The line is not in the original copy.

The reading of the quarto 1599 and the folio is philoſophically true; and perhaps ought to be preferred. Dew undoubtedly riſes from the earth, in conſequence of the action of the heat of the ſun on its moiſt ſurface. Thoſe vapours which riſe from the earth in the courſe of the day, are evaporated by the warmth of the air as ſoon as they ariſe; but thoſe which riſe after ſun-ſet, form themſelves into drops, or rather into that fog or miſt which is termed dew. MALONE.

[9] *How now? a conduit, girl? what, ſtill in tears?*] Conduits in the form of human figures, it has been already obſerved, were common in Shakſpeare's time. See Vol. IV. p. 246, n. 9.

We have again the ſame image in the *The Rape of Lucrece:*

"A pretty while theſe pretty creatures ſtand,
"Like ivory *conduits* coral ciſterns filling." MALONE.

*Cap.*

*Cap.* Soft, take me with you, take me with you, wife.
How! will ſhe none? doth ſhe not give us thanks?
Is ſhe not proud? doth ſhe not count her bleſt,
Unworthy as ſhe is, that we have wrought
So worthy a gentleman to be her bridegroom?

*Jul.* Not proud, you have; but thankful, that you have:
Proud can I never be of what I hate;
But thankful even for hate, that is meant love.

*Cap.* How now! how now! chop logick? What is this?
Proud,—and, I thank you,—and, I thank you not;—
And yet not proud;—Miſtreſs minion, you[1],
Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no prouds,
But ſettle your fine joints 'gainſt thurſday next,
To go with Paris to ſaint Peter's church,
Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.
Out, you green-ſickneſs carrion! out, you baggage!
You tallow face[2]!

*La. Cap.* Fie, fie! what are you mad?

*Jul.* Good father, I beſeech you on my knees,
Hear me with patience but to ſpeak a word.

*Cap.* Hang thee, young baggage! diſobedient wretch!
I tell thee what,—get thee to church o'thurſday,
Or never after look me in the face:
Speak not, reply not, do not anſwer me;
My fingers itch.—Wife, we ſcarce thought us bleſt,
That God had ſent us[3] but this only child;
But now I ſee this one is one too much,

[1] *And yet not proud*, &c.] This line is wanting in the folio. STEEVENS.

[2] —*out, you baggage!*
*You tallow-face!*] Such was the indelicacy of the age of Shakſpeare, that authors were not contented only to employ theſe terms of abuſe in their own original performances, but even felt no reluctance to introduce them in their verſions of the moſt chaſte and elegant of the Greek or Roman poets. Stanyhurſt, the tranſlator of Virgil, in 1582, makes Dido call Æneas,—*hedgebrat*, *cullion*, and *tar-breech*, in the courſe of one ſpeech.

Nay, in the interlude of the *Repentance of Mary Magdalene*, 1567, *Mary Magdalen* ſays to one of her attendants:

"*Horeſon*, I beſhrowe your heart, are you here?" STEEVENS.

[3] —*bad* ſent *us*—] So the firſt quarto, 1597. The ſubſequent ancient copies read—had *lent* us. MALONE.

And that we have a curſe in having her:
Out on her, hilding!
*Nurſe.* God in heaven bleſs her!—
You are to blame, my lord, to rate her ſo.
*Cap.* And why, my lady wiſdom? hold your tongue,
Good prudence; ſmatter with your goſſips, go.
*Nurſe.* I ſpeak no treaſon.
*Cap.* O, God ye good den!
*Nurſe.* May not one ſpeak?
*Cap.* Peace, you mumbling fool!
Utter your gravity o'er a goſſip's bowl,
For here we need it not.
*La. Cap.* You are too hot.
*Cap.* God's bread [4]! it makes me mad: Day, night, early, late,
At home, abroad, alone, in company,
Waking, or ſleeping, ſtill my care hath been
To have her match'd: and having now provided
A gentleman of princely parentage,
Of fair demeſnes, youthful, and nobly train'd,
Stuff'd (as they ſay) with honourable parts,
Proportion'd as one's heart could wiſh a man,—
And then to have a wretched puling fool,
A whining mammet, in her fortune's tender,
To anſwer—*I'll not wed*,—*I cannot love* [5],

*I am*

[4] *God's bread! &c.*] The firſt three lines of this ſpeech are formed from the firſt quarto, and that of 1599, with which the folio concurs. The firſt copy reads:

God's *bleſſed mother*, wife, it makes me mad.
Day, night, early, late, at home, abroad,
Alone, in company, waking or ſleeping,
Still my care hath been to *ſee* her match'd.

The quarto 1599, and the folio, read:

God's *bread*, it makes me mad.
Day, night, hour, tide, time, work, play,
Alone, in company, ſtill my care hath been
To *have* her match'd, &c. MALONE.

[5] ——*and having now* provided
*A gentleman of princely parentage,—*
*A whining mammet, in her fortune's tender,*
*To anſwer—I'll not wed,—I cannot love,—*] So, in *Romeus and Juliet*, 1562:

"Such

*I am too young,—I pray you, pardon me;—*
But, an you will not wed, I'll pardon you:
Graze where you will, you ſhall not houſe with me;
Look to't, think on't, I do not uſe to jeſt.
Thurſday is near; lay hand on heart, adviſe:
An you be mine, I'll give you to my friend;
An you be not, hang, beg, ſtarve, die i' the ſtreets,
For, by my ſoul, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee,

" Such care thy mother had, ſo dear thou wert to me,
" That I with long and earneſt ſuit *provided* have for thee
" One of the greateſt lords that wons about this town,
" And for his many virtues' ſake a man of great renown;—
" ——and yet thou playeſt in this caſe
" The *dainty fool* and ſtubborn girl; for want of ſkill,
" Thou doſt refuſe thy offer'd weal, and diſobey my will.
" Even by his ſtrength I ſwear that firſt did give me life,
" And gave me in my youth the ſtrength to get thee on my wife,
" Unleſs by Wedneſday next thou bend as I am bent,
" And, at our caſtle call'd Freetown, thou freely do aſſent
" To county Paris ſuit,—
" *Not only will I give all that I have away,*
" *From thee* to thoſe that ſhall me love, me honour and obey;
" But alſo to ſo cloſe and to ſo hard a gale
" I ſhall thee wed for all thy life, that ſure thou ſhalt not fail
" A thouſand times a day to wiſh for ſudden death:—
" Adviſe thee well, and ſay that thou art warned now,
" *And think not that I ſpeak* in ſport, *or mind to break my vow.*"

There is a paſſage in an old play called *Wily beguil'd*, ſo nearly reſembling this, that one poet muſt have copied from the other. *Wily beguil'd* was on the ſtage before 1596, being mentioned by Naſhe in his *Have with you to Saffron Walden*, printed in that year. In that play Gripe gives his daughter Lelia's hand to a ſuitor, which ſhe plucks back; on which her *nurſe* ſays,

" —She'll none, ſhe thanks you, ſir.
" *Gripe.* Will ſhe none? why, how now, I ſay?
" What, you *powting*, peeviſh thing, you untoward *baggage*,
" Will you not be ruled by your father?
" *Have I ta'en care to bring you up to this?*
" And will you doe as you liſt?
" Away, I ſay; *hang, ſtarve, beg*, be gone;
" Out of my ſight! pack, I ſay:
" Thou ne'er get'ſt a pennyworth of my goods for this.
" Think on't; *I do not uſe to jeſt:*
" Be gone, I ſay, I will not hear thee ſpeake." MALONE.

Nor

Nor what is mine shall never do thee good:
Trust to't, bethink you, I'll not be forsworn. [*Exit.*

*Jul.* Is there no pity sitting in the clouds,
That sees into the bottom of my grief[6]?
O, sweet my mother, cast me not away!
Delay this marriage for a month, a week;
Or, if you do not, make the bridal bed
In that dim monument where Tybalt lies[7].

*La. Cap.* Talk not to me, for I'll not speak a word;
Do as thou wilt, for I have done with thee. [*Exit.*

*Jul.* O God!—O nurse! how shall this be prevented?
My husband is on earth, my faith in heaven;
How shall that faith return again to earth,
Unless that husband send it me from heaven
By leaving earth?—comfort me, counsel me.—
Alack, alack, that heaven should practise stratagems
Upon so soft a subject as myself!—
What say'st thou? hast thou not a word of joy?
Some comfort, nurse.

*Nurse.* 'Faith, here 'tis: Romeo
Is banished; and all the world to nothing,
That he dares ne'er come back to challenge you;
Or, if he do, it needs must be by stealth.
Then, since the case so stands as now it doth,
I think it best you married with the county[8].
O, he's

6 *Is there no pity sitting in the clouds,*
*That sees into the bottom of my grief?*] So, in *King John*, in two parts, 1591:
"Ah boy, thy yeeres, I see, are far too greene,
"*To look into the bottom of these cares.*" MALONE.

7 *In that* dim *monument*, &c.] The modern editors read *dun* monument. I have replaced *dim* from the old quarto 1597, and the folio. STEEVENS.

8 *'Faith, here 'tis: Romeo*
*Is banished; and all the world to nothing,*
*That he dares ne'er come back to challenge you;—*
*Then since the case so stands as now it doth,*
*I think it best you married with the county.*] The character of the nurse exhibits a just picture of those whose actions have no principles for their foundation. She has been unfaithful to the trust reposed in her by Capulet, and is ready to embrace any expedient that offers, to avert the consequences of her first infidelity. STEEVENS.

This

O, he's a lovely gentleman!
Romeo's a diſh-clout to him; an eagle, madam,
Hath not ſo green[1], ſo quick, ſo fair an eye,
As Paris hath. Beſhrew my very heart,
I think you are happy in this ſecond match,
For it excels your firſt: or if it did not,
Your firſt is dead; or 'twere as good he were,
As living here[2] and you no uſe of him.
*Jul.* Speak'ſt thou from thy heart?
*Nurſe.* Ay, and from my ſoul;

This picture, however, is not an original. In *The Tragicall Hyſtory of Romeus and Juliet*, 1562, the nurſe exhibits the ſame readineſs to accommodate herſelf to the preſent conjuncture:

" The flattering nurſe did praiſe the friar for his ſkill,
" And ſaid that ſhe had done right well, by wit to order will;
" She ſetteth forth at large the father's furious rage,
" And eke ſhe praiſeth much to her *the ſecond marriage*;
" *And county Paris now ſhe praiſeth ten times more*
" *By wrong, than ſhe herſelf by right had Romeus prais'd before:*
" Paris ſhall dwell there ſtill; *Romeus ſhall not return*;
" What ſhall it boot her all her life to languiſh ſtill and mourn?" MALONE.

Sir John Vanbrugh, in the *Relapſe*, has copied in this reſpect the character of his nurſe from Shakſpeare. BLACKSTONE.

[1] —*ſo* green *an eye*—] So the firſt editions. *Hanmer* reads—*ſo keen*. JOHNSON.

Perhaps Chaucer has given to *Emetrius*, in the *Knight's Tale*, eyes of the ſame colour:

His noſe was high, his eyin bright *citryn*:

*i. e.* of the hue of an unripe lemon or citron.

Again, in the *Two Noble Kinſmen*, by Fletcher and Shakſpeare, Act V. ſc. i.

" —oh vouchſafe,
" With that thy rare *green* eye," &c. STEEVENS.

What Shakſpeare meant by this epithet here, may be eaſily collected from the following lines, which he has attributed to Thiſbé in the laſt Act of *A Midſummer Night's Dream*:

" Theſe lily lips,
" This cherry noſe,
" Theſe yellow cowſlip cheeks,
" Are gone, are gone!—
" His eyes were *green* as leeks." MALONE.

[2] *As living* here—] Sir *T. Hanmer* reads, *as living* hence, that is, at a diſtance, in baniſhment; but *here* may ſignify, *in this world*. JOHNSON.

Or

Or elſe beſhrew them both.

*Jul.* Amen!

*Nurſe.* What?

*Jul.* Well, thou haſt comforted me marvellous much.
Go in; and tell my lady I am gone,
Having diſpleas'd my father, to Laurence' cell,
To make confeſſion, and to be abſolv'd.

*Nurſe.* Marry, I will; and this is wiſely done. [*Exit.*

*Jul.* Ancient damnation[3]! O moſt wicked fiend!
Is it more ſin—to wiſh me thus forſworn,
Or to diſpraiſe my lord with that ſame tongue
Which ſhe hath prais'd him with above compare
So many thouſand times?—Go, counſellor;
Thou and my boſom henceforth ſhall be twain.—
I'll to the friar, to know his remedy;
If all elſe fail, myſelf have power to die. [*Exit.*

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## ACT IV. SCENE I.

*Friar* Lawrence's *Cell.*

*Enter Friar* LAWRENCE, *and* PARIS.

*Fri.* On thurſday, ſir? the time is very ſhort.

*Par.* My father Capulet will have it ſo;
And I am nothing ſlow, to ſlack his haſte[4].

*Fri.*

3 *Ancient damnation!*] This term of reproach occurs in the *Malcontent*, 1604:

"—out, vou *ancient damnation!*" STEEVENS.

4 *And I am nothing ſlow, &c.*] *His haſte ſhall not be abated by my ſlowneſs.* It might be read:

And I am nothing ſlow to *back* his haſte:

that is, I am diligent to *abet* and *enforce* his haſte. JOHNSON.

*Slack* was certainly the authour's word, for, in the firſt edition, the line ran—

"And I am nothing *ſlack* to ſlow his haſte."

*Back* could not have ſtood there.

If this kind of phraſeology be juſtifiable, it can be juſtified only by ſuppoſing the meaning to be, *there is nothing of ſlowneſs in me, to induce me to ſlacken or abate his haſte.* The meaning of Paris is very clear; he does not wiſh to reſtrain Capulet, or to delay his own mar-

*Fri.* You ſay, you do not know the lady's mind;
Uneven is the courſe, I like it not.
*Par.* Immoderately ſhe weeps for Tybalt's death,
And therefore have I little talk'd of love;
For Venus ſmiles not in a houſe of tears.
Now, ſir, her father counts it dangerous,
That ſhe doth give her ſorrow ſo much ſway;
And, in his wiſdom, haſtes our marriage,
To ſtop the inundation of her tears;
Which, too much minded by herſelf alone,
May be put from her by ſociety:
Now do you know the reaſon of this haſte.
*Fri.* I would I knew not why it ſhould be ſlow'd [5].—
[*Aſide.*
Look, ſir, here comes the lady towards my cell.

*Enter* JULIET.

*Par.* Happily met, my lady, and my wife!
*Jul.* That may be, ſir, when I may be a wife.
*Par.* That may be, muſt be, love, on thurſday next.
*Jul.* What muſt be ſhall be.
*Fri.* That's a certain text.
*Par.* Come you to make confeſſion to this father?
*Jul.* To anſwer that, were to confeſs to you.
*Par.* Do not deny to him, that you love me.
*Jul.* I will confeſs to you, that I love him.
*Par.* So will you, I am ſure, that you love me.
*Jul.* If I do ſo, it will be of more price,
Being ſpoke behind your back, than to your face.
*Par.* Poor ſoul, thy face is much abus'd with tears.
*Jul.* The tears have got ſmall victory by that;

riage; but the words which the poet has given him, import the reverſe of this, and ſeem rather to mean, *I am not backward in reſtraining his haſte*; I endeavour to retard him as much as I can. Dr. Johnſon ſaw the impropriety of this expreſſion, and that his interpretation extorted a meaning from the words, which they do not at firſt preſent; and hence his propoſed alteration; but our authour muſt anſwer for his own peculiarities. See Vol. VII. p. 564, n. 6. MALONE.

[5] —be *ſlow'd.*] So, in Sir A. Gorges' tranſlation of the ſecond book of Lucan:

"——will you overflow
"The fields, thereby my march to *ſlow* ?" STEEVENS.

For

For it was bad enough, before their ſpight.
*Par.* Thou wrong'ſt it, more than tears, with that report.
*Jul.* That is no wrong, ſir, that is a truth *;
And what I ſpake, I ſpake it to my face.
*Par.* Thy face is mine, and thou haſt ſlander'd it.
*Jul.* It may be ſo, for it is not mine own.—
Are you at leiſure, holy father, now;
Or ſhall I come to you at evening maſs?
*Fri.* My leiſure ſerves me, penſive daughter, now:—
My lord, we muſt entreat the time alone.
*Par.* God ſhield, I ſhould diſturb devotion!—
Juliet, on thurſday early will I rouſe you:
Till then, adieu! and keep this holy kiſs. [*Exit* PARIS.
*Jul.* O, ſhut the door! and when thou haſt done ſo,
Come weep with me; Paſt hope, paſt cure, paſt help!
*Fri.* Ah, Juliet, I already know thy grief;
It ſtrains me paſt the compaſs of my wits:
I hear thou muſt, and nothing may prorogue it,
On thurſday next be married to this county.
*Jul.* Tell me not, friar, that thou hear'ſt of this,
Unleſs thou tell me how I may prevent it:
If, in thy wiſdom, thou canſt give no help,
Do thou but call my reſolution wiſe,
And with this knife I'll help it preſently.
God join'd my heart and Romeo's, thou our hands;
And ere this hand, by thee to Romeo ſeal'd,
Shall be the label to another deed [6],
Or my true heart with treacherous revolt

* *That is no wrong, ſir, &c.*] So the quarto, 1597. A word was probably omitted at the preſs. The quarto, 1599, and the ſubſequent copies, read:

That is no *ſlander*, ſir, which is a truth.

The context ſhews that the alteration was not made by Shakſpeare. MALONE.

[6] *Shall be the label to another deed,*] The ſeals of deeds in our authour's time were not impreſſed on the parchment itſelf on which the deed was written, but were appended on diſtinct ſlips or labels affixed to the deed. Hence in *K. Richard II.* the duke of York diſcovers a covenant which his ſon the duke of Aumerle had entered into by the depending ſeal:

"What ſeal is that, which *hangs* without thy boſom?"

See the *fac ſimile* of Shakſpeare's hand writing in Vol. I. MALONE.

Turn to another, this ſhall ſlay them both:
Therefore, out of thy long-experienc'd time,
Give me ſome preſent counſel; or, behold,
'Twixt my extremes and me this bloody knife
Shall play the umpire[7]; arbitrating that
Which the commiſſion of thy years and art[8]
Could to no iſſue of true honour bring.
Be not ſo long to ſpeak; I long to die,
If what thou ſpeak'ſt ſpeak not of remedy.

*Fri.* Hold, daughter; I do ſpy a kind of hope,
Which craves as deſperate an execution
As that is deſperate which we would prevent.
If, rather than to marry county Paris,
Thou haſt the ſtrength of will to ſlay thyſelf;
Then is it likely, thou wilt undertake
A thing like death to chide away this ſhame,
That cop'ſt with death himſelf to ſcape from it;
And, if thou dar'ſt, I'll give thee remedy.

*Jul.* O, bid me leap, rather than marry Paris,
From off the battlements of yonder tower[9];
Or walk in thieviſh ways; or bid me lurk
Where ſerpents are; chain me[1] with roaring bears;

Or

7 *Shall play the umpire*;—] That is, this knife ſhall decide the ſtruggle between me and my diſtreſſes. JOHNSON.

8 —*commiſſion of thy years and art*—] *Commiſſion* is for *authority* or *power*. JOHNSON.

9 *O, bid me leap, rather than marry Paris,*
*From off the battlements of yonder tower*;] So in *King Leir*, written before 1594:

"Yea, for to do thee good, I would aſcend
"The higheſt turret in all Britanny,
"And from the top leap headlong to the ground." MALONE.

—*of* yonder *tower*;] Thus the quarto 1597. All other ancient copies—*of any* tower. STEEVENS.

1 *Chain me*, &c.]

Or walk in thieviſh ways, or bid me lurk
Where ſerpents are; chain me with roaring bears,
Or hide me nightly, &c.

It is thus the editions vary. POPE.

My edition has the words which Mr. Pope has omitted; but the old copy ſeems in this place preferable; only perhaps we might better read,

Where *ſavage* bears and *roaring* lions roam. JOHNSON.

I have

Or ſhut me nightly in a charnel-houſe,
O'er-cover'd quite with dead men's rattling bones,
With reeky ſhanks, and yellow chapleſs ſculls;
Or bid me go into a new-made grave,
And hide me with a dead man in his ſhroud [2];
Things that, to hear them told, have made me tremble;
And I will do it without fear or doubt,
To live an unſtain'd wife to my ſweet love.

*Fri.* Hold, then; go home, be merry, give conſent
To marry Paris: Wedneſday is to-morrow;
To-morrow night look that thou lie alone,
Let not thy nurſe lie with thee in thy chamber:
Take thou this phial [3], being then in bed,

And

I have inſerted the lines which Pope omitted; for which I muſt offer this ſhort apology: in the lines rejected by him we meet with three diſtinct ideas, ſuch as may be ſuppoſed to excite terror in a woman, for one that is to be found in the others. The lines now omitted are theſe:

Or chain me to ſome ſteepy mountain's top,
Where roaring bears and ſavage lions are;
Or ſhut me—. STEEVENS.

The lines laſt quoted, which Mr. Pope and Dr. Johnſon preferred, are found in the copy of 1597; in the text the quarto of 1599 is followed, except that it has—Or *bide* me nightly, &c. MALONE.

[2] *And hide me with a dead man in his ſhroud*;] In the quarto 1599, and 1609, this line ſtands thus:

And hide me with a dead man in his,

The editor of the folio ſupplied the defect by reading—in his *grave*, without adverting to the diſguſting repetition of that word.

The original copy leads me to believe that Shakſpeare wrote—in his *tomb*; for there the line ſtands thus:

Or lay me in a *tombe* with one new dead.

I have, however, with the other modern editors, followed the undated quarto, in which the printer filled up the line with the word *ſhroud*. MALONE.

[3] *Take thou this phial*, &c.] So, in *the Tragical Hiſtory of Romeus and Juliet*:

"Receive this phial ſmall, and keep it in thine eye,
"And on the marriage day, before the ſun doth clear the ſky,
"Fill it with water full up to the very brim,
"Then drink it off, and thou ſhalt feel throughout each *vein* and *limb*
"A pleaſant *ſlumber* ſlide, and quite diſpread at length
"On all thy parts; from every part reve all thy kindly ſtrength:
"Withouten moving then thy idle parts ſhall reſt,

And this diſtilled liquor drink thou off:
When, preſently, through all thy veins ſhall run
A cold and drowſy humour [4], which ſhall ſeize
Each vital ſpirit; for no pulſe ſhall keep
His natural progreſs, but ſurceaſe to beat:
No warmth, no breath, ſhall teſtify thou liv'ſt;
The roſes in thy lips and cheeks ſhall fade
To paly aſhes [5]; thy eyes' windows fall *,

" *No pulſe ſhall go*, no heart once heave within thy hollow breaſt;
" But thou ſhalt lie as ſhe that dieth in a trance;
" Thy kinſmen and thy truſty friends ſhall wail the ſudden chance:
" Thy corps then will they bring to grave in this church-yard,
" Where thy forefathers long ago a coſtly tomb prepar'd:
" ——where thou ſhalt reſt, my daughter,
" Till I to Mantua ſend for Romeus, thy knight,
" Out of the tomb *both he and I* will take thee forth that night."
MALONE.

Thus *Painter's Palace of Pleaſure*, tom. ii. p. 237. " Beholde heere I give thee a viole, &c. drink ſo much as is contained therein. And then you ſhall feele a certaine kind of pleaſant ſleepe, which incroaching by litle and litle all the parts of your body, wil conſtrain them in ſuch wiſe, as unmoveable they ſhal remaine: and by not doing their accuſtomed duties, ſhall looſe their natural feelings, and you abide in ſuch extaſie the ſpace of xl houres at the leaſt, without any beating of poulſe or other perceptible motion, which ſhall ſo aſtonne them that come to ſee you, as they will judge you to be dead, and according to the cuſtome of our citie, you ſhall be caried to the church-yard hard by our church, when you ſhall be intombed in the common monument of the Capellets your anceſtors," &c. STEEVENS.

[4] —*through all thy veins ſhall run*
*A cold and drowſy humour*, &c.] The firſt edition in 1597 has in general been here followed, except only, that inſtead of *a cold and drowſy humour*, we there find—" *a dull and heavy ſlumber*," and a little lower, " *no ſign of* breath," &c. The ſpeech, however, was greatly enlarged; for in the firſt copy it conſiſts of only thirteen lines; in the ſubſequent edition, of thirty three. MALONE.

[5] *To* paly *aſhes*;] Theſe words are not in the original copy. The quarto, 1599, and the folio, read—To *many* aſhes, for which the editor of the ſecond folio ſubſtituted—*mealy* aſhes. The true reading is found in the undated quarto. This uncommon adjective occurs again in *K. Henry V.*

" ——and through their *paly* flames,
" Each battle ſees the other's umber'd face."

We have had too already in a former ſcene—" *Pale*, pale as *aſhes*." MALONE.

* —*thy eyes'* windows *fall*,] See Vol. VII. p. 598, n. 3. MALONE.

Like

Like death, when he ſhuts up the day of life;
Each part, depriv'd of ſupple government,
Shall ſtiff, and ſtark, and cold, appear like death:
And in this borrow'd likeneſs of ſhrunk death
Thou ſhalt remain full two and forty hours,
And then awake as from a pleaſant ſleep.
Now when the bridegroom in the morning comes
To rouſe thee from thy bed, there art thou dead:
Then (as the manner of our country is)
In thy beſt robes uncover'd on the bier [6],
Thou ſhalt be borne to that ſame ancient vault,
Where all the kindred of the Capulets lie.
In the mean time, againſt thou ſhalt awake,
Shall Romeo by my letters know our drift;
And hither ſhall he come; and he and I
Will watch thy waking [7], and that very night
Shall Romeo bear thee hence to Mantua.
And this ſhall free thee from this preſent ſhame;

6 *Then (as the manner of our country is)*
*In thy beſt robes* uncover'd *on the bier,*] The Italian cuſtom here alluded to, of carrying the dead body to the grave with the face *uncovered*, (which is not mentioned by Painter) our authour found particularly deſcribed in *The Tragicall Hyſtory of Romeus and Juliet:*

" Another uſe there is, that whoſoever dies,
" Borne to their church *with open face upon the bier be lies*,
" In wonted weed attir'd, not wrapt in winding-ſheet—."

MALONE.

*In thy beſt robes uncover'd on the bier,*] Between this line and the next, the quartos 1599, 1609, and the firſt folio, introduce the following verſe, which the poet very probably had ſtruck out on his reviſal, becauſe it is quite unneceſſary, as the ſenſe of it is repeated, and as it will not connect with either:

Be borne to burial in thy kindred's grave.

Had Virgil lived to have reviſed his *Æneid*, he would hardly have permitted both of the following lines to remain in his text:

" At *Venus* obſcuro gradientes aëre ſepſit;
" Et multo nebulæ circum *dea* fudit amictu."

The aukward repetition of the nominative caſe in the ſecond of them, ſeems to decide very ſtrongly againſt it. STEEVENS.

7 —*and he and I*
*Will watch thy waking,*—] Theſe words are not in the folio. JOHNSON.

If no unconſtant toy [8], nor womaniſh fear,
Abate thy valour in the acting it [9].

*Jul.* Give me, give me! O tell me not of fear.

*Fri.* Hold; get you gone, be ſtrong and proſperous
In this reſolve: I'll ſend a friar with ſpeed
To Mantua, with my letters to thy lord.

*Jul.* Love, give me ſtrength! and ſtrength ſhall help afford.
Farewel, dear father! [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.

*A Room in* Capulet's *Houſe.*

*Enter* CAPULET, *Lady* CAPULET, Nurſe, *and* Servant.

*Cap.* So many gueſts invite as here are writ.—
[*Exit* Servant.
Sirrah, go hire me twenty cunning cooks.

2. *Serv.* You ſhall have none ill, ſir; for I'll try if they can lick their fingers.

*Cap.* How canſt thou try them ſo?

2. *Serv.* Marry, ſir, 'tis an ill cook that cannot lick his own fingers: therefore he, that cannot lick his fingers, goes not with me.

*Cap.* Go, begone.— [*Exit* Servant.
We ſhall be much unfurniſh'd for this time.—
What, is my daughter gone to friar Laurence?

*Nurſe.* Ay, forſooth.

*Cap.* Well, he may chance to do ſome good on her;
A peeviſh ſelf-will'd harlotry it is.

*Enter* JULIET.

*Nur.* See, where ſhe comes from ſhrift [1] with merry look.

[8] *If no unconſtant toy, &c.*] If no *fickle freak*, no *light caprice*, no *change of fancy*, hinder the performance. JOHNSON.

[9] *If no unconſtant toy, nor womaniſh fear,*
*Abate thy valour in the acting it.*] Theſe expreſſions are borrowed from the poem:

"Caſt off from thee at once the weed of *womaniſh dread*,
"With manly courage arm thyſelf from heel unto the head:—
"God grant he ſo confirm in thee thy preſent will,
"That no *inconſtant toy* thee let thy promiſe to fulfill!"
MALONE.

[1] —*from* ſhrift—] i. e. from confeſſion. STEEVENS.

*Cap.*

*Cap.* How now, my head-ſtrong? where have you been gadding?

*Jul.* Where I have learn'd me to repent the ſin
Of diſobedient oppoſition
To you, and your beheſts; and am enjoin'd
By holy Lawrence to fall proſtrate here,
And beg your pardon:—Pardon, I beſeech you!
Henceforward I am ever rul'd by you.

*Cap.* Send for the county; go tell him of this;
I'll have this knot knit up to-morrow morning.

*Jul.* I met the youthful lord at Lawrence' cell;
And gave him what becomed love I might,
Not ſtepping o'er the bounds of modeſty.

*Cap.* Why, I am glad on't; this is well,—ſtand up:
This is as't ſhould be.—Let me ſee the county;
Ay, marry, go, I ſay, and fetch him hither.—
Now, afore God, this reverend holy friar,
All our whole city is much bound to him [2].

*Jul.* Nurſe, will you go with me into my cloſet,
To help me ſort ſuch needful ornaments
As you think fit to furniſh me to-morrow?

*La. Cap.* No, not till thurſday; there is time enough.

*Cap.* Go, nurſe, go with her:—we'll to church to-morrow. [*Exeunt* JULIET, *and* Nurſe.

*La. Cap.* We ſhall be ſhort [3] in our proviſion;
'Tis now near night [4].

*Cap.*

[2] —*this reverend holy friar,*
*All our whole city is much bound to him.*] So, in *Romeus and Juliet*, 1562:

" —this is not, wife, the friar's firſt deſert;
" In all our commonweal ſcarce one is to be found,
" But is, for ſome good turn, unto this *holy father bound.*"
MALONE.

Thus the folio, and the quartos 1599 and 1609. The oldeſt quarto reads, I think, more grammatically:

All our whole city is much bound unto. STEEVENS.

[3] *We ſhall be ſport*—] That is, we ſhall be defective. JOHNSON.

[4] *'Tis now near night.*] It appears in a foregoing ſcene, that Romeo parted from his bride at day-break on *Tueſday* morning. *Immediately afterwards* ſhe went to Friar Lawrence, and he particularly mentions the day of the week:—["*Wedneſday is to-morrow.*"] She could not well

*Cap.* Tuſh! I will ſtir about,
And all things ſhall be well, I warrant thee, wife:
Go thou to Juliet, help to deck up her;
I'll not to bed to-night;—let me alone;
I'll play the houſewife for this once.—What, ho!—
They are all forth: Well, I will walk myſelf
To county Paris, to prepare him up
Againſt to-morrow: my heart is wondrous light,
Since this ſame wayward girl is ſo reclaim'd. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE III.

Juliet's *Chamber.*

*Enter* JULIET, *and* Nurſe[5].

*Jul.* Ay, thoſe attires are beſt:—But, gentle nurſe,
I pray thee, leave me to myſelf to-night;
For I have need of many oriſons[6]

well have remained more than an hour or two with the friar, and ſhe is juſt now returned from ſhrift;—yet lady Capulet ſays, "'tis near *night*," and this ſame night is aſcertained to be *Tueſday*. This is one out of many inſtances of our authour's inaccuracy in the computation of time. MALONE.

[5] *Enter Juliet, and Nurſe.*] Inſtead of the next ſpeech, the quarto 1597, ſupplies the following ſhort dialogue:

*Nurſe.* Come, come; what need you anie thing elſe?
*Juliet.* Nothing, good nurſe, but leave me to myſelfe.
*Nurſe.* Well, there's a cleane ſmocke under your pillow, and ſo good night. STEEVENS.

[6] *For I have need of many oriſons*—] Juliet plays moſt of her pranks under the appearance of religion: perhaps Shakſpeare meant to puniſh her hypocriſy. JOHNSON.

This pretence of Juliet's, in order to get rid of the nurſe, was ſuggeſted by *The Tragicall Hyſtory of Romeus and Juliet*, and ſome of the expreſſions of this ſpeech were borrowed from thence:

"Dear friend, quoth ſhe, you know to-morrow is the day
"Of new contract; wherefore, *this night, my purpoſe is to pray*
"Unto the *heavenly minds* that dwell above the ſkies,
"And order all the courſe of things as they can beſt deviſe,
"That they ſo *ſmile* upon the doings of to-morrow,
"That all the remnant of my life may be exempt from ſorrow;
"Wherefore, I pray you, *leave me here alone this night*,
"But ſee that you to-morrow come before the dawning light,
"For you muſt curl my hair, and ſet on my attire—." MALONE.

To

To move the heavens to ſmile upon my ſtate,
Which, well thou know'ſt, is croſs and full of ſin.

*Enter Lady* CAPULET.

*La. Cap.* What, are you buſy? do you need my help?

*Jul.* No, madam; we have cull'd ſuch neceſſaries
As are behoveful for our ſtate to-morrow:
So pleaſe you, let me now be left alone,
And let the nurſe this night ſit up with you;
For, I am ſure, you have your hands full all,
In this ſo ſudden buſineſs.

*La. Cap.* Good night!
Get thee to bed, and reſt; for thou haſt need.

[*Exeunt Lady* Capulet, *and* Nurſe.

*Jul.* Farewel[7]!—God knows, when we ſhall meet again.
I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins,
That almoſt freezes up the heat of life[8]:
I'll call them back again to comfort me;—
Nurſe!—What ſhould ſhe do here?
My diſmal ſcene I needs muſt act alone.—
Come, phial.—
What if this mixture do not work at all[9]?

Muſt

7 *Farewel!*] This ſpeech received conſiderable additions after the elder copy was publiſhed. STEEVENS.

8 *I have a faint cold* fear *thrills through my veins,*
*That almoſt* freezes *up the heat of life:*] So, in *Romeus and Juliet*, 1562:
" And whilſt ſhe in theſe thoughts doth dwell ſomewhat too long,
" The force of her imagining anon did wax ſo ſtrong,
" That ſhe ſurmis'd ſhe ſaw out of the hollow vault,
" A griſly thing to look upon, the carcaſe of Tybalt;
" Right in the ſelf ſame ſort that ſhe few days before
" Had ſeen him in his blood embrew'd, to death eke wounded ſore.
" Her dainty tender parts 'gan ſhiver all for dread,
" Her golden hair did ſtand upright upon her *chilliſh* head:
" Then preſſed with the *fear* that ſhe there lived in,
" *A ſweat as cold as mountain ice pierc'd through her tender ſkin.*"
MALONE.

9 *What if this* mixture *do not* work *at all?*] Here alſo Shakſpeare appears to have followed the poem:
" —to

Muſt I of force be married to the county[1]?—
No, no;—this ſhall forbid it:—lie thou there.—
[*laying down a dagger*[2].

What

" —to the end I may my name and conſcience ſave,
" I muſt devour the *mixed drink* that by me here I have:
" Whoſe *working* and whoſe force as yet I do not know:—
" And of this piteous plaint began another doubt to grow:
" What do I know, (quoth ſhe) if that this powder ſhall
" Sooner or later than it ſhould, or elſe *not work at all?*
" And what know I, quoth ſhe, if ſerpents odious,
" And other beaſts and worms, that are of nature venomous,
" That wonted are to lurk in dark caves under ground,
" And commonly, as I have heard, in dead men's tombs are found,
" Shall harm me, yea or nay, where I ſhall lie as dead?
" Or how ſhall I, that always have in ſo freſh air been bred,
" Endure the loathſome ſtink of ſuch a heaped ſtore
" Of carcaſes not yet conſum'd, and bones that long before
" Intombed were, where I my ſleeping-place ſhall have,
" Where all my anceſtors do reſt, my kindred's common grave?
" Shall not the friar and my Romeus, when they come,
" Find me, if I awake before, *y-ſtifled in the tomb?* MALONE.

So, in *Painter's Palace of Pleaſure*, tom. ii. p. 239. " —but what know I, (ſayd ſhe) whether the operation of this pouder will be to ſoone or to late, or not correſpondent to the due time, and that my faulte being diſcovered, I ſhall remayne a jeſting-ſtocke and fable to the people? what know I moreover, if the ſerpents and other venomous and crauling wormes, which commonly frequent the graves and pittes of the earth, will hurt me thinkyng that I am dead? But how ſhall I indure the ſtinche of ſo many carions and bones of myne auncеſtors which reſt in the grave, if by fortune I do awake before Romeo and frier Laurence doe come to help me? And as ſhe was thus plunged in the deepe contemplation of things, ſhe thought that ſhe ſawe a certaine viſion or fanſie of her couſin Thibault, in the very ſame ſort as ſhe ſawe him wounded and imbrued with blood;" &c. STEEVENS.

[1] Muſt *I of force be married to the* county?] Thus the quarto of 1597, and not, as the line has been exhibited in the late editions,

*Shall* I of force be married to the *count?*

The ſubſequent ancient copies read, as Mr. Steevens has obſerved,

*Shall* I be married *then to-morrow morning?* MALONE.

[2] —*lie thou there.* [*laying down a dagger.*] This ſtage-direction has been ſupplied by the modern editors. The quarto, 1597, reads: " — *Knife*, lie thou there." It appears from ſeveral paſſages in our old plays, that *knives* were formerly part of the accoutrements of a bride; and every thing *behoveful* for Juliet's *ſtate* had juſt been left with her. So, in Decker's *Match me in London*, 1631:

" See, at my girdle hang my *wedding knives!*"

Again,

What if it be a poiſon, which the friar
Subtly hath miniſter'd to have me dead;
Leſt in this marriage he ſhould be diſhonour'd,
Becauſe he married me before to Romeo?
I fear, it is: and yet, methinks, it ſhould not,
For he hath ſtill been tried a holy man:
I will not entertain ſo bad a thought [3].—
How if, when I am laid into the tomb,
I wake before the time that Romeo
Come to redeem me? there's a fearful point!
Shall I not then be ſtifled in the vault,
To whoſe foul mouth no healthſome air breathes in,
And there die ſtrangled ere my Romeo comes!
Or, if I live, is it not very like,
The horrible conceit of death and night,
Together with the terror of the place,—
As in a vault, an ancient receptacle [4],

Again, in *King Edward III.* 1596:

" Here by my ſide do hang my *wedding knives:*
" Take thou the one, and with it kill thy queen,
" And with the other, I'll diſpatch my love." STEEVENS.

In order to account for Juliet's having a dagger, or, as it is called in old language, a knife, it is not neceſſary to have recourſe to the ancient accoutrements of brides, how prevalent ſoever the cuſtom mentioned by Mr. Steevens may have been; for Juliet appears to have furniſhed herſelf with this inſtrument immediately after her father and mother had threatened to force her to marry Paris:

" If all fail elſe, myſelf have power to die."

Accordingly, in the very next ſcene, when ſhe is at the friar's cell, and before ſhe could have been furniſhed with any of the apparatus of a bride, (not having then conſented to marry the count,) ſhe ſays:

" Give me ſome preſent counſel, or, behold,
" 'Twixt my extremes and me *this bloody knife*
" Shall play the umpire." MALONE.

[3] *I will not entertain ſo bad a thought.*] This line I have reſtored from the quarto, 1597. STEEVENS.

[4] *As in a vault,* &c.] This idea was probably ſuggeſted to our poet by his native place. The charnel houſe at Stratford upon Avon is a very large one, and perhaps contains a greater number of bones than are to be found in any other repoſitory of the ſame kind in England.—I was furniſhed with this obſervation by Mr. Murphy, whoſe very elegant and ſpirited defence of Shakſpeare againſt the criticiſms of Voltaire, is one of the leaſt conſiderable out of many favours which he has conferred on the literary world. STEEVENS.

Where,

Where, for these many hundred years, the bones
Of all my buried ancestors are pack'd;
Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth [5],
Lies fest'ring [6]; in his shroud; where, as they say,
At some hours in the night spirits resort;—
Alack, alack! is it not like, that I [7],
So early waking,—what with loathsome smells;
And shrieks like mandrakes' torn out of the earth,
That living mortals, hearing them, run mad [8];—
O! if I wake, shall I not be distraught [9],
Environed with all these hideous fears?
And madly play with my forefathers' joints?
And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his shroud?
And, in this rage, with some great kinsman's bone,
As with a club, dash out my desperate brains?
O, look! methinks, I see my cousin's ghost

[5] —*green in earth*,] i. e. fresh in earth, newly buried. So, in *Hamlet*:

" —— of our dear brother's death,
" The memory be *green*."

Again, in the *Opportunity*, by Shirley:

" ——— I am but
" *Green* in my honours." STEEVENS.

[6] Lies *festring*—] To *fester* is to corrupt. So, in *K. Edward III.* 1596:

" Lillies that *fester* smell far worse than weeds."

This line likewise occurs in the 94th Sonnet of Shakspeare. The play of *Edward III.* has been ascribed to him. STEEVENS.

[7] —*is it not like, that I*,] This speech is confused, and inconsequential, according to the disorder of Juliet's mind. JOHNSON.

[8] —*run mad*—] So, in Webster's *Duchess of Malfy*, 1623:

" I have this night dig'd up a *mandrake*,
" And am *grown mad* with't."

So, in *The Atheist's Tragedy*, 1611:

" The *cries of mandrakes* never touch'd the ear
" With more sad horror, than that voice does mine."

" The mandrake," (says Thomas Newton, in his Herball to the Bible, 8vo. 1587,) " has been supposed to be a creature having life and engendered under the earth, of the seed of some dead person that hath been convicted and put to death for some felonie or murther; and that they had the same in such dampish and funeral places where the said convicted persons were buried," &c. STEEVENS.

See Vol. V. p. 368, n. 5; and Vol. VI. p. 191, n. 4. MALONE.

[9] —be *distraught*.] *Distraught* is distracted. So, in Drayton's *Polyolbion*, Song 10:

" Is, for that river's sake, near of his wits *distraught*," &c.
STEEVENS.

Seeking

Seeking out Romeo, that did ſpit his body
Upon a rapier's point:—Stay, Tybalt, ſtay!—
Romeo, I come! this do I drink to thee[1].
[*She throws herſelf on the bed.*

## SCENE IV.

Capulet's *Hall.*

*Enter Lady* CAPULET, *and* Nurſe.

*La. Cap.* Hold, take theſe keys, and fetch more ſpices, nurſe.

*Nurſe.* They call for dates and quinces in the paſtry[2].

*Enter* CAPULET.

*Cap.* Come, ſtir, ſtir, ſtir! the ſecond cock hath crow'd,
The curfeu bell hath rung[3], 'tis three o'clock:—
Look to the bak'd meats, good Angelica:
Spare not for coſt.

*Nurſe.* Go, you cot-quean, go,
Get you to bed; 'faith, you'll be ſick to-morrow
For this night's watching.

*Cap.* No, not a whit; What! I have watch'd ere now
All night for leſſer cauſe, and ne'er been ſick.

[1] *Romeo, I come! this do I drink to thee.*] So the firſt quarto, 1597. The ſubſequent ancient copies read:

Romeo, Romeo, Romeo, here's drink, I drink to thee.

MALONE.

[2] *They call for* dates *and quinces in the* paſtry.] i. e. in the room where paſte was made. So *laundry*, *ſpicery*, &c. MALONE.

On the books of the Stationers' Company in the year 1560, are the following entries:

"Item payd for iiii pound of *dates* iiii *ſ.*

"Item payd for xxiiii pounde of prunys iii *s.* viii *d.* STEEV.

[3] *The curfeu bell*—] I know not that the morning-bell is called the *curfeu* in any other place. JOHNSON.

The *curfew* bell was rung at nine in the evening, as appears from a paſſage in the *Merry Devil of Edmonton*, 1626:

"—well 'tis *nine* o'clock, 'tis time to ring *curfew*." STEEV.

*La. Cap.*

*La. Cap.* Ay, you have been a mouſe-hunt[4] in your time;
But I will watch you from ſuch watching now.
[*Exeunt Lady* Capulet, *and* Nurſe.

*Cap.* A jealous-hood, a jealous-hood!—Now, fellow;
What's there?

*Enter* Servants, *with ſpits, logs, and baſkets.*

1. *Serv.* Things for the cook, ſir; but I know not what.

*Cap.* Make haſte, make haſte. [*Exit* Serv.]—Sirrah, fetch drier logs;
Call Peter, he will ſhew thee where they are.

2. *Serv.* I have a head, ſir, that will find out logs;
And never trouble Peter for the matter. [*Exit.*

*Cap.* 'Maſs, and well ſaid; A merry whoreſon! ha,
Thou ſhalt be logger-head.—Good faith, 'tis day:
The county will be here with muſick ſtraight,
[*Muſick within.*
For ſo he ſaid he would. I hear him near:—
Nurſe!—Wife!—what, ho!—what, Nurſe, I ſay!

*Enter* Nurſe.

Go, waken Juliet, go, and trim her up;
I'll go and chat with Paris:—Hie, make haſte,
Make haſte! the bridegroom he is come already:
Make haſte, I ſay! [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE V.

Juliet's *Chamber*; Juliet *on the Bed.*

*Enter* Nurſe.

*Nurſe.* Miſtreſs!—what, miſtreſs!—Juliet!—faſt, I warrant her, ſhe:—
Why, lamb!—why, lady!—fie, you ſlug-a-bed!—
Why, love, I ſay!—madam! ſweet-heart!—why, bride!—

4 —a *mouſe-hunt*—] It appears from a paſſage in *Hamlet*, that *mouſe* was once a term of endearment applied to a woman:
"Pinch wanton on your cheek, call you his *mouſe*." STEEV.

What,

What, not a word?—you take your pennyworths now;
Sleep for a week; for the next night, I warrant,
The county Paris hath ſet up his reſt,
That you ſhall reſt but little[5].—God forgive me,
(Marry, and amen!) how ſound is ſhe aſleep!
I needs muſt wake her:—Madam! madam! madam!
Ay, let the county take you in your bed[6];
He'll fright you up, i'faith.—Will it not be?
What, dreſt! and in your clothes! and down again!
I muſt needs wake you: Lady! lady! lady!
Alas! alas!—Help! help! my lady's dead!—
O, well-a-day, that ever I was born!—
Some aqua-vitæ, ho!—my lord! my lady!

5 ——ſet up *his reſt*,
*That you ſhall reſt but little.*] This expreſſion, which is frequently employed by the old dramatick writers, is taken from the manner of firing the harquebuſs. This was ſo heavy a gun, that the ſoldiers were obliged to carry a ſupporter called a *reſt*, which they fixed in the ground before they levelled to take aim. Decker uſes it in his comedy of *Old Fortunatus*, 1600: "—ſet your heart at reſt, for I have *ſet up my reſt*, that unleſs you can run ſwifter than a hart, home you go not." The ſame expreſſion occurs in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Elder Brother*:

"——*My reſt is up*,
"Nor will I go leſs—".

Again, in *the Roaring Girl*: "—like a muſket on a *reſt*."
See Montfaucon's *Monarchie Françoiſe*, tom. v. plate 48. STEEVENS.
The origin of this phraſe has certainly been rightly explained, but the good nurſe was here thinking of other matters. T. C.
The above expreſſion may probably be ſometimes uſed in the ſenſe already explained; it is however oftner employed with a reference to the game at *Primero*, in which it was one of the terms then in uſe. In the ſecond inſtance above quoted it is certainly ſo. To avoid loading the page with examples, I ſhall refer to Dodſley's *Collection of Old Plays*, Vol. X. p. 364, edit. 1780, where ſeveral are brought together. REED.

6 —*why* lady!—*fie, you* ſlug-abed!—
*Ay, let the county take you in your bed*;] So, in *The Tragicall Hyſtory of Romeus and Juliet*:

"Firſt ſoftly did ſhe call, then louder did ſhe cry,
"*Lady, you ſleep too long, the earl will raiſe you by and by.*"
MALONE.

*Enter Lady* CAPULET.

*La. Cap.* What noiſe is here?

*Nurſe.* O lamentable day!

*La. Cap.* What's the matter?

*Nurſe.* Look, look! O heavy day!

*La. Cap.* O me, O me!—my child, my only life
Revive, look up, or I will die with thee!—
Help, help!—call help.

*Enter* CAPULET.

*Cap.* For ſhame, bring Juliet forth; her lord is come.

*Nurſe.* She's dead, deceas'd, ſhe's dead; alack the day!

*La. Cap.* Alack the day! ſhe's dead, ſhe's dead, ſhe's dead.

*Cap.* Ha! let me ſee her:—Out, alas! ſhe's cold;
Her blood is ſettled, and her joints are ſtiff;
Life and theſe lips have long been ſeparated:
Death lies on her, like an untimely froſt
Upon the ſweeteſt flower of all the field.
Accurſed time! unfortunate old man *!

*Nurſe.* O lamentable day!

*La. Cap.* O woeful time!

*Cap.* Death, that hath ta'en her hence to make me wail,
Ties up my tongue, and will not let me ſpeak [7].

*Enter Friar* LAWRENCE, *and* PARIS, *with Muſicians.*

*Fri.* Come, is the bride ready to go to church?

* *Accurſed time!* &c.] This line is taken from the firſt quarto, 1597. MALONE.

[7] *Death, that hath ta'en her hence to make me wail,*
*Ties up her tongue, and* will not let me ſpeak.] Our authour has here followed the poem cloſely, without recollecting that he had made Capulet, in this ſcene, clamorous in his grief. In *The Tragicall Hyſtory of Romeus and Juliet*, Juliet's mother makes a long ſpeech, but the old man utters not a word:

"But more than all the reſt the father's heart was ſo
"Smit with the heavy news, and ſo ſhut up with ſudden woe,
"That he ne had the power his daughter to beweep,
"*Ne yet to ſpeak*, but long is forc'd his tears and plaints to keep."
MALONE.

*Cap.*

*Cap.* Ready to go, but never to return:
O ſon, the night before thy wedding day [8]
Hath death lain with thy bride [9]:—See, there ſhe lies,
Flower as ſhe was, deflowered by him [1].
Death is my ſon in-law, death is my heir [2];
My daughter he hath wedded! I will die,
And leave him all; life leaving, all is death's [3].

*Par.* Have I thought long to ſee this morning's face [4],
And doth it give me ſuch a ſight as this?

*La. Cap.* Accurs'd, unhappy, wretched, hateful day!
Moſt miſerable hour, that e'er time ſaw
In laſting labour of his pilgrimage!

[8] *O ſon, the night before thy wedding day*
*Hath death lain with thy bride:*—] Euripides has ſported with this thought in the ſame manner. *Iphig. in Aul.* ver. 460.

" Τὴν δ' αὖ τάλαιναν παρθένον (τί παρθένον;
" Ἅδης νιν, ὡς ἔοικε, νυμφεύσει τάχα.)" Sir W. RAWLINSON.

9 *Hath death lain with thy bride:*] Perhaps this line is coarſely ridiculed in Decker's *Satiromaſtix*, 1602:

" Dead: ſhe's death's bride; he hath her maidenhead." STEEV.

Decker ſeems rather to have intended to ridicule a former line in this play:

" ——I'll to my wedding bed,
" And *Death*, not Romeo, *take my maidenhead*."

The word *ſee* in the line before us, is drawn from the firſt quarto. MALONE.

[1] Flower *as ſhe was*, deflowered *by him.*] This jingle was common to other writers; and among the reſt, to Greene, in his *Greene Conceipt*, 1598: " —*in* a garden-houſe having round about it many *flowers*, and within it much *deflowering*." COLLINS.

[2] *Death is my ſon-in-law*, &c.] The remaining part of this ſpeech, " death is my heir," &c. was omitted by Mr. Pope in his edition; and ſome of the ſubſequent editors, following his example, took the ſame unwarrantable licence. The lines were very properly reſtored by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

[3] —*life* leaving, *all is death's.*] The old copies read—life *living*. The emendation was made by Mr. Steevens. MALONE.

[4] —*morning's face,*] The quarto, 1597, continues the ſpeech of Paris thus:

And doth it now preſent ſuch prodigies?
Accurſt, unhappy, miſerable man,
Forlorn, forſaken, deſtitute I am;
Born to the world to be a ſlave in it:
Diſtreſt, remedileſs, unfortunate.
O heavens! Oh nature! wherefore did you make me
To live ſo vile, ſo wretched as I ſhall? STEEVENS.

But one, poor one, one poor and loving child,
But one thing to rejoice and ſolace in,
And cruel death hath catch'd it from my ſight.

*Nurſe.* O woe! O woeful, woeful, woeful day[5]!
Moſt lamentable day! moſt woeful day,
That ever, ever, I did yet behold!
O day! O day! O day! O hateful day!
Never was ſeen ſo black a day as this:
O woeful day, O woeful day!

*Par.* Beguil'd, divorced, wronged, ſpighted, ſlain!
Moſt deteſtable death, by thee beguil'd,
By cruel cruel thee quite overthrown!—
O love! O life!—not life, but love in death!

*Cap.* Deſpis'd, diſtreſſed, hated, martyr'd, kill'd!—
Uncomfortable time! why cam'ſt thou now
To murder murder our ſolemnity?—
O child! O child!—my ſoul, and not my child!—
Dead art thou[6]!—alack! my child is dead;
And, with my child, my joys are buried!

*Fri.* Peace, ho, for ſhame! confuſion's cure[7] lives not
In theſe confuſions. Heaven and yourſelf
Had part in this fair maid; now heaven hath all,
And all the better is it for the maid:
Your part in her you could not keep from death;
But heaven keeps his part in eternal life.
The moſt you ſought was—her promotion;
For 'twas your heaven, ſhe ſhould be advanc'd:
And weep ye now, ſeeing ſhe is advanc'd,
Above the clouds, as high as heaven itſelf?

[5] *O woe! oh woeful*, &c.] This ſpeech of exclamations is not in the edition above-cited. [that of 1597.] Several other parts, unneceſſary or tautology, are not to be found in the ſaid edition; which occaſions the variation in this from the common books. POPE.

In the text the enlarged copy of 1599 is here followed. MALONE.

[6] *Dead art thou!* &c.] From the defect of the metre it is probable that Shakſpeare wrote—

Dead, *dead*, art thou, &c.

When the ſame word is repeated, the compoſitor often is guilty of omiſſion. MALONE.

[7] —*confuſion's cure*—] Old Copies—*care*. Corrected by Mr. Theobald. Theſe violent and confuſed exclamations, ſays the friar, will by no means alleviate that ſorrow which at preſent overwhelms and diſturbs your minds. So, in *The Rape of Lucrece*:

"Why, Collatine, is woe the *cure* of woe?" MALONE.

O, in

O, in this love, you love your child ſo ill,
That you run mad, ſeeing that ſhe is well:
She's not well marry'd, that lives marry'd long;
But ſhe's beſt marry'd, that dies marry'd young.
Dry up your tears, and ſtick your roſemary
On this fair corſe; and, as the cuſtom is,
In all her beſt array bear her to church:
For though fond nature [8] bids us all lament,
Yet nature's tears are reaſon's merriment.

*Cap.* All things, that we ordained feſtival [9],
Turn from their office to black funeral:
Our inſtruments, to melancholy bells;
Our wedding cheer, to a ſad burial feaſt;
Our ſolemn hymns to ſullen dirges change;
Our bridal flowers ſerve for a bury'd corſe,
And all things change them to the contrary.

*Fri.* Sir, go you in,—and, madam, go with him;—
And go, ſir Paris;—every one prepare
To follow this fair corſe unto her grave:

[8] *For though* fond *nature*—] This line is not in the firſt quarto. The quarto 1599, and the folio read,—though *ſome* nature. The editor of the ſecond folio ſubſtituted *fond* for *ſome*. I do not believe this was the poet's word, though I have nothing better to propoſe. I have already ſhewn that all the alterations made by the editor of the ſecond folio were capricious, and generally extremely injudicious.

In the preceding line the word *all* is drawn from the quarto, 1597, where we find—

*In all* her beſt and ſumptuous ornaments, &c.

The quarto 1599, and folio, read:

*And in her* beſt array bear her to church. MALONE.

[9] *All things, that we ordained feſtival*, &c.] So, in the poem already quoted:

" Now is the parents' mirth quite changed into mone,
" And now to ſorrow is return'd the joy of every one;
" And now the *wedding weeds* for *mourning weeds* they change,
" And *Hymen* to *a dirge*:—alas! it ſeemeth ſtrange.
" Inſtead of mariage gloves now funeral gowns they have,
" And, whom they ſhould ſee married, they follow to the grave;
" The *feaſt* that ſhould have been of pleaſure and of joy,
" Hath every diſh and cup fill'd full of ſorrow and annoy."

MALONE.

Inſtead of this and the following ſpeeches, the eldeſt quarto has only a couplet:

*Cap.* Let it be ſo, come, woeful ſorrow-mates,
Let us together taſte this bitter fate. STEEVENS

The heavens do lour upon you, for ſome ill;
Move them no more, by croſſing their high will.

[*Exeunt* CAPULET, *Lady* CAPULET, PARIS, *and* FRIAR.

1. *Muſ.* 'Faith, we may put up our pipes, and be gone.

*Nurſe.* Honeſt good fellows, ah, put up, put up;
For, well you know, this is a pitiful caſe. [*Exit* Nurſe.

1. *Muſ.* Ay, by my troth, the caſe may be amended.

*Enter* PETER[1].

*Pet.* Muſicians, O, muſicians, *Hearts eaſe, heart's eaſe*; O, an you will have me live, play—*heart's eaſe.*

1. *Muſ* Why *heart's eaſe?*

*Pet.* O, muſicians, becauſe my heart itſelf plays—*My heart is full of woe*[2]: O, play me ſome merry dump, to comfort me.

2. *Muſ.* Not a dump we[3]; 'tis no time to play now.

*Pet.* You will not then?

*Muſ.* No.

*Pet.* I will then give it you ſoundly.

1. *Muſ.* What will you give us?

*Pet.* No money, on my faith; but the gleek[4]: I will give you the minſtrel[5].

1. *Muſ.*

[1] *Enter* Peter.] From the quarto of 1599, it appears, that the part of *Peter* was originally performed by *William Kempe.* MALONE.

[2] *My heart is full of woe:*] This is the burthen of the firſt ſtanza of *A pleaſant new ballad of Two Lovers:*

"Hey hoe! *my heart is full of woe.*" STEEVENS.

[3] *Not a* dump *we;*] A *dump* anciently ſignified *ſome kind of dance,* as well as *ſorrow.* So, in *Humour out of Breath,* a comedy, by John Day, 1607:

"He loves nothing but an *Italian dump,*
"Or a *French brawl.*"

But on this occaſion it means a mournful ſong. So, in the *Arraignment of Paris,* 1584, after the ſhepherds have ſung an elegiac hymn over the hearſe of *Colin, Venus* ſays to *Paris:*

"— How cheers my lovely boy after this *dump* of woe?
"*Paris.* Such *dumps,* ſweet lady, as bin theſe, are deadly *dumps* to prove." STEEVENS.

[4] —*the* gleek:] So, in the *Midſummer Night's Dream:*

"Nay, I can *gleek,* upon occaſion."

To *gleek* is to ſcoff. The term is taken from an ancient game at cards called *gleek.* STEEVENS.

The

1. *Muſ.* Then will I give you the ſerving-creature.

*Pet.* Then will I lay the ſerving-creature's dagger on your pate. I will carry no crotchets: I'll *re* you, I'll *fa* you; Do you note me?

1. *Muſ.* An you *re* us, and *fa* us, you note us.

2. *Muſ.* Pray you, put up your dagger, and put out your wit.

*Pet.* Then have at you with my wit; I will dry-beat you with an iron wit, and put up my iron dagger:—Anſwer me like men:

*When griping grief the heart doth wound*[6],
*And doleful dumps the mind oppreſs*[7],
*Then muſick, with her ſilver ſound*;
Why *ſilver ſound?* why, *muſick with her ſilver ſound?*
What

The game is mentioned in the beginning of the preſent century, by Dr. King of the Commons, in his Art of Love;

"But whether we diverſion ſeek
"In theſe, in comet, or in *Gleek*,
"Or Ombre," &c. NICHOLS.

5 —*the minſtrel.*] From the following entry on the books of the Stationers' Company, in the year 1560, it appears that the hire of a *parſon* was cheaper than that of a *minſtrel* or a *cook*:

"Item payd to the preacher vi s. iid.
"Item payd to the minſtrell xii s.
"Item payd to the coke xv s." STEEVENS.

6 *When* griping *grief*, &c.] The epithet *griping* was by no means likely to excite laughter at the time it was written. Lord Surrey, in his tranſlation of the ſecond book of Virgil's Æneid, makes the hero ſay:

"New *gripes* of dred then pearſe our trembling breſtes."

Dr. Percy thinks that the queſtions of Peter are deſigned as a ridicule on the forced and unnatural explanations too often given by us painful editors of ancient authors. STEEVENS.

In Commendation of Muſicke.

Where griping grief ye hart would woūd, and dolful domps ye mind oppreſſe,
There muſick with her ſilver ſound, is wont with ſpede to geue redreſſe;
Of troubled minds for every ſore, ſwete muſick hath a ſalue in ſtore:
In joy it maks our mirth abound, in grief it chers our heauy ſprights,
The carefull head releef hath found, by muſicks pleaſant ſwete delights:
Our ſenſes, what ſhould I ſaie more, are ſubject unto muſicks lore.

What ſay you, Simon Catling [8]?

1. *Muſ.* Marry, ſir, becauſe ſilver hath a ſweet ſound.

*Pet.* Pretty! What ſay you, Hugh Rebeck [9]?

2. *Muſ.* I ſay—*ſilver ſound*, becauſe muſicians ſound for ſilver.

*Pet.* Pretty too!—What ſay you, James Sound-poſt?

3. *Muſ.* 'Faith, I know not what to ſay.

*Pet.* O, I cry you mercy! you are the ſinger: I will ſay for you. It is—*muſick with her ſilver ſound* [1], becauſe

The Gods by muſick hath their pray, the ſoule therein doth ioye,
For as the Romaine poets ſaie, in ſeas whom pirats would deſtroye,
A Dolphin ſau'd from death moſt ſharpe, Arion plaiyng on his harp.
Oh heauenly gift that turnes the minde, (like as the ſterne doth rule the ſhip)
Of muſick, whom ye Gods aſſignde, to comfort man, whom cares would nip,
Sith thou both man, and beaſt doeſt moue, what wiſemā thē will thee reprove? *Richard Edwards.*

From *The Paradiſe of Daintie Deuiſes, Fol.* 31. b.

Of Richard Edwards and William Hunnis, the authors of ſundry poems in this collection, ſee an account in Wood's *Athenæ Oxon.* and alſo in Tanner's *Bibliotheca.* Sir John Hawkins.

Another copy of this ſong is publiſhed by Dr. Percy, in the firſt volume of his Reliques of ancient Engliſh Poetry. Steevens.

[7] *And doleful dumps the mind oppreſs,*] This line I have recovered from the old copy. [1597.] It was wanting to complete the ſtanza as it is afterwards repeated. Steevens.

[8] *Simon* Catling?] A *catling* was a ſmall luteſtring made of *catgut.* Steevens.

In *An hiſtorical account of taxes under all denominations in the time of William and Mary*, p. 336, is the following article: "For every groſs of *catlings* and luteſtring," &c. A. C.

[9] *Hugh* Rebeck?] The fidler is ſo called from an inſtrument with three ſtrings, which is mentioned by ſeveral of the old writers. *Rebec, rebecquin.* See Menage, in v. *Rebec.* In *England's Helicon*, 1614, is *The Shepherd Arſilius his ſong to his* Rebeck, by Bar. Yong. Steev.

It is mentioned by Milton, as an inſtrument of mirth:

"When the merry bells ring round.
"And the jocund *rebecks* ſound,—". Malone.

[1] —*ſilver ſound,*] So, in *The Return from Parnaſſus*, 1606:

"'Faith, fellow fidlers, here's no *ſilver ſound* in this place."

Again, in *Wily Beguiled*, 1606:

"——what harmony is this,
"With *ſilver ſound* that glutteth Sophos' ears?"

Spenſer

cauſe ſuch fellows as you[2] have ſeldom gold for ſounding:—

*Then muſick with her ſilver ſound,*
*With ſpeedy help doth lend redreſs.* [*Exit, ſinging.*

1. *Muſ.* What a peſtilent knave is this ſame?

2. *Muſ.* Hang him, Jack! Come, we'll in here; tarry for the mourners, and ſtay dinner. [*Exeunt.*

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## ACT V[3]. SCENE I.

Mantua. *A Street.*

*Enter* ROMEO.

*Rom.* If I may truſt the flattering eye of ſleep[4],
My dreams preſage ſome joyful news at hand:

My

Spenſer perhaps is the firſt who uſed this phraſe:

"A *ſilver ſound* that heavenly muſic ſeem'd to make." STEEV.

Edwards's Song preceded Spenſer's poem. MALONE.

[2] —*becauſe ſuch fellows as you*—] Thus the quarto 1597. The others read—becauſe *muſicians*. I ſhould ſuſpect that a fidler made the alteration. STEEVENS.

[3] Act V. The acts are here properly enough divided, nor did any better diſtribution than the editors have already made, occur to me in the peruſal of this play; yet it may not be improper to remark, that in the firſt folio, and I ſuppoſe the foregoing editions are in the ſame ſtate, there is no diviſion of the acts, and therefore ſome future editor may try, whether any improvement can be made, by reducing them to a length more equal, or interrupting the action at proper intervals. JOHNSON.

[4] *If I may truſt the flattering* eye *of ſleep,*] i. e. If I may confide in thoſe delightful *viſions* which I have *ſeen* while aſleep. The preciſe meaning of the word *flattering* here, is aſcertained by a former paſſage in Act II.

"——all this is but a *dream*,
"Too *flattering-ſweet* to be ſubſtantial."

By *the eye of ſleep* Shakſpeare, I think, rather meant the viſual power, which a man aſleep is enabled by the aid of imagination to exerciſe, than the eye of *the god of ſleep*.

This is the reading of the orignal copy in 1597, which in my opinion is preferable in this and various other places, to the ſubſequent copies. That of 1599, and the folio, read:

If I may truſt the flattering *truth* of ſleep,

which by a very forced interpretation may mean, If I may confide in the pleaſing viſions of ſleep, and, believe them to be true.—Dr. Johnſon's

My bosom's lord[5] sits lightly in his throne;
And, all this day, an unaccustom'd spirit

Lifts

son's interpretation is, "*If I may trust the* honesty *of sleep, which I know however not to be so nice as not often to practice flattery.*"

Otway, to obtain a clearer sense than that furnished by the words which Dr. Johnson has thus interpreted, reads, less poetically than the original copy, which he had probably never seen, but with nearly the same meaning:

If I may trust the *flattery* of sleep,
My dreams presage some joyful news at hand:

and Mr. Pope has followed him. MALONE.

5 *My* bosom's lord—] So, in *K. Arthur*, a Poem, by R. Chester, 1601:

"That neither Uter nor his councell knew,
"How his deepe *bosome's lord* the dutchess thwarted."

The author, in a marginal note, declares, that by *bosom's lord* he means—*Cupid*. STEEVENS.

So also, in the preface to *Caltha Poetarum, or the Bumble-bee*, 1599: "—whilst he [*Cupid*,] continues honoured in the world, we must once a yeare bring him upon the stage, either dancing, kissing, laughing, or angry, or dallying with his darlings, *seating* himself *in their breasts*," &c.

Thus too Shakspeare, in *Twelfth Night*:

It gives a very echo to the seat
Where *love* is *thron'd*.

Again, in *Othello*:

Yield up, O *Love*, thy crown and *hearted throne*.

Though the passage quoted above from *Othello* proves decisively that Shakspeare considered the *heart* as the *throne* of love, it has been maintained, since this note was written, strange as it may seem, that by *my bosom's lord*, we ought to understand, not the *god of love*, but *the heart*. The words—*love sits lightly on his throne*, says Mr. Mason, can only import "that Romeo loved less intensely than usual." Nothing less. Love, the lord of my bosom, (says the speaker,) who has been much disquieted by the unfortunate events that have happened since my marriage, is now, in consequence of my last night's dream, *gay and cheerful*. The reading of the original copy—sits *cheerful* in his throne, ascertains the author's meaning beyond a doubt.

When the poet described the god of love as sitting lightly on the heart, he was thinking, without doubt, of the common phrase, *a light heart*, which signified in his time, as it does at present, a heart undisturbed by care.

Whenever Shakspeare wishes to represent a being that he has personified, eminently happy, he almost always *crowns* him, or places him on a *throne*. So in *K. Henry IV.* P. I.

"And on your eyelids *crown* the god of sleep."

Again, in the play before us:

"Upon his brow shame is asham'd to sit:
"For 'tis a *throne* where honour may be *crown'd*,
"Sole monarch of the universal earth."

"Again,

Lifts me above the ground with cheerful thoughts.
I dreamt, my lady came and found me dead;
(Strange dream! that gives a dead man leave to think,)
And breath'd ſuch life with kiſſes in my lips,
That I reviv'd[6], and was an emperor.
Ah me! how ſweet is love itſelf poſſeſt,
When but love's ſhadows are ſo rich in joy?

*Enter* BALTHASAR.

News from Verona!—How now, Balthaſar?
Doſt thou not bring me letters from the friar?
How doth my lady? Is my father well?
How fares my Juliet *? That I aſk again;
For nothing can be ill, if ſhe be well.

*Bal.* Then ſhe is well, and nothing can be ill;
Her body ſleeps in Capels' monument[7],

And

Again, more appoſitely, in *K. Henry V.*

" As if allegiance *in their boſoms ſat*,
" *Crowned* with faith and conſtant loyalty." MALONE.

*My boſom's lord*—] Theſe three lines are very gay and pleaſing. But why does Shakſpeare give Romeo this involuntary cheerfulneſs juſt before the extremity of unhappineſs? Perhaps to ſhew the vanity of truſting to thoſe uncertain and caſual exaltations or depreſſions, which many conſider as certain foretokens of good and evil. JOHNSON.

The poet has explained this paſſage himſelf a little further on:

" How oft, when men are at the point of death,
" Have they been merry? which their keepers call
" A lightning before death."

Again, in G. Whetſtone's *Caſtle of Delight*, 1576:

" —a lightning delight againſt his ſouden deſtruction." STEEV.

[6] *I dreamt, my lady came and found me dead;—*
*And* breath'd *ſuch* life with kiſſes in my lips,
*That I reviv'd*,—] Shakſpeare ſeems here to have remember'd Marlowe's *Hero and Leander*, a poem which he has quoted in *As you Like it*:

" By this ſad Hero—
" Viewing Leander's face, fell down and fainted;
" *He kiſs'd her, and breath'd life into her lips*," &c. MALONE.

* *How fares my Juliet?*] So the firſt quarto. That of 1599, and the folio, read:

How *doth my lady* Juliet? MALONE.

[7] —*in* Capels' *monument*,] Shakſpeare found *Capel* and *Capulet* uſed indiſcriminately in the poem which was the ground work of this tragedy. For *Capels'* monument the modern editors have ſubſtituted—*Capulet's* monument. MALONE.

The old copies read in *Capels'* monument; and thus Gaſcoigne in his *Flowers*, p. 51:

" Thys

And her immortal part with angels lives;
I saw her laid low in her kindred's vault,
And presently took post to tell it you:
O pardon me for bringing these ill news,
Since you did leave it for my office, sir.

*Rom.* Is it even so? then I defy my stars[8]!—
Thou know'st my lodging: get me ink and paper,
And hire post-horses; I will hence to-night.

*Bal.* Pardon me, sir, I will not leave you thus[9]:
Your looks are pale and wild, and do import
Some misadventure.

*Rom.* Tush, thou art deceiv'd;
Leave me, and do the thing I bid thee do:
Hast thou no letters to me from the friar?

*Bal.* No, my good lord.

*Rom.* No matter: Get thee gone,
And hire those horses; I'll be with thee straight.
[*Exit* Balthasar.

Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee to night.
Let's see for means:—O, mischief! thou art swift
To enter in the thoughts of desperate men!
I do remember an apothecary[1],—

And

" Thys token whych the *Mountacutes* did beare alwaies, so that
" They covet to be knowne from *Capels*, where they passe,
" For ancient grutch whych long ago 'tweene these two houses
was." STEEVENS.

[8] *I defy my stars!*] Thus the original copy in 1597. The quarto of 1609, and the folio, read—*I deny you*, stars. MALONE.

[9] *Pardon me, sir, I will not leave you thus:*] This line is taken from the quarto, 1597. The quarto, 1609, and the folio, read:
" I do beseech you, sir, have patience." STEEVENS.
So also the quarto, 1599. MALONE.

[1] *I do remember an apothecary*, &c.] It is clear, I think, that Shakspeare had here the poem of *Romeus and Juliet* before him; for he has borrowed more than one expression from thence:
" And seeking long, alas, too soon! the thing he sought, he found.
" An apothecary sat unbusied at his door,
" Whom by his *heavy countenance* he guessed to be poor;
" And in his shop he saw his *boxes* were but few,
" And in his window of his wares there was so small a *shew*:
" Wherefore our Romeus assuredly hath thought,
" What by no friendship could be got, with money should be bought;
" For needy lack is like the poor man to compel
" To sell that which the city's law forbiddeth him to sell.—
" Take

And hereabouts he dwells,—whom late I noted
In tatter'd weeds, with overwhelming brows,
Culling of ſimples; meager were his looks,
Sharp miſery had worn him to the bones:
And in his needy ſhop a tortoiſe hung,
An alligator ſtuff'd[2], and other ſkins
Of ill-ſhap'd fiſhes; and about his ſhelves
A beggarly account of empty boxes[3],
Green earthen pots, bladders, and muſty ſeeds,
Remnants of packthread, and old cakes of roſes,
Were thinly ſcatter'd, to make up a ſhew.
Noting this penury, to myſelf I ſaid—
An if a man did need a poiſon now,
Whoſe ſale is preſent death in Mantua,
Here lives a caitiff wretch would ſell it him.
O, this ſame thought did but fore-run my need;
And this ſame needy man muſt ſell it me.
As I remember, this ſhould be the houſe:
Being holiday, the beggar's ſhop is ſhut.—
What, ho! apothecary!

*Enter* Apothecary.

*Ap.* Who calls ſo loud?

*Rom.* Come hither, man.—I ſee, that thou art poor;
Hold, there is forty ducats: let me have
A dram of poiſon; ſuch ſoon-ſpeeding geer
As will diſperſe itſelf through all the veins,
That the life-weary taker may fall dead;

" Take fifty crowns of gold, (quoth he)——
" Fair ſir, (quoth he) be ſure this is the *ſpeeding geer*,
" And more there is than you ſhall need; for half of that is there
" Will ſerve, I undertake, in leſs than half an hour
" To kill the ſtrongeſt man alive, ſuch is the poiſon's power."
MALONE.

[2] *An alligator ſtuff'd*—] It appears from Naſhe's *Have with you to Saffron Walden*, 1596, that a ſtuff'd alligator, in Shakſpeare's time, made part of the furniture of an apothecary's ſhop. " He made (ſays Naſhe,) an anatomie of a rat, and after hanged her over his head, inſtead of an *apothecary's* crocodile, or *dried alligator*." MALONE.

[3] *A* beggarly *account of empty boxes*,] Dr. Warburton would read, a *braggartly* account; but *beggarly* is probably right; if the *boxes* were *empty*, the *account* was more *beggarly*, as it was more pompous.
JOHNSON.

And

And that the trunk may be diſcharg'd of breath
As violently, as haſty powder fir'd
Doth hurry from the fatal cannon's womb.

*Ap.* Such mortal drugs I have; but Mantua's law
Is death, to any he that utters them.

*Rom.* Art thou ſo bare, and full of wretchedneſs,
And fear'ſt to die? famine is in thy cheeks,
Need and oppreſſion ſtarveth in thy eyes[4],
Upon thy back hangs ragged miſery[5],
The world is not thy friend, nor the world's law:
The world affords no law to make thee rich;
Then be not poor, but break it, and take this.

*Ap.* My poverty, but not my will, conſents.

4 *Need and oppreſſion* ſtarveth *in thy eyes,*] The firſt quarto reads:

" And ſtarved famine dwelleth in thy cheeks."

The quartos, 1599, 1609, and the folio:

" Need and oppreſſion *ſtarveth* in thy eyes."

Our modern editors, without authority,

" Need and oppreſſion *ſtare* within thy eyes." STEEVENS.

This modern reading was introduced by Mr. Pope, and was founded on that of Otway, in whoſe *Caius Marius* the line is thus exhibited:

" Need and oppreſſion *ſtareth* in thy eyes."

The word *ſtarved* in the firſt copy ſhews that *ſtarveth* in the text is right. In the quarto of 1597, this ſpeech ſtands thus:

And doſt thou fear to violate the law?
The law is not thy friend, nor the lawes friend,
And therefore make no conſcience of the law.
Upon thy back hangs ragged miſerie,
And ſtarved famine dwelleth in thy cheeks.

The laſt line is in my opinion preferable to that which has been ſubſtituted in its place, but it could not be admitted into the text without omitting the words—*famine is in thy cheeks,* and leaving an hemiſtick. MALONE.

5 *Upon thy back hangs ragged miſery,*] So, in Kyd's *Cornelia,* a tragedy, 1594:

" Upon thy *back* where *miſery doth ſit,*
" O Rome, &c. MALONE.

This is the reading of the oldeſt copy. I have reſtored it in preference to the following line, which is found in all the ſubſequent impreſſions:

" Contempt and beggary hang upon thy back."

In the *Firſt Part of Jeronimo,* 1605, is a paſſage ſomewhat reſembling this of Shakſpeare:

" Whoſe famiſh'd jaws look like the chaps of death,
" Upon whoſe eye-brows hang damnation." STEEVENS.

*Jeronimo* was performed before 1590. MALONE.

*Rom.* I pay thy poverty, and not thy will.
*Ap.* Put this in any liquid thing you will,
And drink it off; and, if you had the ſtrength
Of twenty men, it would diſpatch you ſtraight.
*Rom.* There is thy gold; worſe poiſon to men's ſouls,
Doing more murders in this loathſome world,
Than theſe poor compounds that thou may'ſt not ſell:
I ſell thee poiſon, thou haſt ſold me none.
Farewel; buy food, and get thyſelf in fleſh.—
Come, cordial, and not poiſon; go with me
To Juliet's grave, for there muſt I uſe thee. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.

*Friar* Lawrence's *Cell.*

*Enter Friar* JOHN.

*John.* Holy Franciſcan friar! brother, ho!

*Enter Friar* LAWRENCE.

*Law.* This ſame ſhould be the voice of friar John.—
Welcome from Mantua: What ſays Romeo?
Or, if his mind be writ, give me his letter.
*John.* Going to find a bare-foot brother out,
One of our order, to aſſociate me[6],

Here

[6] *One of our order, to aſſociate me,*] Each friar has always a companion aſſigned him by the ſuperior, whenever he aſks leave to go out; and thus, ſays Baretti, they are a check upon each other. STEEV.

*Going to find a bare-foot brother out,*
*One of our order, to aſſociate me,*
*Here in this city viſiting the ſick,*
*And finding him, the ſearchers of the town*
*Suſpecting,* &c.] So, in *The Tragicall Hyſtory of Romeus and Juliet,* 1562:

" Apace our friar John to Mantua him hies;
" And, for becauſe in Italy it is a wonted guiſe
" That friars in the town ſhould ſeldom walk alone,
" But of their convent aye *ſhould be accompanied with one*
" *Of his profeſſion,* ſtraight a houſe he findeth out,
" In mind to take ſome friar with him, to walk the town about."

Our authour having occaſion for friar John, has here departed from the poem, and ſuppoſed the peſtilence to rage at Verona, inſtead of Mantua.

Friar John fought for a brother merely for the ſake of form, to accompany him in his walk, and had no intention of viſiting the ſick; the

Here in this city viſiting the ſick,
And finding him, the ſearchers of the town,
Suſpecting that we both were in a houſe
Where the infectious peſtilence did reign,
Seal'd up the doors, and would not let us forth;
So that my ſpeed to Mantua there was ſtay'd.

*Law.* Who bare my letter then to Romeo?

*John.* I could not ſend it,—here it is again,—
Nor get a meſſenger to bring it thee,
So fearful were they of infection.

*Law.* Unhappy fortune! by my brotherhood,
The letter was not nice[7], but full of charge,
Of dear import; and the neglecting it
May do much danger: Friar John, go hence;
Get me an iron crow, and bring it ſtraight
Unto my cell.

*John.* Brother, I'll go and bring it thee. [*Exit.*

*Law.* Now muſt I to the monument alone;
Within this three hours will fair Juliet wake[8];
She will beſhrew me much, that Romeo
Hath had no notice of theſe accidents:
But I will write again to Mantua,

the words therefore, *to aſſociate me*, muſt be conſidered as parenthetical, and *Here in this city*, &c. muſt refer to the bare-foot brother.

I formerly conjectured that the paſſage ought to be regulated thus:

Going to find a bare-foot brother out,
One of our order, to aſſociate me,
And finding him, the ſearchers of the town
Here in this city viſiting the ſick, &c.

But the text is certainly right. The ſearchers would have had no ground of ſuſpicion, if neither of the friars had been in an infected houſe. MALONE.

7 —*was not* nice,—] i. e. was not written on a trivial or idle ſubject. *Nice* ſignifies *fooliſh* in many parts of Gower, and Chaucer. The learned editor of Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*, 1775, obſerves, that H. Stephens informs us, that *nice* was the old French word for *niais*, one of the ſynonymes of *ſot*. Apol. Herod l. i. c. 4. STEEVENS.

See Vol. VI. p. 552, n. 9, and Vol VII. p. 386, n. 9. MALONE.

8 *Within this three hours will fair Juliet wake*;] Inſtead of this line, and the concluding part of the ſpeech, the quarto, 1597, reads only:

"Leſt that the lady ſhould before I come
"Be wak'd from ſleep, I will hye
"To free her from that tombe of miſerie." STEEVENS.

And

And keep her at my cell till Romeo come;
Poor living corſe, clos'd in a dead man' tomb! [*Exit.*

## SCENE III.

*A Church-yard; in it, a monument belonging to the* Capulets.

*Enter* PARIS, *and his* Page, *bearing flowers and a torch.*

*Par.* Give me thy torch, boy: Hence, and ſtand aloof;—
Yet put it out, for I would not be ſeen.
Under yon yew-trees lay thee all along,
Holding thine ear cloſe to the hollow ground;
So ſhall no foot upon the church-yard tread,
(Being looſe, unfirm, with digging up of graves,)
But thou ſhalt hear it: whiſtle then to me,
As ſignal that thou hear'ſt ſomething approach.
Give me thoſe flowers. Do as I bid thee, go.

*Page.* I am almoſt afraid to ſtand alone
Here in the church-yard; yet I will adventure. [*retires.*

*Par.* Sweet flower, with flowers I ſtrew thy bridal bed:
Sweet tomb, that in thy circuit doſt contain
The perfect model of eternity;
Fair Juliet, that with angels doſt remain [9],
Accept this lateſt favour at my hands;
That living honour'd thee, and, being dead,
With funeral praiſes do adorn thy tomb!
[*The boy whiſtles.*

9 *Fair Juliet, that with angels*, &c.] Theſe four lines from the old edition. POPE.

The folio has theſe lines:

" Sweet flow'r, with flow'rs thy bridal bed I ſtrew;
" O woe! thy canopy is duſt and ſtones,
" Which with ſweet water nightly I will dew,
" Or, wanting that, with tears diſtill'd by moans.
" The obſequies that I for thee will keep,
" Nightly ſhall be, to ſtrew thy grave, and weep." JOHNSON.

Mr. Pope has followed no copy with exactneſs; but took the firſt and fourth lines from the elder quarto, omitting the two intermediate verſes, which I have reſtored. STEEVENS.

The folio follows the quarto of 1599. In the text the ſeven lines are printed as they appear in the quarto, 1597. MALONE.

The boy gives warning, ſomething doth approach.
What curſed foot wanders this way to-night,
To croſs my obſequies, and true love's rites?
What, with a torch!—muffle me, night, a while. [*retires.*

*Enter* ROMEO, *and* BALTHASAR *with a torch, mattock, &c.*

*Rom.* Give me that mattock, and the wrenching iron.
Hold, take this letter; early in the morning
See thou deliver it to my lord and father.
Give me the light: Upon thy life I charge thee,
Whate'er thou hear'ſt or ſeeſt, ſtand all aloof,
And do not interrupt me in my courſe.
Why I deſcend into this bed of death,
Is, partly, to behold my lady's face:
But, chiefly, to take thence from her dead finger
A precious ring; a ring, that I muſt uſe
In dear employment[1]: therefore hence, be gone:—
But if thou, jealous, doſt return to pry
In what I further ſhall intend to do,
By heaven, I will tear thee joint by joint,
And ſtrew this hungry church-yard with thy limbs:
The time and my intents are ſavage-wild[2];
More fierce, and more inexorable far,
Than empty tygers, or the roaring ſea.

*Bal.* I will be gone, ſir, and not trouble you.

*Rom.* So ſhalt thou ſhew me friendſhip.—Take thou that:
Live, and be proſperous; and farewel, good fellow.

*Bal.* For all this ſame, I'll hide me hereabout;
His looks I fear, and his intents I doubt. [*retires.*

*Rom.* Thou déteſtable[3] maw, thou womb of death,
Gorg'd

[1] —*dear employment:*] That is, *action of importance.* Gems were ſuppoſed to have great powers and virtues. JOHNSON.
See Vol. VIII. p. 130, n. 6. MALONE.

[2] —*ſavage-wild;*] Here the ſpeech concludes in the old copy. STEEVENS.

[3] —*déteſtable*—] This word, which is now accented on the ſecond ſyllable, was once accented on the firſt; therefore this line did not originally

Gorg'd with the deareſt morſel of the earth,
Thus I enforce thy rotten jaws to open,
[*breaking up the monument.*
And, in deſpight, I'll cram thee with more food!

*Par.* This is that baniſh'd haughty Montague,
That murder'd my love's couſin;—with which grief,
It is ſuppoſed, the fair creature dy'd,—
And here is come to do ſome villainous ſhame
To the dead bodies: I will apprehend him.— [*advances.*
Stop thy unhallow'd toil, vile Montague;
Can vengeance be purſu'd further than death?
Condemned villain, I do apprehend thee:
Obey, and go with me; for thou muſt die.

*Rom.* I muſt, indeed; and therefore came I hither.—
Good gentle youth, tempt not a deſperate man,
Fly hence and leave me;—think upon theſe gone;
Let them affright thee.—I beſeech thee, youth,
Heap not another ſin [4] upon my head,
By urging me to fury:—O, be gone!
By heaven, I love thee better than myſelf;
For I come hither arm'd againſt myſelf:
Stay not, be gone;—live, and hereafter ſay—
A madman's mercy bade thee run away.

*Par.* I do defy thy conjurations [5],

And

originally ſeem to be inharmonious. So, in the *Tragedie of Crœſus*, 1604:

"Court with vain words and *déteſtable* lyes."

Again, in Shakſpeare's *K. John*, Act III. Sc. iii:

"And I will kiſs thy *déteſtable* bones." STEEVENS.

Again, in Daniel's *Civil Warres*, 1595:

"Such *déteſtable* vile impiety." MALONE.

4 Heap *not another* ſin—] Thus the quarto 1597. So, in the poem of *Romeus and Juliet*:

"With ſighs and ſalted tears her ſhriving doth begin,
"For ſhe of *heaped* ſorrows hath to ſpeak, and not of *ſin*."

The quarto 1599 and folio have—*Put* not. MALONE.

5 *I do defy thy* conjurations,] So the quarto 1597. Inſtead of this, in that of 1599, we find—*commiration*. In the next quarto of 1609 this was altered to *commiſeration*, and the folio being probably printed from thence, the ſame word is exhibited there. The obvious interpre-

And do attach thee as a felon here.

*Rom.* Wilt thou provoke me? then have at thee, boy.

[*They fight.*

*Page.* O lord! they fight: I will go call the watch.

[*Exit* Page.

*Par.* O, I am ſlain! [*falls.*]—If thou be merciful,
Open the tomb, lay me with Juliet. [*dies.*

*Rom.* In faith, I will:—Let me peruſe this face;—
Mercutio's kinſman, noble county Paris:—
What ſaid my man, when my betoſſed ſoul
Did not attend him as we rode? I think,
He told me, Paris ſhould have marry'd Juliet:
Said he not ſo? or did I dream it ſo?
Or am I mad, hearing him talk of Juliet,
To think it was ſo?—O, give me thy hand,
One writ with me in ſour misfortune's book!
I'll bury thee in a triumphant grave,—
A grave? O, no; a lantern, ſlaughter'd youth,
For here lies Juliet, and her beauty makes
This vault a feaſting preſence[6] full of light.

Death,

tation of theſe words, "*I refuſe to doas thou conjureſt me to do, i. e. to depart,*" is in my apprehenſion the true one. MALONE.

Paris conceived Romeo to have burſt open the monument for no other purpoſe than to do *ſome villainous ſhame* on the dead bodies, ſuch as witches are reported to have practiſed; and therefore tells him he defies him, and the magic arts which he ſuſpects he is preparing to uſe. So, in Painter's tranſlation of the novel, tom. ii. p. 244. "—the watch of the city by chance paſſed by, and ſeeing light within the grave, ſuſpected ſtraight that they were necromancers which had opened the tombs *to abuſe the dead bodies* for aide of their arte."

To *defy*, anciently meant to *refuſe* or *deny*. So, in the *Death of Robert Earl of Huntingdon*, 1601:

"Or, as I ſaid, for ever I *defy* your company."

Again, in the *Miſeries of Queen Margaret*, by Drayton:

"My liege, quoth he, all mercy now *defy*."

Again, in Spenſer's *Faery Queen*, b. ii. c. 8:

"Foole, (ſaid the Pagan) I thy gift *defye*."

Paris may, however, mean—I refuſe to do as thou *conjureſt* me to do, *i. e.* to depart. STEEVENS.

[6] —*preſence*—] A preſence means a publick room, which is at times the *preſence-chamber* of the ſovereign. So, in the *Noble Gentleman*, by Beaumont and Fletcher, Jacques ſays, his maſter is a duke,

"His chamber hung with nobles, like a preſence." MASON.

Again,

Death, lie thou there, by a dead man interr'd[7].

[*laying* Paris *in the monument.*

How oft when men are at the point of death,
Have they been merry? which their keepers call
A lightning before death: O, how may I
Call this a lightning[8]?—O, my love! my wife!
Death, that hath ſuck'd the honey of thy breath,
Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty[9]:
Thou art not conquer'd; beauty's enſign yet
Is crimſon in thy lips, and in thy cheeks,
And death's pale flag is not advanced there[1].—

Tybalt,

Again, in *Weſtward for Smelts*, 1620: "—the *king* ſent for the wounded man into the *preſence*." MALONE.

This thought, extravagant as it is, is borrowed by Middleton in his comedy of *Blunt Maſter Conſtable*, 1602:

"The darkeſt dungeon which ſpite can deviſe
"To throw this carcaſe in, her glorious eyes
"Can make as lightſome as the faireſt chamber
"In Paris Louvre." STEEVENS.

7 —*by a dead man interr'd.*] Romeo being now determined to put an end to his life, conſiders himſelf as already dead. MALONE.

8 —*O*, how *may I*
*Call this a lightning?*—] I think we ſhould read,
—*O*, now *may I*
*Call this a lightning.*— JOHNSON.

The reading of the text is that of the quarto, 1599. The firſt copy reads: *But* how, &c. which ſhews that Dr. Johnſon's emendation cannot be right. MALONE.

This idea occurs frequently in the old dramatic pieces. So, in the ſecond part of *The Downfall of Robert Earl of Huntingdon*, 1601:

"I thought it was *a lightning before death*,
"Too ſudden to be certain."

Again, in Chapman's tranſlation of the 15th Iliad:

"—ſince after this he had not long to live,
"This *lightning flew before his death*."

Again, in his tranſlation of the 18th Odyſſey:

"——extend their cheer
"To th' utmoſt *lightning* that ſtill uſhers *death*." STEEVENS.

9 *Death, that hath ſuck'd the honey of thy breath,*
*Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty:*] So, in Daniel's *Complaint of Roſamond*, 1594:

"Decayed roſes of diſcolour'd cheeks
"Do yet retain ſome notes of former grace,
"*And ugly death ſits faire within her face.*" MALONE.

1 —*beauty's* enſign *yet*
*Is crimſon in thy lips, and in thy cheeks;*

Tybalt, ly'ſt thou there in thy bloody ſheet [2]?
O, what more favour can I do to thee,
'Than with that hand that cut thy youth in twain,
To ſunder his that was thine enemy?
Forgive me, couſin!—Ah, dear Juliet,
Why art thou yet ſo fair? Shall I believe
That unſubſtantial death is amorous [3];

And

*And* death's pale *flag, &c.*] So, in Daniel's *Complaint of Roſamond*, 1594:

" And nought-reſpecting death (the laſt of paines)
" Plac'd his *pale colours* (th' *enſign* of his might)
" Upon his new-got ſpoil;" &c.

In the firſt edition of *Romeo and Juliet*, Shakſpeare is leſs florid in his account of the lady's beauty; and only ſays:

" ——ah, dear Juliet,
" How well thy beauty doth become the grave!"

The ſpeech, as it now ſtands, is firſt found in the quarto, 1599. STEEV.

*And death's pale flag is not advanced there.*] An ingenious friend ſome time ago pointed out to me a paſſage of *Marini*, which bears a very ſtrong reſemblance to this:

*Morte* la'nſegna ſua pallida e bianca
*Vincitrice ſpiegó ſu'l volto mio.*
Rime lugubri, p. 149. ed. Venet. 1605. TYRWHITT.

2 *Tybalt, ly'ſt thou there in thy bloody ſheet? &c.*] So, in Painter's tranſlation, tom. ii. p. 242: "—what greater or more cruel ſatisfaction canſt thou deſyre to have, or henceforth hope for, than to ſee hym which murdered thee, to be empoyſoned wyth hys owne handes, and buryed by thy ſyde?" STEEVENS.

3 ——*Ah, dear Juliet,*
*Why art thou yet ſo fair? ſhall I believe*
*That unſubſtantial death is amorous*; *&c.*] So, in Daniel's *Complaint of Roſamond*, 1594:

" Ah, now, methinks, I ſee *death dallying ſeeks*
" *To entertain itſelfe in love's ſweete place.*"

Inſtead of the very long notes which have been written on this controverted paſſage, I ſhall lay before the reader the lines as they are exhibited in the original quarto of 1597, and that of 1599, with which the folio correſponds.

In the quarto 1597, the paſſage appears thus:

——Ah dear Juliet,
How well thy beauty doth become this grave!
O, I believe that unſubſtantial death
Is amorous, and doth court my love.
Therefore will I, O here, Q ever here,
Set up my everlaſting reſt
With worms that are thy *chamber-maids.*

Come,

And that the lean abhorred monſter keeps
Thee here in dark to be his paramour?

For

Come, deſperate pilot, now at once run on
The daſhing rocks thy ſea-ſick weary barge:
Here's to my love.—O, true apothecary,
Thy drugs are ſwift: thus with a kiſs I die. [*falls*

In the quarto 1599, and the folio, (except that the folio has *arms* inſtead of *arm,*) the lines ſtand thus;

——Ah dear Juliet,
Why art thou yet ſo fair? *I will believe*
*Shall I believe* that unſubſtantial death is amorous,
And that the lean abhorred monſter keeps
Thee here in dark to be his paramour;
For fear of that I ſtill will ſtay with thee,
And never from this palace [*palat* 4°] of dim night
[Depart again. Come, lie thou in my arm:
*Here's to thy health where e'er thou tumbleſt in.*
O true apothecary!
Thy drugs are quick: thus with a kiſs I die.]
Depart again; here, here, will I remain
With worms that are thy chamber-maids: O, here
Will I ſet up my everlaſting reſt,
And ſhake the yoke of inauſpicious ſtars, &c.
Come, bitter conduct, come, unſavoury guide!
Thou deſperate pilot, now at once run on
The daſhing rocks thy ſea-ſick weary bark!
Here's to my love. O, true apothecary,
Thy drugs are quick: thus with a kiſs I die.

There cannot, I think, be the ſmalleſt doubt that the words included within crotchets, which are not found in the undated quarto, were repeated by the careleſſneſs or ignorance of the tranſcriber or compoſitor. In like manner, in a former ſcene we have two lines evidently of the ſame import, one of which only the poet could have intended to retain. See p. 135, n. 6.

In a preceding part of this paſſage Shakſpeare was probably in doubt whether he ſhould write:—

—*I will* believe
That unſubſtantial death is amorous;

Or,

—*Shall* I believe
That unſubſtantial death is amorous;

and having probably eraſed the words *I will believe* imperfectly, the wiſe compoſitor printed the rejected words as well as thoſe intended to be retained.

With reſpect to the line,

Here's to thy health, where'er thou tumbleſt in,

it is unneceſſary to inquire what was intended by it, the paſſage in which

For fear of that, I will ſtill ſtay with thee;
And never from this palace of dim night
Depart again; here, here will I remain
With worms that are thy chamber-maids; O, here
Will I ſet up my everlaſting reſt[4];
And ſhake the yoke of inauſpicious ſtars
From this world-wearied fleſh.—Eyes, look your laſt!
Arms, take your laſt embrace! and lips, O you
The doors of breath, ſeal with a righteous kiſs
A dateleſs bargain to engroſſing death[5]!—
Come, bitter conduct[6], come, unſavoury guide!
Thou

this line is found, being afterwards exhibited in another form; and being much more accurately expreſſed in its ſecond than its firſt exhibition, we have a right to preſume that the poet intended it to appear in its ſecond form, that is, as it now appears in the text. MALONE.

4 —*my everlaſting reſt*;] See a note on ſcene 5th of the preceding Act. So, in the *Spaniſh Gipſie*, by Middleton and Rowley, 1653:

" ——could I *ſet up my reſt*
" That he were loſt or taken priſoner,
" I could hold truce with ſorrow."

To *ſet up one's reſt* is to be determined to any certain purpoſe, to reſt in perfect confidence and reſolution, to make up one's mind. Again, in the ſame play:

" *Set up thy reſt*; her marrieſt thou, or none." STEEVENS.

5 ——*Eyes, look your laſt!*
*Arms, take your laſt embrace! and lips, O you*
*The doors of breath, ſeal with a righteous kiſs*
*A dateleſs bargain to engroſſing death!*] So, in Daniel's *Complaint of Roſamond*, 1594:

" Pitiful mouth, ſaid he, that living gaveſt
" The ſweeteſt comfort that my ſoul could wiſh,
" O be it lawful now, that dead, thou haveſt
" The ſorrowing farewell of a dying kiſs!
" And you, fair eyes, containers of my bliſs,
" Motives of love, born to be matched never,
" Entomb'd in your ſweet circles, ſleep for ever!"

I think there can be little doubt, from the foregoing lines and the other paſſages already quoted from this poem, that our authour had read it recently before he wrote the laſt act of the preſent tragedy. MALONE.

—*to engroſſing death!*] *Engroſſing* ſeems to be here uſed in its clerical ſenſe. MALONE.

6 *Come, bitter* conduct,] Marſton alſo in his ſatires, 1599, uſes *conduct* for *conductor*:

" Be thou my *conduct* and my genius."

So,

Thou desperate pilot, now at once run on
The dashing rocks thy sea-sick weary bark!
Here's to my love!—[*drinks.*] O, true apothecary!
Thy drugs are quick.—Thus with a kiss I die. [*dies.*

*Enter, at the other end of the church-yard, Friar* LAWRENCE, *with a lantern, crow, and spade.*

*Fri.* Saint Francis be my speed! how oft to-night
Have my old feet stumbled at graves[7]?—Who's there?

*Bal.* Here's one, a friend, and one that knows you well.

*Fri.* Bliss be upon you! Tell me, good my friend,
What torch is yond', that vainly lends his light
To grubs and eyeless sculls? as I discern,
It burneth in the Capels' monument.

*Bal.* It doth so, holy sir; and there's my master,
One that you love.

*Fri.* Who is it?

*Bal.* Romeo.

*Fri.* How long hath he been there?

*Bal.* Full half an hour

*Fri.* Go with me to the vault.

*Bal.* I dare not, sir:
My master knows not, but I am gone hence;
And fearfully did menace me with death,
If I did stay to look on his intents.

*Fri.* Stay then, I'll go alone:—Fear comes upon me;
O, much I fear some ill unlucky thing.

*Bal.* As I did sleep under this yew-tree here,

So, in a former scene in this play:

"And fire-ey'd fury be my *conduct* now."

See also Vol. I. p. 98, n. 7. MALONE.

[7] —*how oft to-night*
*Have my old feet* stumbled *at graves?*] This accident was reckoned ominous. So, in *K. Henry VI.*

"For many men that *stumble* at the threshold,
"Are well foretold, that danger lurks within."

Again, in *K. Richard III.* Hastings, going to execution, says:

"Three times to-day my footcloth horse did *stumble*."

STEEVENS.

I dream

I dreamt my maſter and another fought [8],
And that my maſter ſlew him.
*Fri.* Romeo?— [*advances.*
Alack, alack, what blood is this, which ſtains
The ſtony entrance of this ſepulcher?—
What mean theſe maſterleſs and gory ſwords
To lie diſcolour'd by this place of peace?
[*enters the monument.*
Romeo! O, pale!—Who elſe? what, Paris too?
And ſteep'd in blood?—Ah, what an unkind hour
Is guilty of this lamentable chance!—
The lady ſtirs [9]. [Juliet *wakes, and ſtirs.*
*Jul.* O, comfortable friar! where is my lord?
I do remember well where I ſhould be,
And there I am:—Where is my Romeo? [*Noiſe within.*
*Fri.* I hear ſome noiſe.—Lady, come from that neſt
Of death, contagion, and unnatural ſleep [1];
A greater Power than we can contradict

[8] *I dreamt my maſter and another fought,*] This is one of the touches of nature that would have eſcaped the hand of any painter leſs attentive to it than Shakſpeare. What happens to a perſon while he is under the manifeſt influence of fear, will ſeem to him, when he is recovered from it, like a dream. Homer, Book 8th, repreſents Rheſus dying faſt aſleep, and as it were beholding his enemy in a dream plunging a ſword into his boſom. Euſtathius and Dacier both applaud this image as very natural; for a man in ſuch a condition, ſays Pope, awakes no further than to ſee confuſedly what environs him, and to think it not a reality, but a viſion. STEEVENS.

[9] *The lady ſtirs.*] In the alteration of this play now exhibited on the ſtage, Mr. Garrick appears to have been indebted to Otway, who, perhaps without any knowledge of the ſtory as told by Da Porto and Bandello, does not permit his hero to die before his wife awakes:

*Mar. Jun.* She breathes, and ſtirs.
*Law.* [*in the tomb.*] Where am I? bleſs me! Heaven!
'Tis very cold, and yet here's ſomething warm.
*Mar. Jun. She lives, and we ſhall both be made immortal.*
Speak, my Lavinia, ſpeak ſome heavenly news,
And tell me how the gods deſign to treat us.
*Law.* O, I have ſlept a long ten thouſand years.—
What have they done with me? I'll *not be us'd thus:*
*I'll not wed Sylla; Marius is my huſband.*" MALONE.

[1] —*and unnatural ſleep;*] Shakſpeare alludes to the ſleep of Juliet, which was *unnatural*, being brought on by drugs. STEEVENS.

Hath

Hath thwarted our intents; come, come away:
Thy husband in thy bosom there lies dead[2];
And Paris too; come, I'll dispose of thee
Among a sisterhood of holy nuns:
Stay not to question, for the watch is coming[3];
Come, go, good Juliet,—[*Noise again.*] I dare no longer stay. [*Exit.*

*Jul.* Go, get thee hence, for I will not away.—
What's here? a cup, clos'd in my true love's hand?
Poison, I see, hath been his timeless end:—
O churl! drink all; and leave no friendly drop[4],
To help me after?—I will kiss thy lips;
Haply, some poison yet doth hang on them,
To make me die with a restorative. [*kisses him.*
Thy lips are warm!

1. *Watch.* [*within.*] Lead, boy:—Which way?

[2] *Thy husband in thy bosom there lies dead;*] Shakspeare has been arraigned for departing from the Italian novel, in making Romeo die before Juliet awakes from her trance; and thus losing a happy opportunity of introducing an affecting scene between these unfortunate lovers. But he undoubtedly had never read the Italian novel, or any *literal* translation of it, and was misled by the poem of *Romeus and Juliet*, the authour of which departed from the Italian story, making the poison take effect on Romeo before Juliet awakes. See a translation of the original pathetick narrative in Vol. X. in a note on the poem near the end. MALONE.

[3] *Stay not to question, for the* watch *is coming;*] It has been objected that there is no such establishment in any of the cities of Italy. Shakspeare seldom scrupled to give the manners and usages of his own country to others. In this particular instance the old poem was his guide:

"The weary *watch* discharg'd did hie them home to sleep."

Again:

"The *watchmen* of the town the whilst are passed by,
"And through the gates the candlelight within the tomb they spy." MALONE.

[4] *O churl!* drink *all*; *and* leave *no friendly drop,*] The text is here made out from the quarto of 1597 and that of 1599. The first has—

*Ah* churl! *drink* all, and *leave* no drop for me!

The other:

*O* churl! *drunk* all, and *left* no friendly drop,
To help me after? MALONE.

*Jul.*

*Jul.* Yea, noiſe?—then I'll be brief.—O happy dagger! [*ſnatching* Romeo's *dagger*[5].
This is thy ſheath; [*ſtabs herſelf.*] there ruſt, and let me die[6]. [*falls on* Romeo's *body, and dies.*

*Enter Watch, with the* Page *of* Paris.

*Page.* This is the place; there, where the torch doth burn.

1. *Watch.* The ground is bloody; Search about the church-yard:
Go, ſome of you, who e'er you find, attach. [*Exeunt ſome.*
Pitiful ſight! here lies the county ſlain;—
And Juliet bleeding; warm, and newly dead,
Who here hath lain theſe two days buried.—
Go, tell the prince,—run to the Capulets,—
Raiſe up the Montagues,—ſome others ſearch[7];—
[*Exeunt other watchmen.*

5 *Snatching Romeo's dagger.*] So, in Painter's tranſlation of *Pierre Boiſteau*, tom. ii. p. 244.—Drawing out the dagger which Romeo ware by his ſide, ſhe pricked herſelf with many blows againſt the heart." STEEVENS.

It is clear that in this and moſt other places Shakſpeare followed the poem, and not Painter, for Painter deſcribes Romeo's dagger as hanging at *his ſide*; whereas the poem is ſilent as to the place where it hung, and our authour, governed by the faſhion of his own time, ſuppoſes it to have hung at Romeo's *back*:

" And then paſt deadly fear, (for life ne had ſhe care,)
" With haſty hand ſhe did draw out the dagger that he ware."
MALONE.

6 —*there* ruſt, *and let me die.*] is the reading of the quarto, 1599. That of 1597 gives the paſſage thus:

" I, noiſe? then muſt I be reſolute.
" Oh, happy dagger! thou ſhalt end my fear;
" *Reſt* in my boſom: thus I come to thee."

The alteration was probably made by the poet, when he introduced the words,

" This is thy *ſheath*." STEEVENS.

7 *Raiſe up the Montagues,—ſome others ſearch*;—] Here ſeems to be a rhyme intended, which may be eaſily reſtored;

" Raiſe up the Montagues. Some others, *go*.
" We ſee the ground whereon theſe woes do lie,
" But the true ground of all *this* piteous *woe*
" We cannot without circumſtance deſcry." JOHNSON.

It was often thought ſufficient, in the time of Shakſpeare, for the ſecond and fourth lines in a ſtanza, to rhime with each other. STEEV.

We

We ſee the ground whereon theſe woes do lie;
But the true ground of all theſe piteous woes,
We cannot without circumſtance deſcry.

*Enter ſome of the Watch, with* Balthaſar.

2. *Watch.* Here's Romeo's man, we found him in the church-yard.

1. *Watch.* Hold him in ſafety, till the prince come hither.

*Enter another Watchman, with Friar* Lawrence.

3. *Watch.* Here is a friar, that trembles, ſighs, and weeps:
We took this mattock and this ſpade from him,
As he was coming from this church-yard ſide.

1. *Watch.* A great ſuſpicion; Stay the friar too.

*Enter the* Prince, *and Attendants.*

*Prince.* What miſadventure is ſo early up,
That calls our perſon from our morning's reſt?

*Enter* CAPULET, *Lady* CAPULET, *and Others.*

*Cap.* What ſhould it be, that they ſo ſhriek abroad[8]?

*La. Cap.* The people in the ſtreet cry—Romeo,
Some—Juliet, and ſome—Paris; and all run,
With open out-cry, toward our monument.

*Prince.* What fear is this, which ſtartles in our ears[9]?

1. *Watch.* Sovereign, here lies the county Paris ſlain;
And Romeo dead; and Juliet, dead before,
Warm and new kill'd.

*Prince.* Search, ſeek, and know how this foul murder comes.

1. *Watch.* Here is a friar, and ſlaughter'd Romeo's man;
With inſtruments upon them, fit to open
Theſe dead men's tombs.

*Cap.* O, heavens!—O, wife! look how our daughter bleeds!
This dagger hath miſta'en,—for, lo! his houſe

[8] —*that they ſo ſhriek abroad?*] Thus the folio and the undated quarto. The quarto of 1599 has—that *is* ſo ſhriek abroad. MALONE.

[9] *What fear is this, which ſtartles in* our *ears?*] The old copies read —in *your* ears. The emendation was made by Dr. Johnſon. MALONE.

Is empty on the back of Montague,—
And is miſ-ſheathed in my daughter's boſom[1].

*La. Cap.* O me! this ſight of death is as a bell,
That warns my old age to a ſepulcher.

*Enter* MONTAGUE, *and Others.*

*Prince.* Come, Montague; for thou art early up[2],
To ſee thy ſon and heir more early down.

*Mon.* Alas, my liege, my wife is dead to-night[3];
Grief of my ſon's exile hath ſtopp'd her breath:
What further woe conſpires againſt mine age?

*Prince.* Look, and thou ſhalt ſee.

*Mon.* O thou untaught! what manners is in this[4],

To

[1] *This dagger hath miſta'en, for lo! his houſe*
*Is empty on the back of Montague,*
*And* is *miſsheatbed in my daughter's boſom.*] The words, "*for, lo! his houſe is empty on the back of Montague,*" are to be conſidered as parenthetical. In p. 163, l. 7, we have a ſimilar conſtruction.

The reading of the text is that of the undated quarto, that of 1609, and the folio. The quarto of 1599 reads—And *it* miſheathed. In the original copy of 1597 the line ſtands thus:

—This dagger has miſtook,
For lo! the backe is empty of yong Montague,
And it *is* ſheathed in our daughter's breaſt. MALONE.

It appears that the *dagger* was anciently worn *behind the back.* So, in *The longer thou liveſt the more foool thou art*, 1570:

"Thou muſt weare thy ſworde by thy ſide,
"And thy *dagger* handſumly *at thy backe.*"

Again, in *Humor's Ordinarie*, &c. an ancient collection of ſatires, no date:

"See you the huge bum *dagger at his backe?*" STEEVENS.

[2] —*for thou art early up*, &c.] This ſpeech (as appears from the following paſſage in *The Second Part of the Downfall of Robert Earl of Huntingdon*, 1601) has ſomething proverbial in it:

"In you i'faith the proverb's verified,
"*You are early up*, and yet are ne'er the near." STEEVENS.

[3] *Alas, my liege, my wife is dead to-nigbt*;] After this line the quarto 1597 adds,

"And young Benvolio is deceaſed too."

But this I ſuppoſe the poet rejected on his reviſion of the play, as unneceſſary ſlaughter. STEEVENS.

[4] *O thou untaught!* &c.] So, in *The Tragedy of Darius*, 1603:

"Ah me! malicious fates have done me wrong:
"Who came firſt to the world, ſhould firſt depart.
"It not becomes the old t'o'er-live the young;
"This dealing is prepoſt'rous and o'er-thwart." STEEVENS.

Again,

To preſs before thy father to a grave?
*Prince.* Seal up the mouth of outrage for a while,
Till we can clear theſe ambiguities,
And know their ſpring, their head, their true deſcent;
And then will I be general of your woes,
And lead you even to death: Mean time forbear,
And let miſchance be ſlave to patience.—
Bring forth the parties of ſuſpicion.
*Fri.* I am the greateſt, able to do leaſt,
Yet moſt ſuſpected, as the time and place
Doth make againſt me, of this direful murder;
And here I ſtand, both to impeach and purge
Myſelf condemned and myſelf excus'd.
*Prince.* Then ſay at once what thou doſt know in this.
*Fri*[5]. I will be brief, for my ſhort date of breath
Is not ſo long as is a tedious tale[6].
Romeo, there dead, was huſband to that Juliet;
And ſhe, there dead, that Romeo's faithful wife:
I married them; and their ſtolen marriage-day
Was Tybalt's dooms-day, whoſe untimely death
Baniſh'd the new-made bridegroom from this city;
For whom, and not for Tybalt, Juliet pin'd.
You,—to remove that ſiege of grief from her,—
Betroth'd, and would have married her perforce,
To county Paris:—Then comes ſhe to me;
And, with wild looks, bid me deviſe ſome means
To rid her from this ſecond marriage,
Or, in my cell there would ſhe kill herſelf.

Again, in our poet's *Rape of Lucrece:*

"If children pre-deceaſe progenitors,
"We are their offspring, and they none of ours." MALONE.

[5] *Friar.*] It is much to be lamented, that the poet did not conclude the dialogue with the action, and avoid a narrative of events which the audience already knew. JOHNSON.

Shakſpeare was led into this unintereſting narrative by following too cloſely *The Tragicall Hyſtory of Romeus and Juliet.* MALONE.

[6] —*my ſhort date of breath*
*Is not ſo long as is a tedious tale.*] So, in the 91ſt Pſalm:—"when thou art angry, all our days are gone; we bring our years to an end, as it were a tale that is told." MALONE.

Then

Then gave I her, ſo tutor'd by my art,
A ſleeping potion; which ſo took effect
As I intended, for it wrought on her
The form of death: mean time I writ to Romeo,
That he ſhould hither come as this dire night,
To help to take her from her borrow'd grave,
Being the time the potion's force ſhould ceaſe.
But he which bore my letter, friar John,
Was ſtaid by accident; and yeſternight
Return'd my letter back: Then all alone,
At the prefixed hour of her waking,
Came I to take her from her kindred's vault;
Meaning to keep her cloſely at my cell,
Till I conveniently could ſend to Romeo:
But, when I came, (ſome minute ere the time
Of her awakening,) here untimely lay
The noble Paris, and true Romeo, dead.
She wakes; and I entreated her come forth,
And bear this work of heaven with patience:
But then a noiſe did ſcare me from the tomb;
And ſhe, too deſperate, would not go with me,
But (as it ſeems) did violence on herſelf.
All this I know; and to the marriage
Her nurſe is privy: And, if aught in this
Miſcarry'd by my fault, let my old life
Be ſacrific'd, ſome hour before his time,
Unto the rigour of ſevereſt law.

*Prince.* We ſtill have known thee for a holy man.—
Where's Romeo's man? what can he ſay in this?

*Bal.* I brought my maſter news of Juliet's death;
And then in poſt he came from Mantua,
To this ſame place, to this ſame monument.
This letter he early bid me give his father;
And threaten'd me with death, going in the vault,
If I departed not, and left him there.

*Prince.* Give me the letter, I will look on it.—
Where is the county's page, that rais'd the watch?—
Sirrah, what made your maſter in this place?

*Page.* He came with flowers to ſtrew his lady's grave;
And bid me ſtand aloof, and ſo I did:

Anon,

Anon, comes one with light to ope the tomb;
And, by and by, my maſter drew on him;
And then I ran away to call the watch.

*Prince.* This letter doth make good the friar's words,
Their courſe of love, the tidings of her death:
And here he writes – that he did buy a poiſon
Of a poor 'pothecary, and therewithal
Came to this vault to die, and lie with Juliet.—
Where be theſe enemies? Capulet! Montague!—
See, what a ſcourge is laid upon your hate,
That heaven finds means to kill your joys with love!
And I, for winking at your diſcords too,
Have loſt a brace of kinſmen [7]:—all are puniſh'd.

*Cap.* O, brother Montague, give me thy hand:
This is my daughter's jointure, for no more
Can I demand.

*Mon.* But I can give thee more:
For I will raiſe her ſtatue in pure gold;
That, while Verona by that name is known,
There ſhall no figure at ſuch rate be ſet,
As that of true and faithful Juliet.

*Cap.* As rich ſhall Romeo by his lady lie;
Poor ſacrifices of our enmity!

*Prince.* A glooming peace [8] this morning with it brings;
The ſun, for ſorrow, will not ſhew his head:

7 *Have loſt a brace of kinſmen:*] Mercutio and Paris: Mercutio is expreſly called the prince's kinſman in Act III. ſc. iv. and that Paris alſo was the prince's kinſman, may be inferred from the following paſſages. Capulet, ſpeaking of the count in the fourth act, deſcribes him as "a gentleman of *princely* parentage," and, after he is killed, Romeo ſays,

"——Let me peruſe this face;
"*Mercutio's kinſman*, noble county Paris." MALONE.

8 *A* glooming *peace*, &c.] The modern editions read—*gloomy*; but *glooming*, which is the old reading, may be the true one. So, in the *Spaniſh Tragedy*, 1605:

"Through dreadful ſhades of ever-*glooming* night."

To *gloom* is an ancient verb uſed by Spenſer; I meet with it likewiſe in the play of *Tom Tyler and his wife*, 1661:

"If either he gaſpeth or *gloometh*." STEEVENS.

*Gloomy* is the reading of the old copy in 1597; for which *glooming* was ſubſtituted in that of 1599. MALONE.

Go hence, to have more talk of these sad things;
Some shall be pardon'd, and some punished [9]:
For never was a story of more woe,
Than this of Juliet and her Romeo [1]. [*Exeunt.*

9 *Some shall be pardon'd, and some punished:*] This seems to be not a resolution in the *prince*, but a reflection on the various dispensations of providence; for who was there that could justly be punished by any human law? EDWARDS's MSS.

This line has reference to the novel from which the fable is taken. Here we read that Juliet's female attendant was banished for concealing the marriage; Romeo's servant set at liberty because he had only acted in obedience to his master's orders; the apothecary taken, tortured, condemned, and hanged; while friar Lawrence was permitted to retire to a hermitage in the neighbourhood of Verona, where he ended his life in penitence and peace. STEEVENS.

1 —*Juliet and her Romeo.*] Shakspeare has not effected the alteration of this play by introducing any new incidents, but merely by adding to the length of the scenes.

The piece appears to have been always a very popular one. Marston, in his satires, 1598, says:

" Luscus, what's play'd to-day?—faith, now I know
" I set thy lips abroach, from whence doth flow
" Nought but pure Juliet and Romeo." STEEVENS.

*For never was a story of more woe,*
*Than this of Juliet and her Romeo.*] These lines seem to have been formed on the concluding couplet of the poem of *Romeus and Juliet:*

" —among the monuments that in Verona been,
" There is no monument more worthy of the sight,
" Than is the tomb of Juliet, and Romeus her knight."
MALONE.

This play is one of the most pleasing of our author's performances. The scenes are busy and various, the incidents numerous and important, the catastrophe irresistibly affecting, and the process of the action carried on with such probability, at least with such congruity to popular opinions, as tragedy requires.

Here is one of the few attempts of Shakspeare to exhibit the conversation of gentlemen, to represent the airy sprightliness of juvenile elegance. Mr. Dryden mentions a tradition, which might easily reach his time, of a declaration made by Shakspeare, that *he was obliged to kill Mercutio in the third act, lest he should have been killed by him.* Yet he thinks him *no such formidable person, but that he might have lived through the play, and died in his bed,* without danger to a poet. Dryden well knew, had he been in quest of truth, that, in a pointed sentence, more regard is commonly had to the words than the thought, and that it is very seldom to be rigorously understood. Mercutio's

cutio's wit, gaiety, and courage, will always procure him friends that wiſh him a longer life; but his death is not precipitated, he has lived out the time allotted him in the conſtruction of the play; nor do I doubt the ability of Shakſpeare to have continued his exiſtence, though ſome of his ſallies are perhaps out of the reach of Dryden; whoſe genius was not very fertile of merriment, nor ductile to humour, but acute, argumentative, comprehenſive, and ſublime.

The nurſe is one of the characters in which the author delighted: he has, with great ſubtilty of diſtinction, drawn her at once loquacious and ſecret, obſequious and inſolent, truſty and diſhoneſt.

His comick ſcenes are happily wrought, but his pathetick ſtrains are always polluted with ſome unexpected depravations. His perſons, however diſtreſſed, *have a conceit left them in their miſery, a miſerable conceit.* JOHNSON.

# H A M L E T.

# Perſons Repreſented.

Claudius, *King of* Denmark.
Hamlet, *ſon to the former, and nephew to the preſent, king.*
Polonius, *Lord Chamberlain.*
Horatio, *friend to* Hamlet.
Laertes, *ſon to* Polonius.
Voltimand, Cornelius, Roſencrantz, Guildenſtern, } *Courtiers.*
Oſrick, *a courtier.*
*Another courtier.*
*A Prieſt.*
Marcellus, Bernardo, } *Officers.*
Franciſco, *a ſoldier.*
Reynaldo, *ſervant to* Polonius.
*A Captain. An Ambaſſador.*
*Ghoſt of* Hamlet's *father.*
Fortinbras, *Prince of* Norway.

Gertrude, *Queen of* Denmark, *and mother of* Hamlet.
Ophelia, *daughter of* Polonius.

*Lords, Ladies, Officers, Soldiers, Players, Grave-diggers, Sailors, Meſſengers, and other Attendants.*

*SCENE*, Elſinore.

# HAMLET.

## ACT I. SCENE I.

Elſinore. *A Platform before the Caſtle.*

FRANCISCO *on his poſt.* *Enter to him* BERNARDO.

*Ber.* Who's there?

*Fran.* Nay, anſwer me[2]: ſtand, and unfold yourſelf.

[1] The original ſtory on which this play is built, may be found in Saxo Grammaticus the Daniſh hiſtorian. From thence Belleforeſt adopted it in his collection of novels, in ſeven volumes, which he began in 1564, and continued to publiſh through ſucceeding years. From this work, *The Hyſtorie of Hamblett*, quarto, bl. l. was tranſlated. I have hitherto met with no earlier edition of the play than one in the year 1604, though it muſt have been performed before that time, as I have ſeen a copy of Speght's edition of Chaucer, which formerly belonged to Dr. Gabriel Harvey, (the antagoniſt of Naſh) who, in his own hand-writing, has ſet down the play, as a performance with which he was well acquainted, in the year 1598. His words are theſe: "The younger ſort take much delight in Shake-"ſpeare's Venus and Adonis; but his Lucrece, and his tragedy of "Hamlet Prince of Denmarke, have it in them to pleaſe the wiſer "ſort, 1598."

In the books of the Stationers' Company this play was entered by James Roberts, July 26, 1602, under the title of "A booke called *The Revenge of Hamlett, Prince of Denmarke*, as it was lately acted by the Lord Chamberlain his ſervantes."

In *Eaſtward Hoe* by G. Chapman, B. Jonſon, and J. Marſton, 1605, is a fling at the hero of this tragedy. A footman named *Hamlet* enters, and a tankard-bearer aſks him—"'Sfoote, *Hamlet*, are you *mad?*" STEEVENS.

Surely no ſatire was here intended. *Eaſtward Hoe* was acted at Shakſpeare's own playhouſe, (Blackfriers,) by the children of the revels, in 1605.

A play on the ſubject of *Hamlet* had been exhibited on the ſtage before the year 1589, of which Thomas Kyd was, I believe, the authour. On that play, and on the bl. letter *Hiſtorie of Hamblet*, our poet, I conjecture, conſtructed the tragedy before us. The earlieſt edition of the proſe-narrative which I have ſeen, was printed in 1608, but it undoubtedly was a republication.

Shakſpeare's *Hamlet* was written, if my conjecture be well founded, in 1596. See *An Attempt to aſcertain the order of his plays*, Vol. I. MALONE.

[2] —*me*:] i. e. *me*, who am already on the watch, and have a right to demand the watch-word. STEEVENS.

*Ber.* Long live the king[3]!

*Fran.* Bernardo?

*Ber.* He.

*Fran.* You come moſt carefully upon your hour.

*Ber.* 'Tis now ſtruck twelve; get thee to bed, Franciſco.

*Fran.* For this relief, much thanks: 'tis bitter cold,
And I am ſick at heart.

*Ber.* Have you had quiet guard?

*Fran.* Not a mouſe ſtirring.

*Ber.* Well, good night.
If you do meet Horatio and Marcellus,
The rivals of my watch[4], bid them make haſte.

[3] *Long live the king!*] This ſentence appears to have been the watch-word. MALONE.

[4] *The* rivals *of my watch,*] *Rivals*, for partners. WARBURTON.

So, in *Antony and Cleopatra* (the quotation is Mr. Steevens's): "Cæſar having made uſe of him in the wars againſt Pompey, preſently denied him *rivality*."

*Rival* is conſtantly uſed by Shakſpeare for a partner or aſſociate. In Bullokar's *Engliſh Expoſitor*, 8vo. 1616, it is defined, "*One that ſueth for the ſame thing with another*;" and hence Shakſpeare, with his uſual licence, always uſes it in the ſenſe of *one engaged in the ſame employment or office with another*. *Competitor*, which is explained by Bullokar by the very ſame words which he has employed in the definition of *rival*, is in like manner (as Mr. Maſon has obſerved,) always uſed by Shakſpeare for *aſſociate*. See Vol. I. p. 140, n. 7. Vol. II. p. 330, n. 7, Vol. IV. p. 90, n. 3, Vol. VI. p. 589, n. *, and Vol. VII. p. 455, n. 7.

Mr. Warner would read and point thus:

If you do meet Horatio, and Marcellus
The *rival* of my watch,—

becauſe Horatio is a gentleman of no profeſſion, and becauſe, as he conceived, there was but one perſon on each watch. But there is no need of change. Horatio is certainly not an officer, but Hamlet's fellow-ſtudent at Wittenberg: but as he accompanied Marcellus and Bernardo on the watch from a motive of curioſity, our poet conſiders him very properly as an *aſſociate* with them. Horatio himſelf ſays to Hamlet in a ſubſequent ſcene,

"——This to me
"In dreadful ſecrecy impart they did,
"And *I with them* the third night *kept the watch*." MALONE.

*Enter*

*Enter* HORATIO, *and* MARCELLUS.

*Fran.* I think, I hear them.—Stand, ho! Who is there?
*Hor.* Friends to this ground.
*Mar.* And liegemen to the Dane.
*Fran.* Give you good night.
*Mar.* O, farewel, honeſt ſoldier:
Who hath reliev'd you?
*Fran.* Bernardo hath my place.
Give you good night. [*Exit* Franciſco.
*Mar.* Holla! Bernardo!
*Ber.* Say,
What, is Horatio there?
*Hor.* A piece of him[5].
*Ber.* Welcome, Horatio; welcome, good Marcellus.
*Hor.* What, has this thing appear'd again to-night[6]?
*Ber.* I have ſeen nothing.
*Mar.* Horatio ſays, 'tis but our fantaſy;
And will not let belief take hold of him,
Touching this dreaded ſight, twice ſeen of us:
Therefore I have entreated him along,
With us to watch the minutes of this night[7];
That, if again this apparition come,
He may approve our eyes[8], and ſpeak to it.

*Hor.*

[5] A piece *of him.*] But why a *piece?* He ſays this as he gives his hand. Which direction ſhould be marked. WARBURTON.
*A piece of him*, is, I believe, no more than a cant expreſſion. STEEVENS.

[6] Hor. *What, &c.*] Thus the quarto, 1604. Theſe words in the folio are given to Marcellus. MALONE.

[7] —*the minutes of this night*;] This ſeems to have been an expreſſion common in Shakſpeare's time. I find it in one of Ford's plays, *The Fancies*, Act V.
" I promiſe ere *the minutes of the night*,—." STEEVENS.

[8] *He may* approve *our eyes*,—] He may make good the teſtimony of our eyes; be aſſured by his own experience of the truth of that which *we* have related, in *conſequence of having been eye-witneſſes to it.* To *approve* in Shakſpeare's age ſignified to *make good*, or eſtabliſh, and is ſo defined in Cawdrey's *Alphabetical Table of hard Engliſh words*, 8vo. 1604. So, in *King Lear*:

" Good

*Hor.* Tuſh! tuſh! 'twill not appear.

*Ber.* Sit down a while;
And let us once again aſſail your ears,
That are ſo fortified againſt our ſtory,
What we two nights have ſeen[9].

*Hor.* Well, ſit we down,
And let us hear Bernardo ſpeak of this.

*Ber.* Laſt night of all,
When yon ſame ſtar, that's weſtward from the pole,
Had made his courſe to illume that part of heaven
Where now it burns, Marcellus, and myſelf,
The bell then beating one,—

*Mar.* Peace, break thee off; look, where it comes again!

*Enter* GHOST.

*Ber.* In the ſame figure, like the king that's dead.

*Mar.* Thou art a ſcholar, ſpeak to it, Horatio.

*Ber.* Looks it not like the king? mark it, Horatio.

*Hor.* Moſt like:—it harrows me[1] with fear, and wonder.

*Ber.* It would be ſpoke to.

*Mar.* Speak to it, Horatio.

*Hor.* What art thou, that uſurp'ſt this time of night,
Together with that fair and warlike form
In which the majeſty of bury'd Denmark
Did ſometimes march? by heaven I charge thee, ſpeak.

*Mar.* It is offended.

*Ber.* See! it ſtalks away.

*Hor.* Stay; ſpeak; ſpeak I charge thee, ſpeak.
[*Exit* Ghoſt.

*Mar.* 'Tis gone, and will not anſwer.

" Good king, that muſt *approve* the common ſaw!
" Thou out of heaven's benediction com'ſt
" To the warm ſun." MALONE.

9 *What we two nights have ſeen.*] This line is by Hanmer given to Marcellus, but without neceſſity. JOHNSON.

1 *It* harrows *me*, &c.] To *harrow* is to conquer, to ſubdue. The word is of Saxon origin. So, in the old bl. l. romance of *Syr Eglamoure of Artoys*:

" He ſwore by him that *harrowed* hell." STEEVENS.

*Ber.*

*Ber.* How now, Horatio? you tremble, and look pale:
Is not this ſomething more than fantaſy?
What think you of it?

*Hor.* Before my God, I might not this believe,
Without the ſenſible and true avouch
Of mine own eyes.

*Mar.* Is it not like the king?

*Hor.* As thou art to thyſelf:
Such was the very armour he had on,
When he the ambitious Norway combated;
So frown'd he once, when, in an angry parle[2],
He ſmote the ſledded Polacks on the ice[3].
'Tis ſtrange.

*Mar.* Thus, twice before, and jump at this dead hour[4],

[2] —*an angry* parle,] This is one of the affected words introduced by *Lilly*. So, in *Two Wiſe Men and all the Reſt Fools*, 1619:

" — that you told me at our laſt *parle*." STEEVENS.

[3] *He ſmote the* ſledded Polacks *on the ice.*] *Polack* was, in that age, the term for an inhabitant of Poland: *Polaque*, French. As in F. Daviſon's tranſlation of Paſſeratius's epitaph on Henry III. of France, publiſhed by Camden:

" Whether thy chance or choice thee hither brings,
" Stay, paſſenger, and wail the hap of kings.
" This little ſtone a great king's heart doth hold,
" That rul'd the fickle French and *Polacks* bold:
" Whom, with a mighty warlike hoſt attended,
" With trait'rous knife a cowled monſter ended.
" So frail are even the higheſt earthly things!
" Go, paſſenger, and wail the hap of kings." JOHNSON.

A *ſled* or *ſledge* is a carriage without wheels, made uſe of in the cold countries. So, in *Tamburlaine* or the *Scythian Shepherd*, 1590:

" ——————upon an ivory *ſled*
" Thou ſhalt be drawn among the frozen poles." STEEVENS.

All the old copies have *Polax*.—Mr. Pope and the ſubſequent editors read—*Polack*; but the corrupted word ſhews, I think, that Shakſpeare wrote—*Polacks*. MALONE.

[4] —jump *at this dead hour*—] Thus the quarto, 1604. The folio, where we ſometimes find a familiar word ſubſtituted for one more ancient, reads—*juſt* at this dead hour. MALONE.

*Jump* and *juſt* were ſynonymous in the time of Shakſpeare. So, in Chapman's *May Day*, 1611:

" Your appointment was *jump* at three, with me."

Again, in *M. Kyffin's* tranſlation of the *Andria* of *Terence*, 1588:

" Comes he this day ſo *jump* in the very time of this marriage?" STEEVENS.

With

With martial ſtalk hath he gone by our watch.

*Hor.* In what particular thought to work[5], I know not;
But, in the groſs and ſcope[6] of mine opinion,
This bodes ſome ſtrange eruption to our ſtate.

*Mar.* Good now, ſit down, and tell me, he that knows,
Why this ſame ſtrict and moſt obſervant watch
So nightly toils the ſubject of the land?
And why ſuch daily caſt[7] of brazen cannon,
And foreign mart for implements of war!
Why ſuch impreſs of ſhip-wrights, whoſe ſore taſk
Does not divide the ſunday from the week?
What might be toward, that this ſweaty haſte
Doth make the night joint-labourer with the day;
Who is't, that can inform me?

*Hor.* That can I;
At leaſt, the whiſper goes ſo. Our laſt king,
Whoſe image even but now appear'd to us,
Was, as you know, by Fortinbras of Norway,
Thereto prick'd on by a moſt emulate pride,
Dar'd to the combat; in which, our valiant Hamlet
(For ſo this ſide of our known world eſteem'd him)
Did ſlay this Fortinbras; who, by a ſeal'd compact,
Well ratify'd by law, and heraldry[8],
Did forfeit, with his life, all thoſe his lands,
Which he ſtood ſeiz'd of, to the conqueror:

5 *In what particular thought to work,*] i. e. What particular train of thinking to follow. STEEVENS.

6 — *groſs and ſcope* —] General thoughts, and tendency at large. JOHNSON.

7 — *daily* caſt —] The quartos read *coſt*. STEEVENS.

8 — *by law and heraldry,*] i. e. well ratified by the rules of law, and the forms preſcribed *jure feciali*; ſuch as proclamation, &c. MALONE.

Mr. Upton ſays, that Shakſpeare ſometimes expreſſes one thing by two ſubſtantives, and that *law and heraldry* means, by the *herald law*. So *Antony* and *Cleopatra*, Act IV.

" Where rather I expect victorious life,
" Than *death and honour*, " i. e. honourable death. STEEV.

*Puttenham*, in his *Art of Poeſie*, ſpeaks of the *Figure of Twinnes*, " *horſes and barbes*, for *barbed horſes*; *venim & dartes*, for *venimous dartes*," &c. FARMER.

Againſt

Againſt the which, a moiety competent
Was gaged by our king; which had return'd
To the inheritance of Fortinbras,
Had he been vanquiſher; as, by the ſame co-mart[9],
And carriage of the article deſign'd[1],
His fell to Hamlet: Now, ſir, young Fortinbras,
Of unimproved mettle[2] hot and full,
Hath in the ſkirts of Norway, here and there,
Shark'd up a liſt of landleſs reſolutes[3],
For food and diet, to ſome enterprize
That hath a ſtomach in't[4]: which is no other
(As it doth well appear unto our ſtate)
But to recover of us, by ſtrong hand,
And terms compulſatory [5], thoſe foreſaid lands
So by his father loſt: And this, I take it,
Is the main motive of our preparations;
The ſource of this our watch; and the chief head
Of this poſt-haſte and romage[6] in the land.

*Ber.* I think[7], it be no other, but even ſo:

Well

9 — *as by the ſame* co-mart,] Thus the quarto, 1604. The folio reads—as by *the ſame covenant*: for which the late editions have given us—as by *that* covenant.

*Co-mart* is, I ſuppoſe, *a joint bargain*, a word perhaps of our poet's coinage. A *mart* ſignifying a great fair or market, he would not have ſcrupled to have written *to mart*, in the ſenſe of *to make a bargain*. In the preceding ſpeech we find *mart* uſed for bargain or purchaſe. MALONE.

1 *And* carriage *of the article* deſign'd,] *Carriage*, is *import*: *deſign'd*, is *formed, drawn up between them*. JOHNSON.

Cawdrey in his *Alphabetical Table*, 1604, defines the verb *deſign* thus. "To marke out or appoint for any purpoſe." See alſo Minſheu's Dict. 1617. "To *deſigne* or ſhew by a token." *Deſigned* is yet uſed in this ſenſe in Scotland. The old copies have *deſeigne*. The correction was made by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

2 *Of* unimproved *mettle*—] *Full of unimproved mettle*, is full of ſpirit not regulated or guided by knowledge or experience. JOHNSON.

3 Shark'd up *a liſt*, &c.] I believe to *ſhark up* means to pick up without diſtinction, as the *ſhark* fiſh collects his prey. The quartos read *lawleſs* inſtead of *landleſs*. STEEVENS.

4 *That hath a* ſtomach *in't*:—] *Stomach*, in the time of our author, was uſed for *conſtancy*, *reſolution*. JOHNSON.

5 —*compulſatory*,] So the quarto. Folio—*compulſative*. MALONE.

6 —*romage*—] Tumultuous hurry. JOHNSON.

7 *I think*, &c.] Theſe, and all other lines confin'd within crotchets throughout this play, are omitted in the folio edition of 1623. The omiſſions

Well may it sort [8], that this portentous figure
Comes armed through our watch; so like the king
That was, and is, the question of these wars [9].

*Hor.* A mote it is [1], to trouble the mind's eye.
In the most high and palmy state of Rome [2],
A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,
The graves stood tenantless, and the sheeted dead
Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets;

* * * * * * *

As stars with trains of fire and dews of blood;
Disasters dimm'd the sun [3]; and the moist star [4],

Upon

omissions leave the play sometimes better and sometimes worse, and seem made only for the sake of abbreviation. JOHNSON.

It may be worth while to observe, that the title-pages of the first quartos in 1604 and 1605, declare this play to be *enlarged to almost as much againe as it was, according to the true and perfect coppy.* STEEV.

This and the following seventeen lines are omitted in the folio. As I shall throughout this play always mention what lines are omitted in that copy, I have not thought it necessary to follow Dr. Johnson in distinguishing the omitted lines by inclosing them within crotchets. MALONE.

[8] *Well may it sort,—*] The cause and the effect are proportionate and suitable. JOHNSON.

[9] *— the* question *of these wars.*] The theme or subject. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

" —You were the *word of war.*" MALONE.

[1] *A* mote *it is,—*] The first quarto reads, a *moth.* STEEVENS.

A *moth* was only the old spelling of *mote*, as I suspected in reviving a passage in *K. John*, Vol. IV. p. 526, where we certainly should read *mote.* See a note on the passage referred to, in the *Appendix*, Vol. X. MALONE.

[2] — palmy *state of Rome,*] *Palmy*, for *victorious.* POPE.

[3] *As stars with trains of fire, and dews of blood;—*
*Disasters* dimm'd *the sun;*] The quarto, 1604, reads
Disasters *in* the sun.

For the emendation I am responsible. It is strongly supported not only by Plutarch's account in the life of Cæsar, [" also the brightness of the *sunne* was *darkened*, the which, all that yeare through, rose very *pale*, and *shined not out*,"] but by various passages in our authour's works. So, in the *Tempest*:

" ——— I have be-*dimm'd*
" The noon-tide *sun.*"

Again, in *King Richard III*:

" As doth the blushing discontented *sun*,—
" When he perceives the envious clouds are bent
" To *dim* his glory."

Again,

Upon whoſe influence Neptune's empire ſtands,
Was ſick almoſt to dooms-day with eclipſe.

And

Again, in our authour's 18th Sonnet:

" Sometimes too hot *the eye of heaven* ſhines,
" And often is his gold complexion *dimm'd*."

I ſuſpect that the words *As ſtars* are a corruption, and have no doubt that either a line preceding or following the firſt of thoſe quoted at the head of this note, has been loſt; or that the beginning of one line has been joined to the end of another, the intervening words being omitted. That ſuch conjectures are not merely chimerical, I have already proved. See Vol. V. p. 228, n. 8. and Vol. VI. p. 507, n. 3.

The following lines in *Julius Cæſar*, in which the prodigies that are ſaid to have preceded his death, are recounted, may throw ſome light on the paſſage before us:

" —— There is one within,
" Beſides the things that we have heard and ſeen,
" Recounts moſt horrid ſights ſeen by the watch.
" A lioneſs hath whelped in the ſtreets;
" And graves have yawn'd and yielded up their dead:
" Fierce firy warriors fight upon the clouds,
" In ranks, and ſquadrons, and right form of war,
" Which drizzel'd blood upon the capitol:
" The noiſe of battle hurtled in the air,
" Horſes do neigh, and dying men did groan;
" And ghoſts did ſhriek and ſqueal about the ſtreets."

The loſt words perhaps contained a deſcription of *firy warriors fighting on the clouds*, or of *brands burning bright beneath the ſtars*.

The 15th book of Ovid's *Metamorphoſes*, tranſlated by Golding, in which an account is given of the prodigies that preceded Cæſar's death, furniſhed Shakſpeare with ſome of the images in both theſe paſſages:

" —battels fighting in the clouds with craſhing armour flew,
" And dreadful trumpets ſounded in the ayre, and hornes eke blew,
" As warning men beforehand of the miſchiefe that did brew;
" And Phœbus alſo looking *dim* did caſt a drowſie light,
" Uppon the earth, which ſeemde likewiſe to be in ſory plighte:
" From underneath beneath the ſtarres brandes oft ſeemde burning bright,
" It often rain'd drops of blood. The morning ſtar look'd blew,
" And was beſotted here and there with ſpecks of ruſtie hew.
" The moone had alſo ſpots of blood.—
" Salt teares from ivorie—images in ſundry places fell;—
" The dogges did howle, and every where appeared ghaſtly ſprights,
" And with an earthquake ſhaken was the towne."—

Plutarch only ſays, that "the ſunne was darkened," that "diverſe men were ſeen going up and down in fire"; there were "fires in the element; ſpirites were ſeene running up and downe in the night, and olitarie birds ſitting in the great market-place."

The

And even[5] the like precurſe of fierce events[6],—
As harbingers preceding ſtill the fates,
And prologue to the omen coming on[7],—
Have heaven and earth together démonſtrated
Unto our climatures and countrymen.—

The diſagreeable recurrence of the word *ſtars* in the ſecond line induces me to believe that *As ſtars* in that which precedes, is a corruption. Perhaps Shakſpeare wrote:

*Aſtres* with trains of fire,——
——— and dews of blood
*Diſaſtrous* dimm'd the ſun.

The word *aſtre* is uſed in an old collection of poems entitled *Diana*, addreſſed to the Earl of Oxenforde, a book of which I know not the date, but believe it was printed about 1580. In *Othello* we have *antres*, a word exactly of a ſimilar formation. MALONE.

4 *And the moiſt ſtar*, &c.] i. e. the moon, So in Marlowe's *Hero and Leander*, 1598:

"Not that night-wand'ring, pale, and *watry ſtar*," &c. MALONE.

5 *And even*, &c.] Not only ſuch prodigies have been ſeen in Rome, but the elements have ſhewn our countrymen like forerunners and foretokens of violent events. JOHNSON.

6 —*precurſe of* fierce *events*,] *Fierce* for *terrible*. WARBURTON.

I rather believe that *fierce* ſignifies *conſpicuous*, *glaring*. It is uſed in a ſomewhat ſimilar ſenſe in *Timon*.

"O the *fierce* wretchedneſs that glory brings!" STEEVENS.

7 *And even the like* precurſe *of fierce events*,
*As* harbingers *preceding ſtill the fates*
*And prologue to the* omen *coming on*,] So, in one of our authour's poems, Vol. X. p. 341:

"But thou ſhrieking *harbinger*,
"Foul *precurrer* of the fiend,
"*Augur* of the fever's end," &c.

*The omen coming on* is, the approaching dreadful and portentous event. So in *K. Richard III.*

"Thy name is *ominous* to children."

i. e. (not boding ill fortune, but) *aſtruſtive* to children.

Again, *ibidem*:

"O Pomfret, Pomfret, O, thou bloody priſon,
"Fatal and *ominous* to noble peers."

Theobald reads—the *omen'd* coming-on. MALONE.

A diſtich from the life of Merlin, by Heywood, will ſhew that there is no occaſion for correction:

"*Merlin*, well vers'd in many an hidden ſpell,
"His countries *omen* did long ſince foretell." FARMER.

Again, in the *Vowbreaker*:

"And much I fear the weakneſs of her braine
"Should draw her to ſome *ominous* exigent." STEEVENS.

*Re-enter* GHOST.

But, ſoft; behold! lo, where it comes again!
I'll croſs it, though it blaſt me.—Stay, illuſion!
If thou haſt any ſound[8], or uſe of voice,
Speak to me:
If there be any good thing to be done,
That may to thee do eaſe, and grace to me,
Speak to me:
If thou art privy to thy country's fate,
Which, hapily, foreknowing may avoid,
O, ſpeak!
Or, if thou haſt uphoarded in thy life
Extorted treaſure in the womb of earth,
For which, they ſay, you ſpirits oft walk in death,
[*Cock crows.*
Speak of it:—ſtay, and ſpeak.—Stop it, Marcellus.

*Mar.* Shall I ſtrike at it with my partizan?

*Hor.* Do, if it will not ſtand.

*Ber.* 'Tis here!

*Hor.* 'Tis here!

*Mar.* 'Tis gone! [*Exit* Ghoſt.

We do it wrong, being ſo majeſtical,
To offer it the ſhew of violence;
For it is, as the air, invulnerable[9],
And our vain blows malicious mockery.

*Ber.* It was about to ſpeak, when the cock crew,

*Hor.* And then it ſtarted like a guilty thing
Upon a fearful ſummons. I have heard,
The cock, that is the trumpet to the morn[1],

Doth

[8] *If thou haſt any ſound,*—] The ſpeech of Horatio to the ſpectre is very elegant and noble, and congruous to the common traditions of the cauſes of apparitions. JOHNSON.

[9] —*it is, as* the air, invulnerable,] So in *Macbeth*:

"As eaſy may'ſt thou the *intrenchant air*,
"With thy keen blade impreſs."

Again, in *King John*:

"Againſt the *invulnerable clouds* of heaven." MALONE.

[1] *The cock, that is the trumpet to the morn,*] So the quarto, 1604. Folio:—to the *day*.

In *England's Parnaſſus*, 8vo, 1600, I find the two following lines aſcribed to Drayton, but know not in which of his poems they are found.

Doth with his lofty and ſhrill-ſounding throat
Awake the god of day; and, at his warning,
Whether in ſea or fire, in earth or air [2],
The extravagant [3] and erring ſpirit hies
To his confine: and of the truth herein
This preſent object made probation.

*Mar.* It faded on the crowing of the cock [4].

Some

" And now *the cocke, the morning's trumpeter,*
" Play'd huntſup for the day-ſtar to appear."

Mr. Gray has imitated our poet:

" The *cock's* ſhrill *clarion,* or the echoing horn,
" No more ſhall rouſe them from their lowly bed." MALONE.

[2] *Whether in ſea,* &c.] According to the pneumatology of that time, every element was inhabited by its peculiar order of ſpirits, who had diſpoſitions different, according to their various places of abode. The meaning therefore is, that all *ſpirits extravagant,* wandering out of their element, whether aerial ſpirits viſiting earth, or earthly ſpirits ranging the air, return to their ſtation, to their proper limits in which they are *confined.* We might read,

" ——— and at his warning
" Th' extravagant and erring ſpirit hies
" To his confine, whether in ſea or air,
" Or earth, or fire. And of," &c.

But this change, though it would ſmooth the conſtruction, is not neceſſary, and, being unneceſſary, ſhould not be made againſt authority. JOHNSON.

*Bourne of Newcaſtle,* in his *Antiquities of the common People,* informs us, " It is a received tradition among the vulgar, that at the " time of cock-crowing, the midnight ſpirits forſake theſe lower " regions, and go to their proper places.—Hence it is, ſays he, that " in country places, where the way of life requires more early labour, " they always go chearfully to work at that time; whereas if they " are called abroad ſooner, they imagine every thing they ſee a wan- " dering ghoſt." And he quotes on this occaſion, as all his predeceſſors had done, the well-known lines from the firſt hymn of *Prudentius.* I know not whoſe tranſlation he gives us, but there is an old one by Heywood. The *pious chanſons,* the *hymns* and *carrols,* which Shakſpeare mentions preſently, were uſually copied from the elder Chriſtian poets. FARMER.

[3] *The extravagant*—] i. e. got out of its bounds. WARBURTON.

So, in *Nobody and Somebody,* 1598: " —they took me up for a *ſtravagant,*" STEEVENS.

[4] *It* faded *on the crowing of the cock.*] This is a very ancient ſuperſtition. Philoſtratus giving an account of the apparition of Achilles' ſhade to Apollonius Tyaneus, ſays that it vaniſhed with a little glimmer as ſoon as the *cock crowed.* Vit. Apol. iv. 16. STEEVENS.

*Faded*

Some ſay, that ever 'gainſt that ſeaſon comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
This bird of dawning ſingeth all night long:
And then, they ſay, no ſpirit dares ſtir abroad [5];
The nights are wholeſome; then no planets ſtrike,
No fairy takes [6], nor witch hath power to charm,
So hallow'd and ſo gracious is the time.

*Hor.* So have I heard, and do in part believe it.
But, look, the morn, in ruſſet mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eaſtern hill [7]:
Break we our watch up; and, by my advice,
Let us impart what we have ſeen to-night
Unto young Hamlet; for, upon my life,
This ſpirit, dumb to us, will ſpeak to him:
Do you conſent we ſhall acquaint him with it,
As needful in our loves, fitting our duty?

*Mar.* Let's do't, I pray; and I this morning know
Where we ſhall find him moſt convenient. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.

*The ſame. A Room of ſtate in the ſame.*

*Enter the* King, Queen, HAMLET, POLONIUS, LAERTES, VOLTIMAND, CORNELIUS, *Lords, and Attendants.*

*King.* Though yet of Hamlet our dear brother's death

*Faded* has here its original ſenſe; it *vaniſhed*. *Vado*, Lat. So, in Spenſer's *Faery Queen*, B. I. C. V. St. 15:

" He ſtands amazed how he thence ſhould *fade*."

That our authour uſes the word in this ſenſe, appears from ſome ſubſequent lines:

" ——— The morning *cock crew* loud;
" And at the ſound it ſhrunk in haſte away,
" And *vaniſh'd* from our ſight." MALONE.

5—dares ſtir *abroad*;] Quarto. The folio reads—*can walk*—. STEEV.

*Spirit* was formerly uſed as a monoſyllable: *ſprite*. The quarto, 1604, has—*dare* ſtir abroad. Perhaps Shakſpeare wrote—no *ſpirits* dare ſtir abroad. The neceſſary correction was made in a late quarto of no authority, printed in 1637. MALONE.

6 *No fairy* takes,] No fairy *ſtrikes* with lameneſs or diſeaſes. This ſenſe of *take* is frequent in this authour. JOHNSON.

7 — *high* eaſtern *hill*:] The old quarto has it better *eaſtward*. WARB.

The ſuperiority of the latter of theſe readings is not, to me at leaſt, very apparent. I find the former uſed in *Lingua*, &c. 1607:

" —and overclimbs
" Yonder gilt *eaſtern* hills."

*Eaſtern* and *eaſtward* alike ſignify *toward the eaſt*. STEEVENS.

The memory be green; and that it us befitted
To bear our hearts in grief, and our whole kingdom
To be contracted in one brow of woe;
Yet so far hath discretion fought with nature,
That we with wisest sorrow think on him,
Together with remembrance of ourselves.
Therefore our sometime sister, now our queen,
The imperial jointress of this warlike state,
Have we, as 'twere, with a defeated joy,—
With one auspicious, and one dropping eye[8];
With mirth in funeral, and with dirge in marriage,
In equal scale weighing delight and dole,—
Taken to wife: nor have we herein barr'd
Your better wisdoms, which have freely gone
With this affair along:—For all, our thanks.
Now follows, that you know, young Fortinbras,—
Holding a weak supposal of our worth;
Or thinking, by our late dear brother's death,
Our state to be disjoint and out of frame,—
Colleagued with this dream of his advantage[9],
He hath not fail'd to pester us with message,

Importing

[8] *With* one *auspicious, and* one *dropping eye*;] Thus the folio. The quarto, with somewhat less of quaintness:

With *an* auspicious, and *a* dropping eye.

The same thought, however, occurs in the *Winter's Tale*: "She had *one eye* declined for the loss of her husband; *another* elevated that the oracle was fulfilled." STEEVENS.

*Dropping* in this line probably means *depressed* or cast downwards; an interpretation which is strongly supported by the passage already quoted from the *Winter's Tale*. It may, however, signify *weeping*. "*Dropping* of the eyes" was a technical expression in our authour's time.—"If the spring be wet with much south wind,—the next summer will happen agues and blearness, *dropping of the eyes*, and pains of the bowels." Hopton's *Concordance of years*, 8vo. 1616.

Again, in Montaigne's *Essaies*, 1603:—"they never saw any man there—with eyes *dropping*, or crooked and stooping through age." MALONE.

[9] Colleagued *with this dream of his advantage*,] The meaning is, He goes to war so indiscreetly, and unprepared, that he has no allies to support him but a *dream*, with which he is *colleagued* or confederated. WARBURTON.

Mr. Theobald, in his *Shakspeare Restored*, proposed to read—*collogued*, but in his edition very properly adhered to the ancient copies. MALONE.

Importing the ſurrender of thoſe lands
Loſt by his father, with all bands of law,
To our moſt valiant brother.—So much for him.
Now for ourſelf, and for this time of meeting.
Thus much the buſineſs is: We have here writ
To Norway, uncle of young Fortinbras,—
Who, impotent and bed-rid, ſcarcely hears
Of this his nephew's purpoſe,—to ſuppreſs
His further gait herein [1]; in that the levies,
The liſts, and full proportions, are all made
Out of his ſubject:—and we here diſpatch
You, good Cornelius, and you, Voltimand,
For bearers of this greeting to old Norway;
Giving to you no further perſonal power
To buſineſs with the king, more than the ſcope [2]
Of theſe dilated articles allow [3].
Farewel; and let your haſte commend your duty.

*Cor. Vol.* In that, and all things, will we ſhew our duty.

*King.* We doubt it nothing; heartily farewel.

[*Exeunt* VOLTIMAND, *and* CORNELIUS.

And now, Laertes, what's the news with you?
You told us of ſome ſuit; What is't, Laertes?
You cannot ſpeak of reaſon to the Dane,
And loſe your voice: What would'ſt thou beg, Laertes,
That ſhall not be my offer, not thy aſking?
The head is not more native to the heart,
The hand more inſtrumental to the mouth,
Than is the throne of Denmark to thy father [4].

What

[1] *His further* gait *herein*;] *Gate* or *gait* is here uſed in the northern ſenſe, for *proceeding*, *paſſage*; from the A. S. verb *gae*. A *gate* for a path, paſſage, or ſtreet, is ſtill current in the north. PERCY.

[2] — *more than the ſcope*—] More than is compriſed in the general deſign of theſe articles, which you may explain in a more diffuſe and dilated ſtile. JOHNSON.

[3] —*theſe* dilated *articles*, &c.] i. e. the articles when dilated. MUSG.

The poet ſhould have written *allows*. Many writers fall into this error, when a plural noun immediately precedes the verb; as I have had occaſion to obſerve in a note on a controverted paſſage in *Love's Labours Loſt*. MALONE.

[4] *The head is not more native to the heart,*
*The hand more inſtrumental to the mouth,*
*Than is the throne of Denmark to thy father.*] The ſenſe ſeems to be this: the head is not formed to be more uſeful to the heart, the

What would'ſt thou have, Laertes?

*Laer.* My dread lord,
Your leave and favour to return to France;
From whence though willingly I came to Denmark,
To ſhew my duty in your coronation;
Yet now, I muſt confeſs, that duty done,
My thoughts and wiſhes bend again toward France,
And bow them to your gracious leave and pardon.

*King.* Have you your father's leave? What ſays Polonius?

*Pol.* He hath, my lord, wrung from me my ſlow leave [5],
By labourſome petition; and, at laſt,
Upon his will I ſeal'd my hard conſent:
I do beſeech you, give him leave to go.

*King.* Take thy fair hour, Laertes; time be thine,
And thy beſt graces: ſpend it at thy will [6].—
But now, my couſin Hamlet, and my ſon,—

*Ham.* A little more than kin, and leſs than kind [7].

[*Aſide.*

*King.*

hand is not more at the ſervice of the mouth, than my power is at your father's ſervice. That is, he may command me to the utmoſt, he may do what he pleaſes with my kingly authority. STEEVENS.

By *native to the heart* Dr. Johnſon underſtands, "natural and congenial to it, born with it, and co-operating with it."

Formerly the heart was ſuppoſed the ſeat of wiſdom; and hence the poet ſpeaks of the cloſe connexion between the heart and head. See Vol. VII. p. 150, n. 4. MALONE.

5 — *wrung from me my ſlow leave,*] Theſe words and the two following lines are omitted in the folio. MALONE.

6 *Take thy fair hour, Laertes; time be thine,*
*And thy beſt graces: ſpend it at thy will.*] The ſenſe, is: "You have my leave to go, Laertes; make the faireſt uſe you pleaſe of your time, and ſpend it at your will with the faireſt graces you are maſter of." THEOBALD.

I rather think this line is in want of emendation. I read,

——— *Time is thine,*
*And* my *beſt graces; ſpend it at thy will.* JOHNSON.

7 Ham. *A little more than* kin, *and leſs than* kind.] *Kind* is the Teutonick word for *child*. Hamlet therefore anſwers with propriety, to the titles of *couſin* and *ſon*, which the king had given him, that he was ſomewhat more than *couſin*, and leſs than *ſon*. JOHNSON.

In this line, with which Shakſpeare introduces Hamlet, Dr. Johnſon has perhaps pointed out a nicer diſtinction than it can juſtly boaſt of. To eſtabliſh the ſenſe contended for, it ſhould have been proved that

*kind*

*King.* How is it that the clouds ſtill hang on you?
*Ham.* Not ſo, my lord, I am too much i' the ſun [8].
*Queen.* Good Hamlet, caſt thy nighted colour off,
And let thine eye look like a friend on Denmark.
Do not, for ever, with thy vailed lids [9]

*kind* was ever uſed by any Engliſh writer for *child*. *A little more than kin*, is a little more than a common relation. The king was certainly ſomething *leſs than kind*, by having betrayed the mother of Hamlet into an indecent and inceſtuous marriage, and obtained the crown by means which he ſuſpects to be unjuſtifiable. In the 5th Act, the Prince accuſes his uncle of having *popt in between the election and his hopes*; which obviates Dr. Warburton's objection to the old reading, viz. that "the king had given no occaſion for ſuch a reflection."

A jingle of the ſame ſort is found in *Mother Bombie*, 1594, and ſeems to have been proverbial, as I have met with it more than once: — "the nearer we are in blood, the further we muſt be from love; the greater the *kindred* is, the leſs the *kindneſs* muſt be." Again, in *Gorboduc*, a tragedy, 1565:

"In kinde a father, but not in *kindelyneſs*."

As *kind*, however, ſignifies *nature*, Hamlet may mean that his relationſhip was become an *unnatural* one, as it was partly founded upon inceſt. Our author's *Julius Cæſar*, *Antony and Cleopatra*, *King Richard II*, and *Titus Andronicus*, exhibit inſtances of *kind* being uſed for *nature*, and ſo too in this play of *Hamlet*, Act II. Sc. the laſt:

Remorſeleſs, treacherous, lecherous, *kindleſs* villain.

Dr. Farmer, however, obſerves that *kin* is ſtill uſed for *couſin* in the midland counties. STEEVENS.

Hamlet does not, I think, mean to ſay, as Mr. Steevens ſuppoſes, that *his uncle* is a little more than kin, &c. The king had called the prince—"My couſin Hamlet, and my ſon."—His reply, therefore, is, —"I am a little more than thy kinſman, [for I am thy ſtep-ſon;] and ſomewhat leſs than kind to thee [for I hate thee, as being the perſon who has entered into an inceſtuous marriage with my mother]. Or, if we underſtand *kind* in its ancient ſenſe, then the meaning will be,—*I am more than thy kinſman, for I am thy ſtep-ſon*; being ſuch, *I am leſs near to thee than thy natural offspring*, and therefore not entitled to the appellation of *ſon*, which you have now given me. MALONE.

[8] — *too much i' the ſun.*] He perhaps alludes to the proverb, *Out of heaven's bleſſing into the warm ſun.* JOHNSON.

— *too much i' the ſun.*

Meaning probably his being ſent for from his ſtudies to be expoſed at his uncle's marriage as his *chiefeſt courtier*, &c. STEEVENS.

I queſtion whether a quibble between *ſun* and *ſon* be not here intended. FARMER.

[9] — *vailed lids*—] With lowering eyes, caſt down eyes. JOHNSON. See Vol. V. p. 286, n. 9. MALONE.

Seek for thy noble father in the duſt:
Thou know'ſt, 'tis common; all, that live, muſt die,
Paſſing through nature to eternity.

*Ham.* Ay, madam, it is common.

*Queen.* If it be,
Why ſeems it ſo particular with thee?

*Ham.* Seems, madam! nay, it is; I know not ſeems.
'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother,
Nor cuſtomary ſuits of ſolemn black,
Nor windy ſuſpiration of forc'd breath,
No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,
Nor the dejected haviour of the viſage,
Together with all forms, modes, ſhews of grief[1],
That can denote me truly: Theſe, indeed, ſeem,
For they are actions that a man might play:
But I have that within, which paſſeth ſhew;
Theſe, but the trappings and the ſuits of woe[2].

*King.* 'Tis ſweet and commendable in your nature, Hamlet,
To give theſe mourning duties to your father:
But, you muſt know, your father loſt a father;
That father loſt, loſt his[3]; and the ſurvivor bound
In filial obligation, for ſome term
To do obſequious ſorrow[4]: But to perſéver

[1] — ſhews *of grief*,] Thus the folio. The firſt quarto reads—*ſhapes*,—I ſuppoſe for *ſhapes*. STEEVENS.

[2] *But I have that within, which paſſeth ſhew*;
*Theſe but the trappings and the ſuits of woe.*] So, in *K. Rich. II:*
" —my grief lies all within;
" And theſe external manners of lament
" Are merely ſhadows to the unſeen grief
" That ſwells with ſilence to the tortured ſoul." MALONE.

[3] — *your father loſt a father*;
*That father loſt, loſt his*;] The meaning of the paſſage is no more than this. *Your father loſt a father*, i. e. your grandfather, which *loſt grandfather* alſo loſt his father. STEEVENS.

[4] — obſequious *ſorrow:*] *Obſequious* is here from *obſequies* or *funeral ceremonies*. JOHNSON.
So, in *Titus Andronicus:*
" To ſhed *obſequious* tears upon his trunk." STEEVENS.
See Vol. VI. p. 461, n. 5. MALONE.

In

In obſtinate condolement [5], is a courſe
Of impious ſtubbornneſs; 'tis unmanly grief:
It ſhews a will moſt incorrect to heaven [6];
A heart unfortify'd, or mind impatient;
An underſtanding ſimple and unſchool'd:
For what, we know, muſt be, and is as common
As any the moſt vulgar thing to ſenſe,
Why ſhould we, in our peeviſh oppoſition,
Take it to heart? Fie! 'tis a fault to heaven,
A fault againſt the dead, a fault to nature,
To reaſon moſt abſurd [7]; whoſe common theme
Is death of fathers, and who ſtill hath cry'd,
From the firſt corſe, till he that died to-day,
*This muſt be ſo.* We pray you, throw to earth
This unprevailing woe; and think of us
As of a father: for let the world take note,
You are the moſt immediate to our throne;
And, with no leſs nobility of love [8],
Than that which deareſt father bears his ſon,
Do I impart toward you [9]. For your intent

In

5 *In obſtinate* condolement,] *Condolement*, for *ſorrow*. WARBURTON.

6 — *a will moſt* incorrect to heaven;] Not ſufficiently regulated by a ſenſe of duty and ſubmiſſion to the diſpenſations of providence. MALONE.

7 *To* reaſon *moſt abſurd*;] *Reaſon* is here uſed in its common ſenſe, for the *faculty* by which we form concluſions from arguments. JOHNSON.

8 *And with no leſs* nobility *of love*,] *Nobility*, for *magnitude*. WARBURTON.

*Nobility* is rather *generoſity*. JOHNSON.

By *nobility of love* Mr. Heath underſtands, eminence and diſtinction of love. MALONE.

9 *Do I* impart *toward you*.] I believe *impart* is, *impart myſelf, communicate* whatever I can beſtow. JOHNSON.

The crown of Denmark was elective. So, in *Sir Clyomon Knight of the Golden Shield*, &c. 1599:

" And me poſſeſs for ſpouſed wife, who in *election* am
" To have the *crown of Denmark* here, as heir unto the ſame."

The king means, that as Hamlet ſtands the faireſt chance to be next elected, he will ſtrive with as much love to enſure the crown to him, as a father would ſhew in the continuance of heirdom to a ſon. STEEV.

I agree with Mr. Steevens, that the crown of Denmark (as in moſt of the Gothick kingdoms) was elective, and not hereditary; though it

In going back to ſchool in Wittenberg[1],
It is moſt retrograde to our deſire:
And, we beſeech you, bend you to remain[2]
Here, in the cheer and comfort of our eye,
Our chiefeſt courtier, couſin, and our ſon.

*Queen.* Let not thy mother loſe her prayers, Hamlet;
I pray thee, ſtay with us, go not to Wittenberg.

*Ham.* I ſhall in all my beſt obey you, madam.

*King.* Why, tis a loving and a fair reply;
Be as ourſelf in Denmark.—Madam, come;
This gentle and unforc'd accord of Hamlet
Sits ſmiling to my heart: in grace whereof,
No jocund health[3], that Denmark drinks to-day,

it might be cuſtomary, in elections, to pay ſome attention to the royal blood, which by degrees produced hereditary ſucceſſion. Why then do the reſt of the commentators ſo often treat Claudius as an *uſurper*, who had deprived young Hamlet of his *right* by *heirſhip* to his father's crown? Hamlet calls him drunkard, murderer, and villain: one who had carryed the election by low and mean practices; had

"Popt in between the election and my hopes—"

had

"From a ſhelf the precious diadem ſtole,
"And put it in his pocket:"

but never hints at his being an *uſurper*. His diſcontent aroſe from his uncle's being preferred before him, not from any legal right which he pretended to ſet up to the crown. Some regard was probably had to the recommendation of the preceding prince, in electing the ſucceſſor. And therefore young Hamlet had "the voice of the king himſelf for his ſucceſſion in Denmark;" and he at his own death prophecies that "the election would light on Fortinbras, who had his dying voice," conceiving that by the death of his uncle, he himſelf had been king for an inſtant, and had therefore a right to recommend. When, in the fourth act, the rabble wiſhed to chooſe Laertes king, I underſtand that antiquity was forgot, and cuſtom violated, by electing a new king in the lifetime of the old one, and perhaps alſo by the calling in a ſtranger to the royal blood. BLACKSTONE.

[1] — *to ſchool in Wittenberg,*] In Shakſpeare's time there was an univerſity at Wittenberg, to which he has made Hamlet propoſe to return. The univerſity of Wittenberg was not founded till 1502, conſequently did not exiſt in the time to which this play is referred. MALONE.

[2] — *bend you to remain*—] i. e. ſubdue your inclination to go from hence, and remain, &c. STEEVENS.

[3] *No jocund health,* —] The king's intemperance is very ſtrongly impreſſed; every thing that happens to him gives him occaſion to drink. JOHNSON.

But

But the great cannon to the clouds ſhall tell;
And the king's rouſe the heaven ſhall bruit again,
Re-ſpeaking earthly thunder. Come away.

[*Exeunt* King, Queen, *Lords*, &c. POL. *and* LAERT.

*Ham.* O, that this too too ſolid fleſh would melt,
Thaw, and reſolve itſelf into a dew[4]!
Or that the Everlaſting had not fix'd
His canon 'gainſt ſelf-ſlaughter[5]! O God! O God!
How weary, ſtale, flat, and unprofitable
Seem to me all the uſes of this world!
Fie on't! O fie! 'tis an unweeded garden,
That grows to ſeed; things rank, and groſs in nature,
Poſſeſs it merely[6]. That it ſhould come to this!
But two months dead!—nay, not ſo much, not two:
So excellent a king; that was, to this,
Hyperion to a ſatyr[7]: ſo loving to my mother,
That

4 —reſolve *itſelf into a dew!*] *Reſolve* means the ſame as *diſſolve*. Ben Jonſon uſes the word in his *Volpone*, and in the ſame ſenſe:

"Forth the *reſolved* corners of his eyes."

Again, in the *Country Girl*, 1647:

"— my ſwoln grief, *reſolved* in theſe tears." STEEVENS.

5 *Or that the Everlaſting had not fix'd*
*His* canon *'gainſt ſelf-ſlaughter!*] The generality of the editions read *cannon*, as if the poet's thought were, Or *that the Almighty had not planted his* artillery, *or* arms *of* vengeance, *againſt ſelf-murder*. But the word which I reſtored (and which was eſpouſed by the accurate Mr. Hughes, who gave an edition of this play) is the true reading, i. e. *that he had not reſtrained ſuicide by his* expreſs law *and* peremptory prohibition. THEOBALD.

There are yet thoſe who ſuppoſe the old reading to be the true one, as they ſay the word *fixed* ſeems to decide very ſtrongly in its favour. I would adviſe ſuch to recollect Virgil's expreſſion:

— *fixit* leges pretio, atque *refixit*. STEEVENS.

If the true reading wanted any ſupport, it might be found in *Cymbeline*:

"—*'gainſt ſelf-ſlaughter*
"There is a *prohibition* ſo divine,
"That cravens my weak hand."

In Shakſpeare's time *canon*, (*norma*) was commonly ſpelt *cannon*. MALONE.

6 —*merely*] is *entirely*. See Vol. VII. p. 233, n. 4. MALONE.

7 *So excellent a king; that was, to this,*
Hyperion *to a ſatyr:*] Hyperion or Apollo is repreſented in all the ancient ſtatues, &c. as exquiſitely beautiful, the ſatyrs hideouſly ugly.—Shakſpeare may ſurely be pardoned for not attending to the *quantity* of Latin names, here and in *Cymbeline*; when we find Henry Parrot,

That he might not beteem the winds of heaven
Visit her face too roughly[8]. Heaven and earth!

Parrot, the authour of a collection of epigrams printed in 1613, to which a *Latin* preface is prefixed, writing thus:

"*Posthúmus*, not the laſt of many more,
"Aſks why I write in ſuch an idle vaine," &c.

*Laquei ridiculoſi, or Springes for Woodcocks*, 16mo. ſign. c. 3. MALONE.

All our Engliſh poets are guilty of the ſame falſe quantity, and call Hyperion Hyperion; at leaſt the only inſtance I have met with to the contrary, is in the old play of *Fuimus Troes*, 1633:

"——— Blow, gentle Africus,
"Play on our poops, when Hyperion's ſon
"Shall couch in weſt." STEEVENS.

[8] *That he might not* beteem *the winds of heaven*
*Viſit her face too roughly.*] This paſſage ought to be a perpetual memento to all future editors and commentators to proceed with the utmoſt caution in emendation, and never to diſcard a word from the text, merely becauſe it is not the language of the preſent day.

Mr. Hughes or Mr. Rowe, ſuppoſing the text to be unintelligible, for *beteem* boldly ſubſtituted *permitted*. Mr. Theobald, in order to favour his own emendation, ſtated untruly that *all* the old copies which he had ſeen, read *beteene*, and with great plauſibility propoſed to read,

That he might not *let e'en* the winds of heaven, &c.

This emendation appearing uncommonly happy, was adopted by all the ſubſequent editors. But without neceſſity; for the reading of the firſt quarto, 1604, and indeed of all the ſubſequent quartos, *beteeme*, is no corruption, but a word of Shakſpeare's age; and accordingly it is now once more reſtored to the text. It is uſed by Golding in his tranſlation of the tenth book of Ovid's *Metamorphoſes*, 4to, 1587:

"The king of Gods did burne ere while in love of Ganymede,
"The Phrygian; and the thing was found which Jupiter, that fled,
"Had rather be than what he was; yet could he not *beteeme*
"The ſhape of any other bird than eagle for to ſeeme."

Rex ſuperum Phrygii quondam Ganymedis amore
Arſit; et inventum eſt aliquid quod Jupiter eſſe,
Quam quod erat, mallet; *nullâ tamen alite verti*
*Dignatur*, niſi quæ poſſit ſua fulmina ferre.

In the folio the word is corruptly printed *beteene*. The rhyme in Golding's verſes proves that the reading of the original quarto is the true one. Golding manifeſtly uſes the word in the ſenſe of *endure*.

We find a ſentiment ſimilar to that before us, in Marſton's *Inſatiate Counteſs*, 1603:

"——— ſhe had a lord,
"Jealous that air ſhould raviſh her chaſte looks." MALONE.

So, in the Enterlude of the *Lyfe and Repentaunce of Marie Magdalaine*, &c. by Lewis Wager, 1567:

"But evermore they were unto me very tender,
"They would not *ſuffer* the *wynde* on me to blowe." STEEV.

Muſt

Muſt I remember? why, ſhe would hang on him,
As if increaſe of appetite had grown
By what it fed on: And yet, within a month,—
Let me not think on't;—Frailty, thy name is woman!—
A little month; or ere thoſe ſhoes were old,
With which ſhe follow'd my poor father's body,
Like Niobe, all tears[9];—why ſhe, even ſhe,—
O heaven! a beaſt, that wants diſcourſe of reaſon,
Would have mourn'd longer,—marry'd with my uncle,
My father's brother; but no more like my father,
Than I to Hercules: Within a month;
Ere yet the ſalt of moſt unrighteous tears
Had left the flushing in her galled eyes,
She marry'd:—O moſt wicked ſpeed, to poſt
With ſuch dexterity to inceſtuous ſheets!
It is not, nor it cannot come to, good:
But break, my heart; for I muſt hold my tongue!

*Enter* HORATIO, BERNARDO, *and* MARCELLUS.

*Hor.* Hail to your lordſhip!

*Ham.* I am glad to ſee you well:
Horatio,—or I do forget myſelf?

*Hor.* The ſame, my lord, and your poor ſervant ever.

*Ham.* Sir, my good friend; I'll change that name with you[1].
And what make you[2] from Wittenberg, Horatio?—
Marcellus?

*Mar.* My good lord,—

*Ham.* I am very glad to ſee you; good even, ſir[3].—
But

9 *Like* Niobe, *all tears*;] Shakſpeare might have caught this idea from an ancient ballad entitled "The falling out of lovers is the renewing of love:"

"Now I, like weeping *Niobe*,
"May waſh my hands in tears."

Of this ballad *Amantium iræ*, &c. is the burden. STEEVENS.

1 — *I'll change that name*—] I'll be your ſervant, you ſhall be my friend. JOHNSON.

2 — *what make you* —] A familiar phraſe for *what are you doing*. JOHNSON.

3 — *good even, ſir.*] So the copies. Sir Th. Hanmer and Dr. Warburton put it, *good morning*. The alteration is of no importance, but

But what, in faith, make you from Wittenberg?
*Hor.* A truant diſpoſition, good my lord.
*Ham.* I would not hear your enemy ſay ſo;
Nor ſhall you do mine ear that violence,
To make it truſter of your own report
Againſt yourſelf: I know, you are no truant.
But what is your affair in Elſinore?
We'll teach you to drink deep, ere you depart.
*Hor.* My lord, I came to ſee your father's funeral.
*Ham.* I pray thee, do not mock me, fellow-ſtudent;
I think, it was to ſee my mother's wedding.
*Hor.* Indeed, my lord, it followed hard upon.
*Ham.* Thrift, thrift, Horatio! the funeral bak'd meats[4]
Did coldly furniſh forth the marriage tables.
'Would I had met my deareſt foe in heaven[5],

Or

but all licence is dangerous. There is no need of any change. Between the firſt and eighth ſcene of this act it is apparent, that a natural day muſt paſs, and how much of it is already over, there is nothing that can determine. The king has held a council. It may now as well be *evening* as *morning*. JOHNSON.

[4] —*the funeral bak'd meats*—] It was anciently the general cuſtom to give a cold entertainment to mourners at a funeral. In diſtant counties this practice is continued among the yeomanry. See *The Tragique Hiſtorie of the Faire Valeria of London*, 1598. "His corpes was with funerall pompe conveyed to the church, and there ſollemnly enterred, nothing omitted which neceſſitie or cuſtom could claime; a ſermon, a *banquet*, and like obſervations. Again, in the old romance of *Syr Degore*, bl. l. no date:

"A great *feaſte* would he holde
"Upon his quenes mornynge day,
"That was buryed in an abbay." COLLINS.

See alſo Hayward's *Life and Raigne of King Henrie the Fourth*, 4to 1599, p. 135: "Then hee [King Richard II.] was conveyed to Langley Abby in Buckinghamſhire,—and there obſcurely interred,—without the charge of a *dinner* for celebrating the funeral." MALONE.

[5] —*my deareſt foe*—] *Deareſt*, for *direſt*, moſt dreadful, moſt dangerous. JOHNSON.

*Deareſt* is *moſt immediate, conſequential, important*: So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"——— a ring that I muſt uſe
"In *dear* employment."

Again,

Or ever [6] I had seen that day, Horatio!—
My father,—Methinks, I see my father.
*Hor.* Where, my lord?
*Ham.* In my mind's eye [7], Horatio.
*Hor.* I saw him once, he was a goodly king.
*Ham.* He was a man, take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again [8].
*Hor.* My lord, I think I saw him yesternight.
*Ham.* Saw! who?
*Hor.* My lord, the king your father.
*Ham.* The king my father!
*Hor.* Season your admiration [9] for a while
With an attent ear [1]; till I may deliver,
Upon the witness of these gentlemen,
This marvel to you.

Again, in B. and Fletcher's *Maid in the Mill:*

" You meet your *dearest* enemy in love,
" With all his hate about him." STEEVENS.

See Vol. VIII, p. 130, n. 6. MALONE.

[6] *Or* ever—] Thus the quarto, 1604. The folio reads—*ere* ever. This is not the only instance in which a familiar phraseology has been substituted for one more ancient, in that valuable copy. MALONE.

[7] *In my mind's eye,*] This expression occurs again in our author's *Rape of Lucrece:*

" ——— himself behind
" Was left unseen, save to *the eye of mind.*"

Ben Jonson has borrowed it in his Masque called *Love's Triumph through Callipolis:*

" As only by *the mind's eye* may be seen."

Telemachus lamenting the absence of Ulysses, is represented in like manner:

Ὀσσομένος πατέρ' ἔσθλὸν ἐνὶ φρεσίν,— STEEVENS.

This expression occurs again in our authour's 113th Sonnet:

" Since I left you, mine *eye is in my mind.*" MALONE.

[8] *I shall not look upon his like again.*] Mr. Holt proposes to read from Sir Thomas Stamwell, Bart. of Upton, near Northampton:

" *Eye* shall not look upon his like again;"

and thinks it is more in the true spirit of Shakspeare than the other. So, in *Stowe's Chronicle*, p. 746: " In the greatest pomp that ever *eye* behelde." Again, in *Sandys's Travels*, p. 150: " We went this day through the most pregnant and pleasant valley that ever *eye* beheld." STEEVENS.

[9] Season *your admiration*—] That is, *temper* it. JOHNSON.

[1] *With an* attent *ear,*] Spenser, as well as our poet, uses *attent* for *attentive.* MALONE.

*Ham.* For God's love, let me hear.

*Hor.* Two nights together had these gentlemen,
Marcellus and Bernardo, on their watch,
In the dead waist and middle of the night[2],
Been thus encounter'd. A figure like your father,
Armed at point[3], exactly, cap-à-pé,
Appears before them, and, with solemn march,
Goes slow and stately by them: thrice he walk'd,
By their oppress'd and fear-surprized eyes,
Within his truncheon's length; whilst they, distill'd
Almost to jelly with the act of fear[4],
Stand dumb and speak not to him. This to me
In dreadful secrecy impart they did;
And I with them, the third night, kept the watch:
Where, as they had deliver'd, both in time,
Form of the thing, each word made true and good,
The apparition comes: I knew your father;
These hands are not more like.

*Ham.* But where was this?

*Mar.* My lord, upon the platform where we watch'd.

*Ham.* Did you not speak to it?

[2] *In the dead* waist *and middle of the night,*] This strange phraseology seems to have been common in the time of Shakspeare. By *waist* is meant nothing more than *middle*; and hence the epithet *dead* did not appear incongruous to our poet. So in Marston's *Malecontent*, 1604:

" 'Tis now about the immodest *waist* of *night*." i. e. midnight.

Again, in *The Puritan*, a comedy, 1607:—" ere the day be spent to the *girdle*,"—.

In the old copies the word is spelt *wast*, as it is in the second act, sc. ii. " then you live about her *wast*, or in the middle of her favours." The same spelling is found in *K. Lear*, Act IV. sc. vi. " Down from the *wast*, they are centaurs." See also Minsheu's Dict. 1617: " *Wast*, *middle*, or girdle-steed." We have the same pleonasm in another line in this play:

" And given my heart a working *mute* and *dumb*."

All the modern editors read—In the dead *waste*, &c. MALONE.

[3] *Armed at point,*] Thus the quarto, 1604. Folio: Arm'd at *all points*. MALONE.

[4] —*with the* act of *fear,*] *Fear* was the cause, the active cause, that *distilled* them by that force of operation which we strictly call *act* in voluntary, and *power* in involuntary, agents, but popularly call *act* in both. JOHNSON.

The folio reads—*bestil'd*. STEEVENS.

*Hor.*

*Hor.* My lord, I did;
But anſwer made it none: yet once, methought,
It lifted up its head, and did addreſs
Itſelf to motion, like as it would ſpeak:
But, even then, the morning cock crew loud;
And at the ſound it ſhrunk in haſte away,
And vaniſh'd from our ſight.

*Ham.* 'Tis very ſtrange.

*Hor.* As I do live, my honour'd lord, 'tis true;
And we did think it writ down in our duty,
To let you know of it.

*Ham.* Indeed, indeed, ſirs, but this troubles me.
Hold you the watch to-night?

*All.* We do, my lord.

*Ham.* Arm'd, ſay you?

*All.* Arm'd, my lord.

*Ham.* From top to toe?

*All.* My lord, from head to foot.

*Ham.* Then ſaw you not his face.

*Hor.* O, yes, my lord; he wore his beaver up [5].

*Ham.* What, look'd he frowningly?

*Hor.* A countenance more
In ſorrow than in anger.

*Ham.* Pale, or red?

*Hor.* Nay, very pale.

*Ham.* And fix'd his eyes upon you?

*Hor.* Moſt conſtantly.

*Ham.* I would, I had been there.

*Hor.* It would have much amaz'd you.

*Ham.* Very like,
Very like: Stay'd it long?

*Hor.* While one with moderate haſte

[5] —*wore his* beaver up.] Though *beaver* properly ſignified that part of the helmet which was *let down*, to enable the wearer to drink, Shakſpeare always uſes the word as denoting that part of the helmet which, when raiſed up, expoſed the face of the wearer; and ſuch was the popular ſignification of the word in his time. In Bullokar's *Engliſh Expoſitor*, 8vo. 1616, *beaver* is defined thus: "In armour it ſignifies that part of the helmet which may be *lifted up*, to take breath the more freely." MALONE.

Might tell a hundred.

*Mar. Ber.* Longer, longer.

*Hor.* Not when I ſaw it.

*Ham.* His beard was grizzl'd? no?

*Hor.* It was, as I have ſeen it in his life,
A ſable ſilver'd[6].

*Ham.* I will watch to-night;
Perchance, 'twill walk again.

*Hor.* I warrant, it will.

*Ham.* If it aſſume my noble father's perſon,
I'll ſpeak to it, though hell itſelf ſhould gape,
And bid me hold my peace. I pray you all,
If you have hitherto conceal'd this ſight,
Let it be tenable[7] in your ſilence ſtill;
And whatſoever elſe ſhall hap to-night,
Give it an underſtanding, but no tongue;
I will requite your loves: So, fare you well:
Upon the platform, 'twixt eleven and tweive,
I'll viſit you.

*All.* Our duty to your honour.

*Ham.* Your loves, as mine to you: Farewel.

[*Exeunt* HOR. MAR. *and* BER.

My father's ſpirit in arms![8] all is not well;
I doubt ſome foul play: would the night were come!
Till then ſit ſtill, my ſoul: Foul deeds will riſe,
Though all the earth o'erwhelm them to men's eyes.

[*Exit.*

## SCENE III.

*A Room in* Polonius' *Houſe.*

*Enter* LAERTES, *and* OPHELIA.

*Laer.* My neceſſaries are embark'd; farewel:
And, ſiſter, as the winds give benefit,

[6] *A ſable ſilver'd.*] So in our poet's 12th ſonnet:
" And *ſable curls*, all *ſilver'd* o'er with white." MALONE.

[7] *Let it be* tenable—] So the quarto, 1604. Folio:—*treble*. MALONE.

[8] *My father's ſpirit in arms!*] From what went before, I once hinted to Mr. Garrick, that theſe words might be ſpoken in this manner:

My father's ſpirit! in arms! all is not well, WHALLEY.

And convoy is assistant, do not sleep,
But let me hear from you.

*Oph.* Do you doubt that?

*Laer.* For Hamlet, and the trifling of his favour,
Hold it a fashion, and a toy in blood;
A violet in the youth of primy nature,
Forward, not permanent, sweet, not lasting,
The perfume and suppliance of a minute[9];
No more.

*Oph.* No more but so?

*Laer.* Think it no more:
For nature, crescent, does not grow alone
In thews[1], and bulk; but, as this temple waxes,
The inward service of the mind and soul
Grows wide withal. Perhaps, he loves you now;
And now no soil, nor cautel, doth besmirch[2]
The virtue of his will: but, you must fear,
His greatness weigh'd, his will is not his own;
For he himself is subject to his birth*:
He may not, as unvalued persons do,
Carve for himself; for on his choice depends
The safety and the health of the whole state[3];

And

9 *The perfume and* suppliance *of a minute*;] The words *perfume and*, which are found in the quarto, 1604, were omitted in the folio. MALONE.

The perfume and *suppliance* of a minute; i. e. what is supplied to us for a minute. The idea seems to be taken from the short duration of vegetable perfumes. STEEVENS.

1 *In* thews,] i. e. in sinews, muscular strength. STEEVENS.

2 *And now no soil, nor* cautel, &c.] *Cautel* is subtlety, or deceit. Minsheu in his Dictionary, 1617, defines it, "A crafty way to deceive." The word is again used by Shakspeare in *A Lover's Complaint*:

"In him a plenitude of subtle matter,
"Applied to *cautels*, all strange forms receives." MALONE.

So, in the second part of Greene's *Art of Coneycatching*, 1592: "—and their subtill *cautels* to amend the statute." *To amend the statute* was the cant phrase for evading the law. STEEVENS.

*Virtue* seems here to comprise both *excellence* and *power*, and may be explained the *pure effect*. JOHNSON.

* *For he himself*, &c.] This line is not in the quarto. MALONE.

3 *The* safety *and* the *health of the whole state*;] Thus the quarto, 1604, except that it has—*this* whole state, and the second *the* is inadvertently omitted. The folio reads:

And therefore muſt his choice be circumſcrib'd
Unto the voice and yielding of that body,
Whereof he is the head: Then if he ſays, he loves you,
It fits your wiſdom ſo far to believe it,
As he in his particular act and place
May give his ſaying deed[4]; which is no further,
Than the main voice of Denmark goes withal.
Then weigh what loſs your honour may ſuſtain,
If with too credent ear you liſt his ſongs;
Or loſe your heart; or your chaſte treaſure open
To his unmaſter'd[5] importunity.
Fear it, Ophelia, fear it, my dear ſiſter;
And keep you in the rear of your affection[6],
Out of the ſhot and danger of deſire.
The charieſt maid[7] is prodigal enough,
If ſhe unmaſk her beauty to the moon:
Virtue itſelf ſcapes not calumnious ſtrokes:
The canker galls the infants of the ſpring,
Too oft before their buttons be diſclos'd;
And in the morn and liquid dew of youth
Contagious blaſtments are moſt imminent.
Be wary then: beſt ſafety lies in fear;
Youth to itſelf rebels, though none elſe near.

*Oph.* I ſhall the effect of this good leſſon keep
As watchman to my heart: But, good my brother,
Do not, as ſome ungracious paſtors do,

The *ſanctity* and health of the whole ſtate.

This is another proof of arbitrary alterations being ſometimes made in the folio. The editor, finding the metre defective, in conſequence of the article being omitted before *health*, inſtead of ſupplying it, for *ſafety* ſubſtituted a word of three ſyllables. MALONE.

4 *May give his* ſaying deed;] So, in *Timon of Athens*:—"the *deed* of *ſaying* is quite out of uſe." Again, in *Troilus and Creſſida*:

"*Speaking in deeds*, and deedleſs in his tongue." MALONE.

5 —*unmaſter'd*—] i. e. *licentious*. JOHNSON.

6 —*keep you in the rear*, &c.] That is, do not advance ſo far as your affection would lead you. JOHNSON.

7 *The* charieſt *maid*—] *Chary* is cautious. So, in Greene's *Never too late*, 1616: "Love requires not chaſtity, but that her ſoldiers be *chary*." Again: "She liveth chaſtly enough, that liveth *charily*." STEEVENS.

Shew

Shew me the ſteep and thorny way to heaven;
Whilſt, like a puff'd and reckleſs libertine,
Himſelf the primroſe path of dalliance treads,
And recks not his own read[8].

*Laer.* O, fear me not.
I ſtay too long;—But here my father comes.

*Enter* POLONIUS.

A double bleſſing is a double grace;
Occaſion ſmiles upon a ſecond leave.

*Pol.* Yet here, Laertes! aboard, aboard, for ſhame;
The wind ſits in the ſhoulder of your ſail[9],
And you are ſtaid for: There,—my bleſſing with you;
[*laying his hand on* Laertes' *head.*
And theſe few precepts in thy memory
Look thou charácter[1]. Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportion'd thought his act.
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.
The friends thou haſt, and their adoption try'd,
Grapple them to thy ſoul with hooks of ſteel[2];

But

[8] —recks *not his own* read.] That is, heeds not his own leſſons. POPE.

So, in *Hycke Scorner*;

" — I *reck* not a feder." STEEVENS.

*Read* is counſel. MALONE.

So the *Old Proverb* in the *Two Angry Women of Abington*, 1599:

" Take heed, is a good *reed*." STEEVENS.

So Sternhold, Pſalm i.

" — that hath not lent
" To wicked *rede* his ear." BLACKSTONE.

[9] —*the ſhoulder of your ſail*,] This is a common ſea phraſe. STEEV.

[1] *And theſe few precepts in thy* memory
*Look thou* charácter.] i. e. write; ſtrongly infix. The ſame phraſe is again uſed by our authour in his 122d Sonnet:

" ——thy tables are within my brain
" Full *character'd* with laſting *memory*."

Again, in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*:

" ——— I do conjure thee,
" Who art the table wherein all my thoughts
" Are viſibly *charácter'd* and engrav'd." MALONE.

[2] *Grapple them to thy ſoul with* hooks of *ſteel*;] The old copies read —with *boops* of ſteel. I have no doubt that this was a corruption in the original quarto of 1604, ariſing, like many others, from ſimilitude

But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatch'd unfledg'd comrade [3]. Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel; but, being in,
Bear it that the oppoſer may beware of thee.
Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice:
Take each man's cenſure [4], but reſerve thy judgment.
Coſtly thy habit as thy purſe can buy,
But not expreſs'd in fancy; rich, not gaudy:
For the apparel oft proclaims the man;
And they in France, of the beſt rank and ſtation,
Are of a moſt ſelect and generous chief, in that [5].

Neither

of ſounds. The emendation, which was made by Mr. Pope, and adopted by three ſubſequent editors, is ſtrongly ſupported by the word *grapple*. See Minſheu's *Dictionary*, 1617: "To *book* or *grapple*, viz. to grapple and to board a ſhip."

A *grapple* is an inſtrument with ſeveral *books* to lay hold of a ſhip, in order to board it.

This correction is alſo juſtified by our poet's 137th ſonnet:

"Why of eyes' falſhood haſt thou forged *hooks*,
"Whereto the judgment of my *heart* is *tyʼd*?"

It may be alſo obſerved, that *books* are ſometimes made of ſteel, but *hoops* never. MALONE.

3 *But do not dull thy palm with entertainment*
*Of each new-hatchʼd, unfledgʼd comrade.*] The literal ſenſe is, *Do not make thy palm callous by ſhaking every man by the hand.* The figurative meaning may be, *Do not by promiſcuous converſation make thy mind inſenſible to the difference of characters.* JOHNSON.

4 — *each man's* cenſure,] *Cenſure* is opinion. STEEVENS.

See Vol. IV. p. 149, n. 8. MALONE.

5 *Are of a moſt ſelect and generous* chief, *in that.*] Thus the quarto, 1604, and the folio, except that in that copy the word *chief* is ſpelt *cheff*. The ſubſtantive *chief*, which ſignifies in heraldry the upper part of the ſhield, appears to have been in common uſe in Shakſpeare's time, being found in Minſheu's Dictionary, 1617. He defines it thus: "*Eſt ſuperior et ſcuti nobilior pars; tertiam partem ejus obtinet; ante Chriſti adventum dabatur in maximi honoris ſignum ſenatoribus et honoratis viris.*" B. Jonſon has uſed the word in his *Poetaſter*.

The meaning then ſeems to be, *They in France approve themſelves of a moſt ſelect and generous eſcutcheon by their dreſs. Generous* is uſed with the ſignification of *generoſus*. So, in *Othello*: "The *generous* iſlanders," &c.

If *chief* in this ſenſe had not been familiarly underſtood, the editor of the folio muſt have conſidered the line as unintelligible, and would have probably omitted the words—*of a* in the beginning of it, or attempted

Neither a borrower, nor a lender be:
For loan oft loſes both itſelf and friend;
And borrowing dulls the edge of huſbandry[6].
This above all,—To thine ownſelf be true;
And it muſt follow, as the night the day[7],
Thou canſt not then be falſe to any man.
Farewell; my bleſſing ſeaſon this in thee[8]!

*Laer.* Moſt humbly do I take my leave, my lord.

*Pol.* The time invites you[9]; go, your ſervants tend[1].

*Laer.* Farewell, Ophelia; and remember well
What I have ſaid to you.

*Oph.* 'Tis in my memory lock'd,
And you yourſelf ſhall keep the key of it[2].

*Laer.* Farewel. [*Exit* LAERTES.

*Pol.* What is't, Ophelia, he hath ſaid to you?

tempted ſome other correction. That not having been done, I have adhered to the old copies.

Our poet from various paſſages in his works, appears to have been accurately acquainted with all the terms of heraldry. MALONE.

6 —*of* huſbandry.] i. e. of thrift; œconomical prudence. See Vol. IV. p. 315, n. 8. MALONE.

7 *And it muſt follow, as the* night the day,] So, in the 145th Sonnet of Shakſpeare:

"That follow'd it *as gentle day*
"*Doth follow night*," &c. STEEVENS.

8 —*my bleſſing* ſeaſon *this in thee!*] Infix it in ſuch a manner as that it may never wear out. JOHNSON.

So, in the mock tragedy repreſented before the king:

"—who in want a hollow friend doth try,
"Directly *ſeaſons* him his enemy." STEEVENS.

9 *The time* invites *you*;—] Thus the folio. The quarto, 1604, reads—The time *inveſts* you: which Mr. Theobald preferred, ſuppoſing that it meant, "the time *beſieges*, preſſes upon you on every ſide." But to *inveſt*, in Shakſpeare's time, only ſignified, to clothe, or to give poſſeſſion. MALONE.

Either reading may ſerve. Macbeth ſays,

"I go, and it is done; the bell *invites* me." STEEVENS.

1 —*your ſervants tend.*] i. e. your ſervants are waiting for you. JOHNSON.

2 —*yourſelf ſhall keep the key of it.*] The meaning is, that your counſels are as ſure of remaining locked up in my memory, as if you yourſelf carried the key of it. So, in *Northward Hoe*, by Decker and Webſter, 1607: "You ſhall cloſe it up like treaſure of your own, and yourſelf *ſhall keep the key of it*." STEEVENS.

*Oph.* So pleaſe you, ſomething touching the lord Hamlet.

*Pol.* Marry, well bethought:
'Tis told me, he hath very oft of late
Given private time to you; and you yourſelf
Have of your audience been moſt free and bounteous:
If it be ſo, (as ſo 'tis put on me,
And that in way of caution,) I muſt tell you,
You do not underſtand yourſelf ſo clearly,
As it behoves my daughter, and your honour:
What is between you? give me up the truth.

*Oph.* He hath, my lord, of late made many tenders
Of his affection to me.

*Pol.* Affection? puh! you ſpeak like a green girl,
Unſifted in ſuch perilous circumſtance[3].
Do you believe his tenders, as you call them?

*Oph.* I do not know, my lord, what I ſhould think.

*Pol.* Marry, I'll teach you: think yourſelf a baby;
That you have ta'en theſe tenders for true pay,
Which are not ſterling. Tender yourſelf more dearly;
Or (not to crack the wind of the poor phraſe,
Wronging it thus,) you'll tender me a fool[4].

*Oph.*

3 Unſifted *in ſuch perilous circumſtance.*] *Unſifted*, for *untried*. *Untried* ſignifies either not *tempted*, or not *refined*; *unſifted* ſignifies the *latter* only, though the ſenſe requires the *former*. WARBURTON.

I do not think that the ſenſe requires us to underſtand *untempted*. "Unſifted in," &c. means, I think, one who has not nicely *canvaſſed* and examined the peril of her ſituation. MALONE.

4 —*Tender yourſelf more dearly*;
*Or (not to crack the wind of the poor phraſe,*
*Wronging it thus,) you'll tender me a fool.*] I have followed the punctuation of the firſt quarto, 1604, where the parentheſis is extended to the word *thus*, to which word the context in my apprehenſion clearly ſhews it ſhould be carried. "Or (not to crack the wind of the poor phraſe, playing upon it, and abuſing it thus,") &c. So, in *The Rape of Lucrece*:

"To *wrong* the wronger, till he render right."

The quarto, by the miſtake of the compoſitor, reads—*Wrong* it thus. The folio, *Roaming* it thus. The correction was made by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

I believe the word *wronging* has reference, not to the phraſe, but to Ophelia: if you go on *wronging it thus*, that is, *if you continue to*

go

*Oph.* My lord, he hath impórtun'd me with love,
In honourable faſhion.
*Pol.* Ay, faſhion you may call it; go to, go to[5].
*Oph.* And hath given countenance to his ſpeech, my lord,
With almoſt all the holy vows of heaven.
*Pol.* Ay, ſpringes to catch woodcocks[6]. I do know,
When the blood burns, how prodigal the ſoul
Lends the tongue vows: theſe blazes, daughter[7],
Giving more light than heat,—extinct in both,
Even in their promiſe, as it is a making,—
You muſt not take for fire. From this time,
Be ſomewhat ſcanter of your maiden preſence;
Set your entreatments[8] at a higher rate,
Than a command to parley. For lord Hamlet,
Believe ſo much in him, That he is young;

*go on thus wrong.* This is a mode of ſpeaking perhaps not very grammatical, but very common; nor have the beſt writers refuſed it.

*To ſinner it or ſaint it,*

is in Pope. And Rowe,

— *Thus to* coy it,
*With one who knows you too.*

The folio has it,—roaming *it thus*,—That is, *letting yourſelf looſe, to ſuch improper liberty.* But *wronging* ſeems to be more proper. JOHNSON.

— Tender *yourſelf more dearly*;] To *tender* is to regard with affection. So in *King Richard III.*

" ——— And ſo betide me,
" As well I *tender* you and all of yours."

Again, in *The Maydes Metamorphoſis* by Lily, 1601:

" —— if you account us for the ſame
" That *tender* thee, and love Apollo's name." MALONE.

[5] — faſhion *you may call it:*—] She uſes *faſhion* for *manner*, and he for a *tranſient practice.* JOHNSON.

[6] —*ſpringes to catch woodcocks.*] A proverbial ſaying.

" Every woman has a *ſpringe to catch a woodcock.*" STEEV.

[7] *Theſe blazes, daughter,*] Some epithet to *blazes* was probably omitted, by the careleſſneſs of the tranſcriber or compoſitor, in the firſt quarto, in conſequence of which the metre is defective. MALONE.

[8] *Set your entreatments*—] *Entreatments* here means *company, converſation*, from the French *entrétien.* JOHNSON.

*Entreatments*, I rather think, means the objects of *entreaty*; the favours for which lovers ſue. In the next ſcene we have a word of a ſimilar formation:

" As if it ſome *impartment* did deſire," &c. MALONE.

And

And with a larger tether [9] may he walk,
Than may be given you: In few, Ophelia,
Do not believe his vows: for they are brokers [1]
Not of that dye which their investments shew,
But mere implorators of unholy suits,
Breathing like sanctified and pious bonds [2],
The better to beguile. This is for all,—

9 — *larger* tether—] *Tether* is that string by which an animal, set to graze in grounds unincloſed, is confined within the proper limits. JOHNSON.

So, in Green's *Card of Fancy*, 1601: "To tye the ape and the bear in one *tedder*." *Tether* is a ſtring by which any animal is faſtened, whether for the ſake of feeding or the air. STEEVENS.

1 *Do not believe his* vows, *for they are* brokers,] A *broker* in old Engliſh meant a *bawd* or *pimp*. See the Gloſſary to Gawin Douglaſſes tranſlation of Virgil. So, in *King John*:

"This *bawd*, this *broker*," &c.

See alſo Vol. VIII. p. 304, n. 9. In our authour's *Lovers Complaint* we again meet with the ſame expreſſion, applied in the ſame manner:

"Know, *vows* are ever *brokers* to defiling." MALONE.

2 *Breathing, like ſanctified and pious bonds*,] For *bonds* Mr. Theobald ſubſtituted *bawds*; but the old reading is undoubtedly the true one. Do not, ſays Polonius, believe his vows, for they are merely uttered for the purpoſe of perſuading you to yield to a criminal paſſion, though they appear only the genuine effuſions of a pure and lawful affection, and aſſume the ſemblance of thoſe ſacred engagements entered into at the altar of wedlock. The *bonds* here in our poet's thoughts were *bonds of love*. So, in his 142d Sonnet:

"——— thoſe lips of thine,
"That have profan'd their ſcarlet ornaments,
"And ſeal'd falſe *bonds of love*, as oft as mine."

Again, in *The Merchant of Venice*:

"O, ten times faſter Venus pigeons fly,
"To ſeal *love's bonds* new made, than they are wont
"To keep obliged faith unforfeited."

"Sanctified and pious bonds," are the *true bonds of love*, or, as our poet has elſewhere expreſſed it,

"A contract and *eternal bond of love*."

Dr. Warburton certainly miſunderſtood this paſſage. His comment, which has been received in all the late editions is this: "Do not believe, (ſays Polonius,) Hamlet's amorous vows made to you; which pretend religion in them, *(the better to beguile,)* like thoſe ſanctified and pious vows made to *heaven*." And why, he triumphantly aſks, "may not this paſs without ſuſpicion?" If he means his own comment, the anſwer is, becauſe it is not perfectly accurate. MALONE.

I would

I would not, in plain terms, from this time forth,
Have you ſo ſlander any moment's leiſure [3],
As to give words or talk with the lord Hamlet.
Look to't, I charge you; come your ways.
*Oph.* I ſhall obey, my lord. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE IV.

*The Platform.*

*Enter* HAMLET, HORATIO, *and* MARCELLUS.

*Ham.* The air bites ſhrewdly; it is very cold.
*Hor.* It is a nipping and an eager air [4].
*Ham.* What hour now?
*Hor.* I think, it lacks of twelve.
*Mar.* No, it is ſtruck.
*Hor.* Indeed? I heard it not; it then draws near the ſeaſon,
Wherein the ſpirit held his wont to walk.
[*A flouriſh of trumpets, and ordnance ſhot off, within.*
What does this mean, my lord?
*Ham.* The king doth wake to-night, and takes his rouſe [5],
Keeps waſſel [6], and the ſwaggering up-ſpring [7] reels;
And, as he drains his draughts of Rheniſh down,
The

3 *I would not, in plain terms, from this time forth,*
*Have you ſo ſlander any moment's leiſure,*] Polonius ſays, *in plain terms*, that is, not in language leſs elevated or embelliſhed than before, but *in terms that cannot be miſunderſtood: I would not have you ſo diſgrace your moſt idle moments, as not to find better employment for them than lord Hamlet's converſation.* JOHNSON.

4 — *an* eager *air.*] That is, a ſharp air, *aigre*, Fr. So, in a ſubſequent ſcene:
"And curd, like *eager* droppings into milk." MALONE.

5 — *takes his rouſe,*] A rouſe is a large doſe of liquor, a debauch. So, in *Othello*: "— they have given me a *rouſe* already."
It ſhould ſeem from the following paſſage in Decker's *Gul's Horn-book*, 1609, that the word *rouſe* was of Daniſh extraction. "Teach me, thou ſoveraigne ſkinker, how to take the German's upſy freeze, the *Daniſh rouſer*, the Switzer's ſtoop of rheniſh," &c. STEEVENS.

6 *Keeps waſſel,* —] Devotes the night to intemperance. See Vol. II. p. 411, n. 9, and Vol. IV. p. 311, n. 2. MALONE.

7 — *the ſwaggering* up-ſpring—] The bluſtering upſtart. JOHNSON.

It

The kettle-drum and trumpet thus bray out
The triumph of his pledge.
*Hor.* Is it a cuſtom?
*Ham.* Ay, marry, is't:
But to my mind,—though I am native here,
And to the manner born,—it is a cuſtom
More honour'd in the breach, than the obſervance.
This heavy-headed revel, eaſt and weſt [8],
Makes us traduc'd, and tax'd of other nations:
They clepe us, drunkards, and with ſwiniſh phraſe
Soil our addition; and, indeed it takes
From our atchievements, though perform'd at height,
The pith and marrow of our attribute [9].
So, oft it chances in particular men,
That, for ſome vicious mole of nature in them,
As, in their birth, (wherein they are not guilty,
Since nature cannot chooſe his origin [1],)
By the o'er-growth of ſome complexion [2],

Oft

It appears from the following paſſage in *Alphonſus Emperor of Germany*, by Chapman, that the *up-ſpring* was a *German dance:*

"We Germans have no changes in our dances;
"An *almain* and an *up-ſpring*, that is all."

*Spring* was anciently the name of a tune. STEEVENS.

[8] *This heavy-headed revel, eaſt and weſt*, &c.] *This heavy-headed revel makes us traduced eaſt and weſt, and taxed of other nations.* JOHNSON.

By *eaſt and weſt*, as Mr. Edwards has obſerved, is meant, throughout the world; *from one end of it to the other.*—This and the following twenty one lines have been reſtored from the quarto. MALONE.

[9] *The pith and marrow of our attribute.*] The beſt and moſt valuable part of the praiſe that would be otherwiſe attributed to us. JOHNS.

[1] *That, for ſome vicious* mole *of nature in them,*
*As in their* birth, (*wherein* they are not guilty,
*Since* nature *cannot chooſe his origin,*] We have the ſame ſentiment in *The Rape of Lucrece:*

"For *marks* deſcried in men's nativity
"Are nature's fault, not their own infamy."

Mr. Theobald, without neceſſity, altered *mole* to *mould.* The reading of the old copies is fully ſupported by a paſſage in *King John:*

"Patch'd with foul *moles* and eye-offending marks." MALONE.

[2] — complexion,] *i. e.* humour; as ſanguine, melancholy, phlegmatic, *&c.* WARBURTON.

The quarto 1604 for *the* has *their*; as a few lines lower it has *his* virtues, inſtead of *their* virtues. The correction was made by Mr Theobald. MALONE.

Oft breaking down the pales and forts of reaſon;
Or by ſome habit, that too much o'er-leavens
The form of plauſive manners [3];—that theſe men,—
Carrying, I ſay, the ſtamp of one defect;
Being nature's livery, or fortune's ſtar [4],—
Their virtues elſe (be they as pure as grace,
As infinite as man may undergo [5],)
Shall in the general cenſure take corruption
From that particular fault: The dram of baſe
Doth all the noble ſubſtance of worth dout,
To his own ſcandal [6].

*Enter*

3 — *that too much* o'er-leavens
*The form of plauſive manners:*] That intermingles too much with their manners; infects and *corrupts* them. See Vol. VIII. p. 392, n. 2. *Plauſive* in our poet's age ſignified gracious, pleaſing, popular. So, in another play:

" —his *plauſive* words
" He ſcatter'd not in ears, but grafted them,
" To grow there, and to bear."

*Plauſible*, in which ſenſe *Plauſive* is here uſed, is defined by Cawdrey in his *Alphabetical Table*, &c. 1604, " *Pleaſing*, or received joyfully and willingly." MALONE.

4 — *or fortune's ſtar,*] Some accidental blemiſh, the conſequence of *the overgrowth of ſome complexion* or humour allotted to us by fortune at our birth, or ſome vicious habit accidentally acquired afterwards.

Theobald, plauſibly enough, would read—fortune's *ſcar*. The emendation may be ſupported by a paſſage in *Anthony and Cleopatra*:

" The *ſcars* upon your honour therefore he
" Does pity as conſtrained *blemiſhes*,
" Not as deſerv'd." MALONE.

5 *As infinite as man may undergo,*] As large as can be accumulated upon man. JOHNSON.

6 ——— *The dram of* baſe
*Doth all the noble ſubſtance of* worth dout,
*To his own ſcandal.*] The quarto, where alone this paſſage is found, exhibits it thus:

——— the dram of *eale*
Doth all the noble ſubſtance of *a doubt*,
To his own ſcandal.

To *dout*, as I have already obſerved in a note on *King Henry V.* Vol. V. p. 552, n. 8, ſignified in Shakſpeare's time, and yet ſignifies in Devonſhire and other weſtern counties, to *do out*, to efface, to extinguiſh. Thus they ſay, " *dout* the candle, *dout* the fire," &c. It is

*Enter* Ghoſt.

*Hor.* Look, my lord, it comes!

*Ham.* Angels and miniſters of grace defend us?!—

Be

is exactly formed in the ſame manner as to *don*, (or *do on*,) which occurs ſo often in the writings of our poet and his contemporaries.

I have no doubt that the corruption of the text aroſe in the following manner. *Dout*, which I have now printed in the text, having been written by the miſtake of the tranſcriber, *doubt*, and the word *worth* having been inadvertently omitted, the line, in the copy that went to the preſs, ſtood,

Doth all the noble ſubſtance of *doubt*,—

The editor or printer of the quarto copy, finding the line too ſhort, and thinking *doubt* muſt want an article, inſerted it, without attending to the context; and inſtead of correcting the erroneous, and ſupplying the true word, printed—

Doth all the noble ſubſtance of *a doubt*, &c.

The very ſame error has happened in *K. Henry V.*

" That their hot blood may ſpin in Engliſh eyes,
" And *doubt* them with ſuperfluous courage:"

where *doubt* is again printed inſtead of *dout*.

That *worth* (which was ſupplied firſt by Mr. Theobald,) was the word omitted originally in the hurry of tranſcription, may be fairly collected from a paſſage in *Cymbeline*, which fully juſtifies the correction made:

" —Is ſhe with Poſthumus?
" From whoſe ſo many weights of *baſeneſs* cannot
" A *dram* of *worth* be drawn."

This paſſage alſo adds ſupport to the correction of the word *eale* in the firſt of theſe lines, which was likewiſe made by Mr. Theobald.—*Baſe* is uſed ſubſtantively for *baſeneſs*: a practice not uncommon in Shakſpeare. So, in *Meaſure for Meaſure*:

" Say what thou canſt, my *falſe* outweighs your *true*."

Shakſpeare, however, might have written—The dram of *ill*. This is nearer the corrupted word *eale*, but the paſſage in *Cymbeline* is in favour of the other emendation.

The meaning of the paſſage thus corrected is, The ſmalleſt particle of vice ſo blemiſhes the whole maſs of virtue, as to eraſe from the minds of mankind the recollection of the numerous good qualities poſſeſſed by him who is thus blemiſhed by a ſingle ſtain, and taints his general character.

*To his own ſcandal*, means, *ſo as to reduce the whole maſs of worth to* its *own* vicious and unſightly appearance; *to tranſlate his* virtue *to the likeneſs of* vice.

*His* for *its*, is ſo common in Shakſpeare, that every play furniſhes us with examples. So, in a ſubſequent ſcene in this play:—" than the force of honeſty can tranſlate beauty into *his* likeneſs."

Again,

Be thou a ſpirit of health, or goblin damn'd[8],
Bring with thee airs from heaven, or blaſts from hell,
Be thy intents wicked, or charitable,
Thou com'ſt in ſuch a queſtionable ſhape[9],

That

Again, in another play:

" When every feather ſticks in *his* own wing,—."

Again, in *A Midſummer-Night's Dream:*

" Whoſe liquor hath this virtuous property,
" To take from thence all error with *his* might."

Again, in *K. Richard II.*

" That it may ſhew me what a face I have,
" Since *it* is bankrupt of *his* majeſty."

So, in *Grim, the Collier of Croydon:*

" Contented life, that gives the heart *his* eaſe,—."

We meet with a ſentiment ſomewhat ſimilar to that before us, in *K. Henry IV.* P. I.

" —oftentimes it doth preſent harſh rage,
" Defect of manners, want of government,
" Pride, haughtineſs, opinion, and diſdain;
" The *leaſt of which*, haunting a nobleman,
" Loſeth men's hearts, and leaves behind *a ſtain*
" *Upon the beauty of all parts beſides,*
" *Beguiling them of commendation.*" MALONE.

[7] *Angels and miniſters of grace defend us!*] Hamlet's ſpeech to the apparition of his father ſeems to me to conſiſt of three parts. When firſt he ſees the ſpectre, he fortifies himſelf with an invocation:

*Angels and miniſters of grace defend us!*

As the ſpectre approaches, he deliberates with himſelf, and determines, that whatever it be he will venture to addreſs it.

*Be thou a ſpirit of health, or goblin damn'd,*
*Bring with thee airs from heaven, or blaſts from hell,*
*Be thy intents wicked or charitable,*
*Thou com'ſt in ſuch a queſtionable ſhape,*
*That I will ſpeak to thee. I'll call thee,*" &c.

This he ſays while his father is advancing; he then, as he had determined, *ſpeaks to him*, and *calls him—Hamlet, King, Father, Royal Dane: oh! anſwer me.* JOHNSON.

[8] *Be thou a ſpirit of health, or goblin damn'd,* &c.] So, in *Acolaſtus his After-wit*, 1600:

" Art thou a god, a man, or elſe a ghoſt?
" Com'ſt thou from heaven, where bliſs and ſolace dwell?
" Or from the airie cold-engendring coaſt?
" Or from the darkſome dungeon-hold of hell?"

The firſt known edition of this play is in 1604. STEEVENS.

[9] — *queſtionable ſhape,*] By *queſtionable* is meant provoking queſtion. HANMER.

So

That I will ſpeak to thee; I'll call thee, Hamlet,
King, father, royal Dane: O, anſwer me:
Let me not burſt in ignorance! but tell,
Why thy canoniz'd bones, hearſed in death,
Have burſt their cerements[1]! why the ſepulchre,
Wherein

So, in *Macbeth*:

*Live you, or are you aught*
*That man may* queſtion? JOHNSON.

*Queſtionable*, I believe means only *propitious to converſation, eaſy and willing to be converſed with*. So, in *As you like it*: "An *unqueſtionable* ſpirit, which you have not." *Unqueſtionable* in this laſt inſtance certainly ſignifies *unwilling to be talked to*. STEEVENS.

*Queſtionable* perhaps only means *capable of being converſed with*. *To queſtion*, certainly in our authour's time ſignified *to converſe*. So, in his *Rape of Lucrece*, 1594:

"For after ſupper long he *queſtioned*
"With modeſt Lucrece—."

Again, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

"Out of our *queſtion* wipe him."

See alſo Vol. VIII. p. 667, n. 1. MALONE.

[1] ——— *tell,*
*Why thy canoniz'd bones, hearſed in death,*
*Have burſt their cerements!*] Hamlet, amazed at an apparition, which, though in all ages credited, has in all ages been conſidered as the moſt wonderful and moſt dreadful operation of ſupernatural agency, enquires of the ſpectre, in the moſt emphatick terms, why he breaks the order of nature, by returning from the dead; this he aſks in a very confuſed circumlocution, confounding in his fright the ſoul and body. Why, ſays he, have *thy bones*, which with due ceremonies have been intombed *in death*, in the common ſtate of departed mortals, *burſt* the folds in which they were embalmed? Why has the tomb, in which we ſaw thee quietly laid, opened his mouth, that mouth which, by its weight and ſtability, ſeemed cloſed for ever? The whole ſentence is this: *Why doſt thou appear, whom we know to be dead?* JOHNSON.

By *hearſed in death*, the poet ſeems to mean, *repoſited and confined in the place of the dead*. In his *Rape of Lucrece* he has again uſed this uncommon participle in nearly the ſame ſenſe:

"Thy ſea within a puddle's womb is *hearſed*,
"And not the puddle in thy ſea diſperſed." MALONE.

By the expreſſion *hearſed in death* is meant, ſhut up and ſecured with all thoſe precautions which are uſually practiſed in preparing dead bodies for ſepulture, ſuch as the winding-ſheet, ſhrowd, coffin, &c. perhaps embalming into the bargain. So that *death* is here uſed, by a metonymy of the antecedent for the conſequents, for the rites of death,

Wherein we ſaw thee quietly in-urn'd[2],
Hath op'd his ponderous and marble jaws,
To caſt thee up again? What may this mean,
That thou, dead corſe, again, in cómplete ſteel[3],
Reviſit'ſt thus the glimpſes of the moon,
Making night hideous; and we fools of nature[4]
So horridly to ſhake our diſpoſition[5],
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our ſouls?
Say, why is this? wherefore? what ſhould we do?

*Hor.* It beckons you to go away with it,
As if it ſome impartment did deſire
To you alone.

*Mar.* Look, with what courteous action,
It waves you to a more removed ground:
But do not go with it.

*Hor.* No, by no means.

*Ham.* It will not ſpeak; then I will follow it.

*Hor.* Do not, my lord.

*Ham.* Why, what ſhould be the fear?
I do not ſet my life at a pin's fee[6];
And, for my ſoul, what can it do to that,

death, ſuch as are generally eſteemed due, and practiſed with regard to dead bodies. Conſequently, I underſtand by *cerements*, the waxed winding-ſheet or winding-ſheets, in which the corpſe was encloſed and ſown up, in order to preſerve it the longer from external impreſſions from the humidity of the ſepulchre, as embalming was intended to preſerve it from internal corruption. HEATH.

[2] — *quietly* in-urn'd,] The quartos read *interr'd*. STEEVENS.

[3] *That thou, dead corſe, again, in cómplete ſteel,*] It is probable that Shakſpeare introduced his ghoſt in armour, that it might appear more ſolemn by ſuch a diſcrimination from the other characters; though it was really the cuſtom of the Daniſh kings to be buried in that manner. Vide *Olaus Wormius*, cap. 7.

"Struem regi nec veſtibus, nec odoribus cumulant, *ſua cuique arma*, quorundam igni et equus adjicitur."

"—— ſed poſtquam magnanimus ille Danorum rex collem ſibi magnitudinis conſpicuæ extruxiſſet, (cui poſt obitum regio diademate exornatum, *armis indutum*, inferendum eſſet cadaver," &c. STEEV.

[4] — *we fools of nature*—] i. e. making us, who are the ſport of nature, whoſe myſterious operations are beyond the reaches of our ſouls, &c. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*: "O, I am *fortune's fool*." MALONE.

[5] — *to ſhake our* diſpoſition,] *Diſpoſition*, for *frame*. WARBURTON.

[6] — *pin's fee*;] The value of a pin. JOHNSON.

Being a thing immortal as itſelf?
It waves me forth again;—I'll follow it.
*Hor.* What, if it tempt you toward the flood, my lord,
Or to the dreadful ſummit of the cliff,
That beetles o'er his baſe [7] into the ſea?
And there aſſume ſome other horrible form,
Which might deprive your ſovereignty of reaſon [8],
And draw you into madneſs? think of it:
The very place puts toys of deſperation [9],
Without more motive, into every brain,
That looks ſo many fathoms to the ſea,
And hears it roar beneath.
*Ham.* It waves me ſtill:—
Go on, I'll follow thee.
*Mar.* You ſhall not go, my lord.
*Ham.* Hold off your hands.
*Hor.* Be rul'd, you ſhall not go.
*Ham.* My fate cries out,
And makes each petty artery in this body
As hardy as the Némean lion's nerve [1].—[Ghoſt *beckons.*
Still am I call'd;—unhand me, gentlemen;—
[*Breaking from them.*

[7] *That* beetles *o'er his baſe*—] That *bangs o'er* his baſe, like what is called a *beetle-brow*. This verb is, I believe, of our authour's coinage. MALONE.

[8] — *deprive* your ſovereignty, &c.] Dr. Warburton would read *deprave*; but ſeveral proofs are given in the notes to *King Lear* of Shakſpeare's uſe of the word *deprive*, which is the true reading. STEEVENS.

I believe, *deprive* in this place ſignifies ſimply to *take away*. JOHNS.

9 — *puts* toys *of deſperation*,] *Toys*, for *whims*. WARBURTON.
This and the three following lines are omitted in the folio. MALONE.

[1] *As hardy as the* Némean *lion's nerve.*—] Shakſpeare has again accented the word *Nemean* in this manner, in *Love's Labour's Loſt*:

"Thus doſt thou hear the Némean lion roar."

Spenſer, however, wrote Neméan, *Faery Queene*, B. V. c. i.:

"Into the great Neméan lion's grove."

Our poet's conforming in this inſtance to Latin proſody was certainly accidental, for he and almoſt all the poets of his time diſregarded the quantity of Latin names. So, in *Locrine*, 1595, (though undoubtedly the production of a ſcholar,) we have *Amphion* inſtead of *Amphion*, &c. See alſo p. 204, n. 7. MALONE.

By heaven, I'll make a ghoſt of him that lets me[2]:—
I ſay, away:—Go on,—I'll follow thee.

[*Exeunt* Ghoſt, *and* HAMLET.

*Hor.* He waxes deſperate with imagination.

*Mar.* Let's follow; 'tis not fit thus to obey him.

*Hor.* Have after:—To what iſſue will this come?

*Mar.* Something is rotten in the ſtate of Denmark.

*Hor.* Heaven will direct it[3].

*Mar.* Nay, let's follow him. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE V.

*A more remote Part of the Platform.*

*Re-enter* Ghoſt, *and* HAMLET.

*Ham.* Whither wilt thou lead me? ſpeak, I'll go no further.

*Ghoſt.* Mark me.

*Ham.* I will.

*Ghoſt.* My hour is almoſt come,
When I to ſulphurous and tormenting flames
Muſt render up myſelf.

*Ham.* Alas, poor ghoſt!

*Ghoſt.* Pity me not, but lend thy ſerious hearing
To what I ſhall unfold.

*Ham.* Speak, I am bound to hear.

*Ghoſt.* So art thou to revenge, when thou ſhalt hear.

*Ham.* What?

*Ghoſt.* I am thy father's ſpirit;
Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night;
And, for the day, confin'd to faſt in fires[4],

Till

[2] — *that* lets *me*:] To *let* among our old authors ſignifies to prevent, to hinder. STEEVENS.

So, in *No Wit like a Woman's*, a comedy by Middleton, 1657:

"That *lets* her not to be your daughter now." MALONE.

[3] *Heaven will direct it.*] Marcellus anſwers Horatio's queſtion, "To what iſſue will this come?" and Horatio alſo anſwers it himſelf, with a pious reſignation, "Heaven will direct it." BLACKSTONE.

[4] *Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night,*
*And for the day confin'd* to faſt *in fires*,] Chaucer has a ſimilar paſſage with regard to the puniſhments of hell. *Parſon's Tale*, p. 193,

Till the foul crimes, done in my days of nature,
Are burnt and purg'd away [5]. But that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my priſon-houſe,
I could a tale unfold, whoſe lighteſt word
Would harrow up thy ſoul; freeze thy young blood;
Make thy two eyes, like ſtars, ſtart from their ſpheres [6];

193, Mr. Urry's edition: "And moreover the miſeſe of hell ſhall be in defaute of mete and drinke." SMITH.

Naſh, in his *Pierce Pennileſs's Supplication to the Devil*, 1595, has the ſame idea: "Whether it be a place of horror, ſtench, and darkneſs, where men *ſee meat, but can get none*, and are ever thirſty," &c. Before I had read the *Perſones Tale* of Chaucer, I ſuppoſed that he meant rather to drop a ſtroke of ſatire on ſacerdotal luxury, than to give a ſerious account of the place of future torment. Chaucer, however, is as grave as Shakſpeare. So likewiſe at the concluſion of an ancient pamphlet called *The Wyll of the Devyll*, bl. l. no date:

"Thou ſhalt lye in froſt and *fire*
"With ſickneſſe and *hunger*;" &c. STEEVENS.

[5] *Are burnt and purg'd away.*] Gawin Douglas really changes the Platonic hell into the "punytion of ſaulis in purgatory:" and it is obſervable, that when the ghoſt informs Hamlet of his doom there,

"Till the foul crimes, done in his days of nature,
"Are *burnt and purg'd away*,—

the expreſſion is very ſimilar to the biſhop's. I will give you his verſion as conciſely as I can: "It is a nedeful thyng to ſuffer panis and "torment;—Sum in the wyndis, ſum under the watter, and in the fire "uthir ſum: thus the mony vices—

"Contrakkit in the corpis be *done away*
"*And purgitt.*"—*Sixte Book of Eneados*, fol. p. 191. FARMER.

Shakſpeare might have found this expreſſion in the *Hyſtorie of Hamblet*, bl. let. F. 2. edit. 1608: "He ſet fire in the four corners of the hal, in ſuch ſort, that of all that were as then therein not one eſcaped away, but were forced *to purge their ſinnes by fire*." MALONE.

Shakſpeare talks more like a papiſt than a platoniſt; but the language of biſhop Douglas is that of a good proteſtant:

"——— Thus the many vices
"Contrackit in the corpis be done away,
"And purgit."

Theſe are the very words of our liturgy in the commendatory prayer for a ſick perſon at the point of departure, in the office for the viſitation of the ſick: "—*whatſoever defilements it may have contracted—being purged and done away.*" WHALLEY.

[6] *Make thy two* eyes, *like ſtars*, ſtart from their ſpheres;] So, in our poet's 108th ſonnet:

"How have mine *eyes out of their ſpheres been fitted*,
"In the diſtraction of this madding fever!" MALONE.

Thy

Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
And each particular hair to ſtand on end,
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine[7]:
But this eternal blazon muſt not be
To ears of fleſh and blood:—Liſt, liſt, O liſt!—
If thou did'ſt ever thy dear father love,—

*Ham.* O heaven!

*Ghoſt.* Revenge his foul and moſt unnatural murder[8].

*Ham.* Murder?

*Ghoſt.* Murder moſt foul, as in the beſt it is;
But this moſt foul, ſtrange, and unnatural.

*Ham.* Haſte me to know it; that I, with wings as ſwift
As meditation, or the thoughts of love[9],

7 —*fretful porcupine:*] The quartos read *fearful* porcupine. Either may ſerve. This animal is at once iraſcible and timid. The ſame image occurs in the *Romant of the Roſe*, where *Chaucer* is deſcribing the perſonage of *danger:*

"Like ſharpe urchons his *heere* was grow."

An *urchin* is a hedge-hog. STEEVENS.

8 *Revenge his foul and moſt unnatural murder.*] As a proof that this play was written before 1597, of which the contrary has been aſſerted by Mr. Holt in Dr. Johnſon's appendix, I muſt borrow, as uſual, from Dr. Farmer. "Shakſpeare is ſaid to have been no extraordinary actor; and that the top of his performance was the Ghoſt in his own *Hamlet*. Yet this *chef d'oeuvre* did not pleaſe: I will give you an original ſtroke at it. Dr. Lodge publiſhed in the year 1596 a pamphlet called *Wit's Miſerie, or the World's Madneſs, diſcovering the incarnate devils of the age*, quarto. One of theſe devils is, *Hate-virtue, or ſorrow for another man's good ſucceſſe*, who, ſays the doctor, "is *a foule lubber*, and looks as pale as the vizard of the *Ghoſt*, which cried ſo miſerably at the theatre, *Hamlet revenge.*" STEEVENS.

I ſuſpect that this ſtroke was levelled, not at Shakſpeare, but at the performer of the Ghoſt in an older play on this ſubject, exhibited before 1589. See *An Attempt to aſcertain the order of Shakſpeare's plays*, Vol. I. MALONE.

9 *As meditation, or the thoughts of love,*] This ſimilitude is extremely beautiful. The word *meditation* is conſecrated, by the *myſtics*, to ſignify that ſtretch and flight of mind which aſpires to the enjoyment of the ſupreme good. So that Hamlet, conſidering with what to compare the ſwiftneſs of his revenge, chooſes two of the moſt rapid things in nature, the ardency of divine and human paſſion, in an *enthuſiaſt and a lover.* WARBURTON.

The comment on the word *meditation* is ſo ingenious, that I hope it is juſt. JOHNSON.

May ſweep to my revenge.

*Ghoſt.* I find thee apt;
And dull'er ſhould'ſt thou be than the fat weed
That roots itſelf in eaſe on Lethe wharf [2],
Would'ſt thou not ſtir in this. Now, Hamlet, hear:
'Tis given out, that, ſleeping in my orchard,
A ſerpent ſtung me; ſo the whole ear of Denmark
Is by a forged proceſs of my death
Rankly abus'd: but know, thou noble youth,
The ſerpent, that did ſting thy father's life,
Now wears his crown.

*Ham.* O, my prophetick ſoul! my uncle?

*Ghoſt.* Ay, that inceſtuous, that adulterate beaſt,
With witchcraft of his wit *, with traiterous gifts,

[2] *And dull'er ſhould'ſt thou be than the fat weed*
*That roots itſelf in eaſe on Lethe wharf*, &c.] Shakſpeare, apparently through ignorance, makes Roman Catholicks of theſe Pagan Danes; and here gives a deſcription of purgatory; but yet mixes it with the Pagan fable of Lethe's wharf. Whether he did it to inſinuate to the zealous Proteſtants of his time, that the Pagan and Popiſh purgatory ſtood both upon the ſame footing of credibility, or whether it was by the ſame kind of licentious inadvertence that Michael Angelo brought Charon's bark into his picture of the Laſt Judgment, is not eaſy to decide. WARBURTON.

*That* roots *itſelf in eaſe, &c.*] Thus the quarto, 1604. The folio reads—"That *rots* itſelf," &c. I have preferred the reading of the original copy, becauſe to *root itſelf* is a natural and eaſy phraſe, but "to *rot* itſelf," not Engliſh. Indeed in general the readings of the original copies, when not corrupt, ought in my opinion not to be departed from, without very ſtrong reaſon. *That roots itſelf in eaſe*, means, whoſe ſluggiſh root is idly extended.

The modern editors read—*Lethe's* wharf; but the reading of the old copy is right. So, in Sir Aſton Cockain's poems, 1658, p. 177:

"—fearing theſe great actions might die,
"Neglected caſt all into *Lethe lake*." MALONE.

Otway has the ſame thought:

"——like a coarſe and uſeleſs dunghill weed,
"Fix'd to one ſpot, and *rot* juſt as I grow."

The ſuperiority of the reading of the folio is to me apparent: to be in a creſcent ſtate (i. e. to *root itſelf*) affords an idea of activity; to *rot* better ſuits with the dullneſs and inaction to which the Ghoſt refers. Nevertheleſs, the accuſative caſe (*itſelf*) may ſeem to demand the verb *roots*. STEEVENS.

*—*bis* wit,—] The old copies have *wits*. The ſubſequent line ſhews that it was a miſprint. MALONE.

O wicked

(O wicked wit, and gifts, that have the power
So to ſeduce!) won to his ſhameful luſt
The will of my moſt ſeeming-virtuous queen:
O, Hamlet, what a falling-off was there!
From me, whoſe love was of that dignity,
That it went hand in hand even with the vow
I made to her in marriage; and to decline
Upon a wretch, whoſe natural gifts were poor
To thoſe of mine!
But virtue, as it never will be mov'd,
Though lewdneſs court it in a ſhape of heaven;
So luſt, though to a radiant angel link'd,
Will ſate itſelf in a celeſtial bed,
And prey on garbage.
But, ſoft! methinks, I ſcent the morning air;
Brief let me be:—Sleeping within mine orchard[3],
My cuſtom always of the afternoon,
Upon my ſecure hour thy uncle ſtole,
With juice of curſed hebenon in a vial[4],
And in the porches of mine ears did pour

3 —*mine orchard,*] *Orchard* for *garden.* So, in *Romeo and Juliet:*
" The *orchard* walls are high, and hard to climb." STEEV.

4 *With juice of curſed* hebenon *in a vial,*] The word here uſed was more probably deſigned by a *metathefis,* either of the poet or tranſcriber, for *henebon,* that is, *henbane*; of which the moſt common kind *(hyoſcyamus niger)* is certainly *narcotic,* and perhaps, if taken in a conſiderable quantity, might prove poiſonous. Galen calls it cold in the third degree; by which in this, as well as *opium,* he ſeems not to mean an actual coldneſs, but the power it has of benumbing the faculties. Dioſcorides aſcribes to it the property of producing madneſs (ὑοσκυαμος μανιώδης). Theſe qualities have been confirmed by ſeveral caſes related in modern obſervations. In Wepfer we have a good account of the various effects of this root upon moſt of the members of a *convent* in Germany, who eat of it for ſupper by miſtake, mixed with ſuccory;—heat in the throat, giddineſs, dimneſs of ſight and delirium. *Cicut. Aquatic.* c. 18. GREY.

So, in Drayton's *Barons' Wars,* p. 51.
" The pois'ning *henbane,* and the mandrake drad."

In Marlowe's *Jew of Malta,* 1633, the word is written in a different manner:
" —the blood of Hydra, Lerna's bane,
" The juice of *Hebon,* and Cocytus' breath." STEEVENS.

The leperous distilment[5]; whose effect
Holds such an enmity with blood of man,
That, swift as quick-silver, it courses through
The natural gates and alleys of the body;
And, with a sudden vigour, it doth posset
And curd, like eager droppings into milk,
The thin and wholesome blood: so did it mine;
And a most instant tetter bark'd about,
Most lazar-like, with vile and loathsome crust,
All my smooth body.
Thus was I, sleeping, by a brother's hand,
Of life, of crown, of queen, at once dispatch'd[6]:
Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin[7],
Unhousel'd[8], disappointed[9], unanel'd[1];

No

[5] *The leperous distilment*;] So, in Painter's *Palace of Pleasure*, Vol. II. p. 142: "—which being once possessed, never leaveth the patient till it hath enfeebled his state, like the qualitie of *poison distilling* through the veins even to the heart." MALONE.

[6] —*at once* dispatch'd:] *Dispatch'd*, for *bereft*. WARBURTON.

[7] *Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin*, &c.] The very words of this part of the speech are taken (as I have been informed by a gentleman of undoubted veracity) from an old *Legend of Saints*, where a man, who was accidentally drowned, is introduced as making the same complaint. STEEVENS.

[8] *Unhousel'd*,—] *Housel* is the old word for the holy eucharist. To *howsel*, says Bullokar in his *Expositor*, 8vo, 1616, is "to minister sacraments to a sick man in danger of death." *Unhousel'd* therefore is, without having received the sacrament in the hour of death. So, in *Hoffman's Tragedy*, 1631:

"None sung thy requiem, no friend clos'd thine eyes,
"Nor lay'd the hallow'd earth upon thy lips:
"Thou wert not *housel'd*."

Again, in Holinshed's *Chronicle*: "Also children were christened, and men *housseled* and *anoyled*, thorough all the land, except such as were in the bill of excommunication by name expressed." MALONE.

[9] —*disappointed*,] is the same as *unappointed*; and may be properly explained *unprepared*. A man well furnished with things necessary for an enterprise, was said to be well *appointed*. JOHNSON.

So, in Holinshed's *Chronicle*: "He had not past a fifteen lances, as they termed them in those days, that is, to wit, men of arms, furnished and *appointed*."

Mr. Upton is of opinion, that the particular preparation of which the Ghost laments the want, was *confession* and *absolution*. *Appointment*,

No reckoning made, but sent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head:
O, horrible! O, horrible! most horrible[2]!
If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not;
Let not the royal bed of Denmark be
A couch for luxury[3] and damned incest.
But, howsoever thou pursu'st this act,
Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive
Against thy mother aught; leave her to heaven,
And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,
To prick and sting her. Fare thee well at once!
The glow-worm shews the matin to be near,
And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire[4]:

Adieu,

*ment*, he adds, is again used in *Measure for Measure*, in the same sense as here:

"Therefore your best *appointment* make with speed."

Isabella is the speaker, and her brother, who was condemned to die, is the person addressed. MALONE.

[1] —*unanel'd*;] Without extreme unction. So, in Sir Thomas More's Works, p. 345: "The extreme unction or *anelynge*, and confirmation, he sayd, be no sacraments of the church." See also the quotation from Holinshed in n. 8, where the word is spelt *anoyled*. MALONE.

The Anglo-saxon noun-substantives, *bousel*, (the eucharist,) and *ele*, oil, are plainly the roots of the compound adjectives, *bouseled* and *aneled*. For the meaning of the affix *an* to the last, I quote Spelman's *Glossary* in loco. "Quin et dictionibus (an) adjungitur, siquidem vel *majoris notationis* gratia, vel ad *singulare aliquid* vel *unicum* demonstrandum." Hence *aneled* should seem to signify *oiled*, or *anointed*, by way of eminence, i. e. having received extreme unction. BRAND.

[2] *O, horrible! O, horrible! most horrible!*] It was ingeniously hinted to me by a very learned lady, that this line seems to belong to Hamlet, in whose mouth it is a proper and natural exclamation; and who, according to the practice of the stage, may be supposed to interrupt so long a speech. JOHNSON.

[3] *A couch for* luxury—] i. e. for *lewdness*. So, in *K. Lear*:

"*To't* luxury *pell-mell*, for," &c. STEEVENS.

See Vol. VIII. p. 278, n. 2. MALONE.

[4] —*uneffectual fire.*] i. e. shining without heat. WARBURTON.

To *pale* is a verb used by Lady *Elizabeth Carew*, in he *Tragedy of Mariam*, 1613:

——— Death

Adieu, adieu, adieu! remember me [5]. [*Exit.*

*Ham.* O all you hoſt of heaven! O earth! What elſe?
And ſhall I couple hell?—O fie!—Hold, hold, my heart;
And you, my ſinews, grow not inſtant old,
But bear me ſtiffly up!—Remember thee?
Ay, thou poor ghoſt, while memory holds a ſeat
In this diſtracted globe [6]. Remember thee?
Yea, from the table of my memory [7]
I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,
All ſaws of books, all forms, all preſſures paſt,
That youth and obſervation copied there;
And thy commandment all alone ſhall live
Within the book and volume of my brain,
Unmix'd with baſer matter: yes, by heaven.
O moſt pernicious woman!
O villain, villain, ſmiling, damned villain!
My tables,—meet it is, I ſet it down [8],

That

" ——— Death can *pale* as well
" A cheek of roſes as a cheek leſs bright."

Again, in Urry's Chaucer, p. 363: " The ſterre *paleth* her white cheres by the flambes of the ſonne," &c.

*Uneffectual fire*, I believe, rather means, fire that is no longer ſeen when the light of morning approaches. So, in *Pericles Prince of Tyre*, 1609:

" ——— like a *glow worm*,—
" The which hath fire in darkneſs, none in light." STEEVENS.

5 *Adieu, adieu, adieu!* &c.] The folio reads:
Adieu, adieu, *Hamlet:* remember me. STEEVENS.

6 — *Remember thee!*
*Ay, thou poor ghoſt*, while memory holds a ſeat
In this diſtracted globe.] So in our poet's 122d ſonnet:
" Which ſhall above that idle rank remain,
" Beyond all dates, even to eternity;
" Or at the leaſt, *ſo long as brain and heart*
" *Have faculty by nature to ſubſiſt.*" MALONE.

— *this* diſtracted globe.] i. e. in this head confuſed with thought. STEEVENS.

7 *Yea, from* the table of my memory—] This expreſſion is uſed by Sir Philip Sydney in his *Defence of Poeſie*. MALONE.

8 *My* tables,—*meet it is, I ſet it down,*] Hamlet avails himſelf of the ſame caution obſerved by the doctor in the fifth act of *Macbeth*:
" I will

That one may ſmile, and ſmile, and be a villain;
At leaſt, I am ſure, it may be ſo in Denmark: [*writing.*]
So, uncle, there you are. Now to my word[9];
It is, *Adieu, adieu! remember me.*
I have ſworn it.

*Hor.* [*within.*] My lord, my lord,—

*Mar.* [*within.*] Lord Hamlet,—

*Hor.* [*within.*] Heaven ſecure him!

*Ham.* So be it!

*Mar.* [*within.*] Illo, ho, ho, my lord!

*Ham.* Hillo, ho, ho, boy! come, bird, come[1].

*Enter* HORATIO, *and* MARCELLUS.

*Mar.* How is't, my noble lord?

*Hor.* What news, my lord?

*Ham.* O, wonderful!

*Hor.* Good my lord, tell it.

*Ham.* No; you will reveal it.

*Hor.* Not I, my lord, by heaven.

*Mar.* Nor I, my lord.

*Ham.* How ſay you then; would heart of man once think it?—
But you'll be ſecret,—

*Hor. Mar.* Ay, by heaven, my lord.

*Ham.*

" I will ſet down what comes from her, to ſatisfy my remembrance the more ſtrongly." STEEVENS.

See alſo *The Second Part of K. Henry IV.*:

" And therefore will he wipe his *tables* clean,
" And keep no *tell-tale* to his *memory*."

York is here ſpeaking of the king. *Table-books* in the time of our authour appear to have been uſed by all ranks of people. In the church they were filled with ſhort notes of the ſermon, and at the theatre with the ſparkling ſentences of the play. MALONE.

9 — *Now to my word*;] Hamlet alludes to the *watch-word* given every day in military ſervice, which at this time he ſays is, *Adieu, Adieu, remember me.* So, in *The Devil's Charter*, a Tragedy, 1607:

" Now to my *watch-word*." STEEVENS.

1 — *come, bird, come.*] This is the call which falconers uſe to their hawk in the air, when they would have him come down to them. HANMER.

This expreſſion is uſed in *Marſton's Dutch Courtezan*, and by many others among the old dramatic writers.

It

*Ham.* There's ne'er a villain, dwelling in all Denmark,
But he's an arrant knave.

*Hor.* There needs no ghoſt my lord, come from the grave,
To tell us this.

*Ham.* Why, right; you are in the right;
And ſo, without more circumſtance at all,
I hold it fit, that we ſhake hands, and part:
You, as your buſineſs, and deſire, ſhall point you;—
For every man hath buſineſs, and deſire,
Such as it is,—and, for my own poor part,
Look you, I will go pray.

*Hor.* Theſe are but wild and whirling words, my lord.

*Ham.* I am ſorry they offend you, heartily;
Yes 'faith, heartily.

*Hor.* There's no offence, my lord.

*Ham.* Yes, by ſaint Patrick [2], but there is, Horatio,
And much offence too. Touching this viſion here,—
It is an honeſt ghoſt, that let me tell you:
For your deſire to know what is between us,
O'er-maſter it is as you may. And now, good friends,
As you are friends, ſcholars, and ſoldiers,
Give me one poor requeſt.

*Hor.* What is't, my lord? we will.

*Ham.* Never make known what you have ſeen to-night.

*Hor. Mar.* My lord, we will not.

*Ham.* Nay, but ſwear it.

*Hor.* In faith, my lord, not I.

*Mar.* Nor I, my lord, in faith.

It appears from all theſe paſſages, that it was the falconer's call, as *Hanmer* has obſerved. STEEVENS.

[2] — *by St.* Patrick,—] How the poet comes to make Hamlet ſwear by St. Patrick, I know not. However, at this time all the whole northern world had their learning from Ireland; to which place it had retired, and there flouriſhed under the auſpices of this Saint. But it was, I ſuppoſe, only ſaid at random; for he makes Hamlet a ſtudent of Wittenberg. WARBURTON.

Dean Swift's "Verſes on the ſudden drying up of St. Patrick's Well, 1726," contain many learned alluſions to the early cultivation of literature in Ireland. NICHOLS.

*Ham.*

*Ham.* Upon my ſword.
*Mar.* We have ſworn, my lord, already.
*Ham.* Indeed, upon my ſword, indeed.
*Ghoſt.* [*beneath*] Swear.
*Ham.* Ha, ha, boy! ſay'ſt thou ſo? art thou there, true-penny [3]?
Come on,—you hear this fellow in the cellarage,—
Conſent to ſwear.
*Hor.* Propoſe the oath, my lord.
*Ham.* Never to ſpeak of this that you have ſeen,
Swear by my ſword [4].

*Ghoſt.*

3 — *true-penny?*] This word as well as ſome of Hamlet's former exclamations, we find in the *Malecontent*, 1604:

" Illo, ho, ho, ho; art there old *True-penny?*" STEEVENS.

4 *Swear by my ſword.*] Here the poet has preſerved the manners of the ancient Danes, with whom it was *religion* to ſwear upon their ſwords. See *Bartholinus, De cauſis contempt. mort. apud. Dan.* WARB.

I was once inclinable to this opinion, which is likewiſe well defended by Mr. Upton; but Mr. Garrick produced me a paſſage, I think, in *Brantôme*, from which it appeared, that it was common to ſwear upon the ſword, that is, upon the croſs which the old ſwords always had upon the hilt. JOHNSON.

Shakſpeare, it is more than probable, knew nothing of the ancient Danes, or their manners. Every extract from Dr. Farmer's pamphlet muſt prove as inſtructive to the reader as the following:

" In the *Paſſus Primus* of *Pierce Plowman*,
" David in his daies dubbed knightes,
" And did them *ſwere on her ſword* to ſerve truth ever."

" And in *Hieronimo*, the common butt of our author, and the " wits of the time, ſays Lorenzo to Pedringano:—
" Swear on this *croſs*, that what thou ſay'ſt is true,
" But if I prove thee perjur'd and unjuſt,
" This very *ſword*, whereon thou took'ſt thine oath,
" Shall be a worker of thy tragedy."

To the authorities produced by Dr. Farmer, the following may be added from *Holinſhed*, p. 664: " Warwick kiſſed the croſs of K. Ed- " ward's ſword, as it were a vow to his promiſe."

Again, p. 1038, it is ſaid, " that Warwick drew out his ſword, " which other of the honourable and worſhipful that were then pre- " ſent likewiſe did, whom he commanded, that each one ſhould kiſs " other's ſword, according to an ancient cuſtom amongſt men of war " in time of great danger; and herewith they made a ſolemn vow," &c.

*Ghoſt.* [*beneath*] Swear.

*Ham. Hic & ubique?* then we'll ſhift our ground:—
Come hither, gentlemen,
And lay your hands again upon my ſword:
Swear by my ſword,
Never to ſpeak of this that you have heard.

*Ghoſt.* [*beneath*] Swear by his ſword.

*Ham.* Well ſaid, old mole! can'ſt work i'the earth ſo faſt?
A worthy pioneer!—Once more remove, good friends.

*Hor.* O day and night, but this is wondrous ſtrange!

*Ham.* And therefore as a ſtranger give it welcome [5].
There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philoſophy.
But come;—
Here, as before, never, ſo help you mercy!
How ſtrange or odd ſoe'er I bear myſelf,
As I, perchance, hereafter ſhall think meet
To put an antick diſpoſition on,—
That you, at ſuch times ſeeing me, never ſhall,
With arms encumber'd thus, or this head-ſhake,
Or by pronouncing of ſome doubtful phraſe,
As, *Well, well, we know*;—or, *We could, an if we would*;—or, *If we liſt to ſpeak*;—or, *There be, an if they might* *;—
Or ſuch ambiguous giving out to note

Again, in Decker's comedy of *Old Fortunatus*, 1600:

"He has ſworn to me on the *croſs* of his pure Toledo."

In the ſoliloquy of *Roland* addreſſed to his ſword, the *croſs* on it is not forgotten: "—capulo eburneo candidiſſime, *cruce* aureâ ſplendidiſſime," &c. Turpini Hiſt. de Geſtis Caroli Mag. cap. 22. STEEV.

Spenſer obſerves that the Iriſh in his time uſed commonly to ſwear by their ſword. See his *View of the State of Ireland*, written in 1596. This cuſtom, indeed, is of the higheſt antiquity; having prevailed, as we learn from Lucian, among the Scythians. MALONE.

5 *And therefore as a ſtranger give it welcome.*] i. e. receive it to yourſelf; take it under your own roof; as much as to ſay, *Keep it ſecret*. Alluding to the laws of hoſpitality. WARBURTON.

* —*an if* they *might*;] Thus the quarto. The folio reads—an if *there* might. MALONE.

That

That you know aught of me[6]: This do ſwear[7],
So grace and mercy at your moſt need help you!

*Ghoſt.* [*beneath*] Swear.

*Ham.* Reſt, reſt, perturbed ſpirit[8]!—So, gentlemen,
With all my love I do commend me to you:
And what ſo poor a man as Hamlet is
May do, to expreſs his love and friending to you,
God willing, ſhall not lack. Let us go in together;
And ſtill your fingers on your lips, I pray.
The time is out of joint;—O curſed ſpight!
That ever I was born to ſet it right!—
Nay, come, let's go together. [*Exeunt.*

[6] *Or ſuch ambiguous giving out* to note

*That you know aught of me:*—] The conſtruction is irregular and elliptical. Swear as before, ſays Hamlet, that you never *ſhall* by folded arms or ſhaking of your head *intimate that a ſecret is lodged in your breaſts*; and by no ambiguous phraſes to note that you know aught of me.

Shakſpeare has in many other places begun to conſtruct a ſentence in one form, and ended it in another. So, in *All's Well that ends Well:* "I would the cutting of my garments would ſerve the turn, or the baring of my beard; and *to ſay* it was in ſtratagem."

Again, in the ſame play: "No more of this, Helena;—leſt it be rather thought you affect a ſorrow than *to have:*" where he ought to have written *than that you have:* or, *leſt you rather be thought* to *affect a ſorrow, than* to have.

Again, *ibidem:*

"I *bade her*—if her fortunes ever ſtood
"Neceſſity'd to help, *that* by this token
"I would relieve her."

Again, in *The Tempeſt:*

"I have with ſuch proviſion in mine art
"So ſafely order'd, that there is *no ſoul*—
"No, not ſo much perdition as an hair
"Betid to any creature in the veſſel."

See alſo Vol. IV. p. 156, n. 8, and p. 240, n. 8.

Having uſed the word *never* in the preceding part of the ſentence, [that you *never* ſhall—] the poet conſidered the *negative* implied in what follows; and hence he wrote—"*or*—to note," inſtead of *nor*. MALONE.

[7] *—this do ſwear*, &c.] The folio reads, *this not to do*, ſwear, &c. STEEVENS.

*Swear* is uſed here as in many other places, as a diſſyllable. MALONE.

[8] *—perturbed ſpirit!*] The verb *perturb* is uſed by Holinſhed, and by Bacon in his *Eſſay on Superſtition*; "—therefore atheiſm did never *perturb* ſtates." MALONE.

## ACT II. SCENE I.

*A Room in* Polonius's *House.*

*Enter* POLONIUS *and* REYNALDO[9].

*Pol.* Give him this money, and these notes, Reynaldo.

*Rey.* I will, my lord.

*Pol.* You shall do marvellous wisely, good Reynaldo,
Before you visit him, to make inquiry
Of his behaviour.

*Rey.* My lord, I did intend it.

*Pol.* Marry, well said: very well said. Look you, sir,
Inquire me first what Danskers[1] are in Paris;
And how, and who, what means, and where they keep,
What company, at what expence; and finding,
By this encompassment and drift of question,
That they do know my son, come you more nearer
Than your particular demands will touch it[2]:
Take you, as 'twere some distant knowledge of him;
As thus,—*I know his father, and his friends,*
*And, in part, him*;—Do you mark this, Reynaldo?

*Rey.* Ay, very well, my lord.

*Pol. And, in part, him*;—*but*, you may say,—*not well:*
*But, if't be he I mean, he's very wild*;
*Addicted so and so*;—and there put on him
What forgeries you please; marry, none so rank
As may dishonour him; take heed of that;
But, sir, such wanton, wild, and usual slips,

9 The quartos read, *Enter old Polonius with his man or two.* STEEV.

1 —*Danskers*—] *Danske* (in Warner's *Albions England*) is the ancient name of Denmark. STEEVENS.

2 — *come you more nearer*
*Than your particular demands will touch it:*] The late editions read, and point, thus:
— come you more nearer;
*Then* your particular demands will touch it:
Throughout the old copies the word which we now write—*than*, is constantly written *then*. I have therefore here printed *than*, which the context seems to me to require, though the old copies have *then*. There is no point after the word *nearer*, either in the original quarto, 1604, or the folio. MALONE.

As

As are companions noted and moſt known
To youth and liberty.

*Rey.* As gaming, my lord.

*Pol.* Ay, or drinking, fencing, ſwearing [3], quarrelling,
Drabbing:—You may go ſo far.

*Rey.* My lord, that would diſhonour him.

*Pol.* 'Faith, no; as you may ſeaſon it in the charge [4].
You muſt not put another ſcandal on him [5],
That he is open to incontinency;
That's not my meaning: but breathe his faults ſo quaintly,
That they may ſeem the taints of liberty:
The flaſh and out-break of a fiery mind;
A ſavageneſs [6] in unreclaimed blood,
Of general aſſault [7].

*Rey.* But, my good lord,—

*Pol.* Wherefore ſhould you do this?

*Rey.* Ay, my lord,
I would know that.

*Pol.* Marry, ſir, here's my drift;
And, I believe, it is a fetch of warrant [8]:
You laying theſe ſlight ſullies on my ſon,
As 'twere a thing a little ſoil'd i' the working,

[3] —*drinking*, fencing, *ſwearing*,] I ſuppoſe by *fencing* is meant a too diligent frequentation of the fencing-ſchool, a reſort of violent and lawleſs young men. JOHNSON.

*Fencing*, I ſuppoſe, means, piquing himſelf on his ſkill in the uſe of the ſword, and quarrelling and brawlling, in conſequence of that ſkill. "The cunning of *fencers*, ſays Goſſon in his *Schoole of Abuſe*, 1579, is now applied to *quarrelling*: they thinke themſelves no men, if, for ſtirring of a ſtraw, they prove not their valure uppon ſome bodies fleſhe." MALONE.

[4] *'Faith*, no; *as you may ſeaſon it*, &c.] The quarto reads—Faith, as you may ſeaſon it in the charge. MALONE.

[5] *You muſt not put* another *ſcandal on him*,] i. e. a very different and more ſcandalous failing, namely habitual incontinency, Mr. Theobald in his *Shakſpeare Reſtored* propoſed to read—an *utter* ſcandal on him; but did not admit the emendation into his edition. MALONE.

[6] *A* ſavageneſs—] *Savageneſs*, for *wildneſs*. WARBURTON.

[7] *Of general aſſault*.] i. e. ſuch as youth in general is liable to. WARBURTON.

[8] *And, I believe, it is a fetch* of warrant:] So the folio. The quarto reads,—a fetch of *wit*. STEEVENS.

Mark you,
Your party in converſe, him you would ſound,
Having ever ſeen, in the prenominate crimes[9],
The youth, you breathe of, guilty, be aſſur'd,
He cloſes with you in this conſequence;
*Good ſir*, or ſo[1]; or *friend*, or *gentleman*,—
According to the phraſe, or the addition,
Of man, and country.

*Rey.* Very good, my lord.

*Pol.* And then, ſir, does he this,—He does—What was I about to ſay?—By the maſs, I was about to ſay ſomething:—Where did I leave?

*Rey.* At, cloſes in the conſequence[2].

*Pol.* At, cloſes in the conſequence,—*Ay, marry*;
He cloſes with you thus:—*I know the gentleman*;
*I ſaw him yeſterday, or t'other day,*
*Or then, or then*; *with ſuch, or ſuch*; *and, as you ſay,*
*There was he gaming*; *there o'ertook in his rouſe*;
*There falling out at tennis*: *or, perchance,*
*I ſaw him enter ſuch a houſe of ſale,*
(*Videlicet*, a brothel) *or ſo forth.*—See you now;
Your bait of falſehood takes this carp of truth:
And thus do we of wiſdom and of reach,
With windlaces, and with aſſays of bias,
By indirections find directions out;
So, by my former lecture and advice,
Shall you my ſon: You have me, have you not?

*Rey.* My lord, I have.

*Pol.* God be wi'you; fare you well.

*Rey.* Good my lord,—

*Pol.* Obſerve his inclination in yourſelf[3].

9 —*prenominate* crimes,] i. e. crimes already named. STEEVENS.

1 *Good ſir, or* ſo;] I ſuſpect, (with Mr. Tyrwhitt,) that the poet wrote—Good ſir. or *ſir*, or friend, &c. In the laſt act of this play, *ſo* is uſed for *ſo forth*: "—ſix French rapiers and poniards, with their aſſigns, as girdle, hanger, and *ſo*." MALONE.

2 *At, cloſes in the conſequence.*] Thus the quarto. The folio adds—At friend, or ſo, or gentleman. MALONE.

3 — in *yourſelf.*] Hanmer reads, *e'en* yourſelf, and is followed by Dr. Warburton; but perhaps *in* yourſelf means, *in your own perſon*, not by ſpies. JOHNSON.

*Rey.*

*Rey.* I ſhall, my lord.
*Pol.* And let him ply his muſick.
*Rey.* Well, my lord. [*Exit.*

*Enter* OPHELIA.

*Pol.* Farewel!—How now, Ophelia? what's the matter?
*Oph.* O, my lord, my lord, I have been ſo affrighted!
*Pol.* With what, in the name of heaven?
*Oph.* My lord, as I was ſewing in my cloſet,
Lord Hamlet,—with his doublet all unbrac'd;
No hat upon his head; his ſtockings foul'd,
Ungarter'd, and down-gyved to his ancle [4];
Pale as his ſhirt; his knees knocking each other;
And with a look ſo piteous in purport,
As if he had been looſed out of hell,
To ſpeak of horrors,—he comes before me.
*Pol.* Mad for thy love?
*Oph.* My lord, I do not know;
But, truly, I do fear it.
*Pol.* What ſaid he?
*Oph.* He took me by the wriſt, and held me hard;
Then goes he to the length of all his arm;
And, with his other hand thus o'er his brow,
He falls to ſuch peruſal of my face,
As he would draw it. Long ſtay'd he ſo;
At laſt,—a little ſhaking of mine arm,
And thrice his head thus waving up and down,—
He rais'd a ſigh ſo piteous and profound,
As it did ſeem to ſhatter all his bulk [5],
And end his being: That done, he lets me go:
And, with his head over his ſhoulder turn'd,

4 *Ungarter'd, and down*-gyved *to his ancle*;] *Down-gyved* means hanging down like the looſe cincture which confines the fetters round the ancles. STEEVENS.

Thus the quartos 1604, and 1605, and the folio. In the quarto of 1611, the word *gyved* was changed to *gyred*. MALONE.

5 — *all his* bulk,] i. e. all his body. So, in *The Rape of Lucrece*:

" —— her heart
" Beating her *bulk*, that his hand ſhakes withal."

See Vol. VI. p. 488, n. 3. MALONE.

He ſeem'd to find his way without his eyes;
For out o'doors he went without their helps,
And, to the laſt, bended their light on me.

*Pol.* Come, go with me; I will go ſeek the king.
This is the very ecſtaſy of love;
Whoſe violent property foredoes itſelf[6],
And leads the will to deſperate undertakings,
As oft as any paſſion under heaven,
That does afflict our natures. I am ſorry,—
What, have you given him any hard words of late?

*Oph.* No, my good lord; but, as you did command,
I did repel his letters, and deny'd
His acceſs to me.

*Pol.* That hath made him mad.
I am ſorry, that with better heed, and judgment,
I had not quoted him[7]: I fear'd he did but trifle,
And meant to wreck thee; but, beſhrew my jealouſy!
It ſeems, it is as proper to our age
To caſt beyond ourſelves in our opinions,
As it is common for the younger ſort
To lack diſcretion[8]. Come, go we to the king:

This

[6] —*foredoes* itſelf,] To *foredo* is to deſtroy. So, in *Othello:*

"That either makes me, or *foredoes* me quite." STEEVENS.

[7] *I had not* quoted *him:*] I had not marked or obſerved him. So, in *The Rape of Lucrece:*

"Yea, the illiterate——
"Will *quote* my loathed treſpaſs in my looks."

In this paſſage, in the original edition of 1594, the word is written *cote*, as it is in the quarto copy of this play. It is merely the old or corrupt ſpelling of the word. See Vol. II. p. 378, n. 6, and p. 431, n. 6; Vol. III. p. 471, n. 6, and Vol. IV. p. 537, n. 6. In Minſheu's Dict. 1617, we find, "To *quote*, mark, or note, à *quotus*. Numeris enim ſcribentes ſententias ſuas *notunt* et diſtinguunt." See alſo Cotgrave's Dict. 1611: "Quoter. To *quote* or *marke* in the margent; to note by the way." MALONE.

[8] — *it is as proper to our age*
*To caſt beyond ourſelves in our opinions,*
*As it is common for the younger ſort*
*To lack diſcretion.*] This is not the remark of a weak man. The vice of age is too much ſuſpicion. Men long accuſtomed to the wiles of life

This muſt be known; which, being kept cloſe, might move[9]
More grief to hide, than hate to utter love.
Come. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.

*A Room in the Caſtle.*

*Enter* King, Queen, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, *and Attendants.*

*King.* Welcome, dear Roſencrantz, and Guildenſtern!
Moreover that we much did long to ſee you,
The need, we have to uſe you, did provoke
Our haſty ſending. Something have you heard
Of Hamlet's transformation; ſo I call it,
Since nor the exterior nor the inward man
Reſembles that it was: What it ſhould be,
More than his father's death, that thus hath put him
So much from the underſtanding of himſelf,
I cannot dream of: I entreat you both,
That,—being of ſo young days brought up with him;
And, ſince, ſo neighbour'd to his youth and humour[1],—

life *caſt* commonly *beyond themſelves*, let their cunning go farther than reaſon can attend it. This is always the fault of a little mind, made artful by long commerce with the world. JOHNSON.

The quartos read—*By heaven*, it is as proper, &c. STEEVENS.

In Decker's *Wonderful Yeare*, 4to. 1603, we find an expreſſion ſimilar to that in the text. "Now the thirſtie citizen *caſts beyond* the moone." MALONE.

[9] *This muſt be known; which, being kept cloſe, might move*
*More grief to hide, than hate to utter love.*] *i. e.* This muſt be made known to the king, for (being kept ſecret) the hiding Hamlet's love might occaſion more miſchief to us from him and the queen, than the uttering or revealing of it will occaſion hate and reſentment from Hamlet. The poet's ill and obſcure expreſſion ſeems to have been cauſed by his affectation of concluding the ſcene with a couplet.

Hanmer reads,

*More grief to* hide hate, than *to utter love.* JOHNSON.

[1] —and *humour*,] Thus the folio. The quartos read, *haviour.* STEEVENS.

That you vouchsafe your rest here in our court
Some little time: so by your companies
To draw him on to pleasures; and to gather,
So much as from occasion you may glean,
Whether, aught, to us unknown, afflicts him thus [2],
That, open'd, lies within our remedy.

*Queen.* Good gentlemen, he hath much talk'd of you;
And, sure I am, two men there are not living,
To whom he more adheres. If it will please you
To shew us so much gentry [3], and good will,
As to expend your time with us a while,
For the supply and profit of our hope [4],
Your visitation shall receive such thanks
As fits a king's remembrance.

*Ros.* Both your majesties
Might, by the sovereign power you have of us,
Put your dread pleasures more into command
Than to entreaty.

*Guil.* But we both obey;
And here give up ourselves, in the full bent [5],
To lay our service freely at your feet,
To be commanded.

*King.* Thanks, Rosencrantz, and gentle Guildenstern.

*Queen.* Thanks, Guildenstern, and gentle Rosencrantz:
And I beseech you instantly to visit
My too much changed son.—Go, some of you,
And bring these gentlemen where Hamlet is.

*Guil.* Heavens make our presence, and our practices,
Pleasant and helpful to him!

*Queen.* Ay, amen!

[*Exeunt* Ros. Guil. *and some Attendants.*

[2] *Whether aught*, &c.] This line is omitted in the folio. Steev.

[3] *To shew us so much* gentry—] *Gentry*, for *complaisance*. Warb.

[4] *For the supply*, &c.] That the hope which your arrival has raised may be completed by the desired effect. Johnson.

[5] — *in the full* bent,] *The full bent* is *the utmost extremity of exertion*. The allusion is to a bow bent as far as it will go. So afterwards in this play:

"They fool me to the *top* of my *bent*." Malone.

*Enter*

*Enter* POLONIUS.

*Pol.* The embaſſadors from Norway, my good lord,
Are joyfully return'd.
*King.* Thou ſtill haſt been the father of good news.
*Pol.* Have I, my lord? Aſſure you, my good liege,
I hold my duty, as I hold my ſoul,
Both to my God, and to my gracious king:
And I do think, (or elſe this brain of mine
Hunts not the trail of policy ſo ſure[6]
As it hath us'd to do,) that I have found
The very cauſe of Hamlet's lunacy.
*King.* O, ſpeak of that; that do I long to hear.
*Pol.* Give firſt admittance to the embaſſadors;
My news ſhall be the fruit to that great feaſt[7].
*King.* Thyſelf do grace to them, and bring them in.
[*Exit* POLONIUS.
He tells me, my dear Gertrude, he hath found
The head and ſource of all your ſon's diſtemper.
*Queen.* I doubt, it is no other but the main;
His father's death, and our o'er-haſty marrriage.

*Re-enter* POLONIUS, *with* VOLTIMAND, *and* CORNELIUS.

*King.* Well, we ſhall ſift him.—Welcome, my good friends!
Say, Voltimand, what from our brother Norway?
*Volt.* Moſt fair return of greetings, and deſires.
Upon our firſt, he ſent out to ſuppreſs
His nephew's levies; which to him appear'd
To be a preparation 'gainſt the Polack;
But, better look'd into, he truly found
It was againſt your highneſs: Whereat griev'd,—
That ſo his ſickneſs, age, and impotence,
Was falſely borne in hand[8],—ſends out arreſts

[6] — *the trail of policy*—] The *trail* is the *courſe of an animal purſued by the ſcent.* JOHNSON.
[7] — *the fruit*—] The *deſert* after the meat. JOHNSON.
[8] — *borne in hand*,—] *i. e.* deceived, impoſed on. STEEVENS. See Vol. IV. p. 357, n. 6. MALONE.

On Fortinbras; which he, in brief, obeys;
Receives rebuke from Norway; and, in fine,
Makes vow before his uncle, never more
To give the assay [9] of arms against your majesty.
Whereon old Norway, overcome with joy,
Gives him three thousand crowns in annual fee [1];
And his commission, to employ those soldiers,
So levied as before, against the Polack:
With an entreaty, herein further shewn, [*gives a paper*.
That it might please you to give quiet pass
Through your dominions for this enterprize;
On such regards of safety, and allowance,
As therein are set down.

*King.* It likes us well;
And, at our more consider'd time, we'll read,
Answer, and think upon this business.
Mean time, we thank you for your well-took labour:
Go to your rest; at night we'll feast together [2]:
Most welcome home! [*Exeunt* VOL. *and* COR.

*Pol.* This business is well ended.
My liege, and madam, to expostulate [3]
What

9 *To give the assay*—] To *take the assay* was a technical expression, originally applied to those who tasted wine for princes and great men. See Vol. VIII. p. 673, n. 5. MALONE.

1 *Gives him* three thousand *crowns in annual fee*;] Thus the folio. The quarto has—three*score* thousand. MALONE.

*Fee* in this place signifies *reward, recompence.* So in *All's well that ends well:*

" —Not helping, death's my *fee*;
" But if I help, what do you promise me?

The word is commonly used in Scotland, for *wages*, as we say *lawyer's fee, physician's fee.* STEEVENS.

*Fee* is defined by Minsheu in his Dict. 1617, a reward. MALONE.

2 — *at night we'll feast*—] The king's intemperance is never suffered to be forgotten. JOHNSON.

3 *My liege, and madam, to expostulate*—] To *expostulate*, for *to enquire* or *discuss.*

The strokes of humour in this speech are admirable. Polonius's character is that of a weak, pedant, minister of state. His declamation is a fine satire on the impertinent oratory then in vogue, which placed reason in the formality of method, and wit in the jingle and play of words. With what art is he made to pride himself in his *wit.*

That

What majeſty ſhould be, what duty is,
Why day is day, night, night, and time is time,
Were

*That he is mad, 'tis true: 'tis true, 'tis pity:*
*And pity 'tis, 'tis true:* A fooliſh figure,
But farewel it,—.

And how exquiſitely does the poet ridicule the *reaſon in faſhion*, where he makes Polonius remark on Hamlet's madneſs:

*Though this be* madneſs, *yet there's* method *in't:*

As if method, which the wits of that age thought the moſt eſſential quality of a good diſcourſe, would make amends for the madneſs. It was *madneſs* indeed, yet Polonius could comfort himſelf with this reflection, that at leaſt it was *method*. It is certain Shakſpeare excels in nothing more than in the preſervation of his characters; *To this life and variety of character* (ſays our great poet in his admirable preface to Shakſpeare,) *we muſt add the wonderful preſervation of it.* We have ſaid what is the character of Polonius; and it is allowed on all hands to be drawn with wonderful life and ſpirit, yet the *unity* of it has been thought by ſome to be groſsly violated in the excellent *precepts* and *inſtructions* which Shakſpeare makes his ſtateſman give to his ſon and ſervant in the middle of the *firſt*, and beginning of the *ſecond act*. But I will venture to ſay, theſe critics have not entered into the poet's art and addreſs in this particular. He had a mind to ornament his ſcenes with thoſe fine leſſons of ſocial life; but his Polonius was too weak to be author of them, though he was pedant enough to have met with them in his reading, and fop enough to get them by heart, and retail them for his own. And this the poet has finely ſhewn us was the caſe, where, in the middle of Polonius's inſtructions to his ſervant, he makes him, though without having received any interruption, forget his leſſon, and ſay,

*And then, ſir, does he this;*
*He does—What was I about to ſay?*
*I was about to ſay ſomething—where did I leave?*

The ſervant replies,

*At*, cloſes in the conſequence. This ſets Polonius right, and he goes on,

*At*, cloſes in the conſequence.
*——Ay marry,*
*He cloſes thus:*—I know the gentleman, *&c.*

which ſhews the very words got by heart which he was repeating. Otherwiſe *cloſes in the conſequence*, which conveys no particular idea of the ſubject he was upon, could never have made him recollect where he broke off. This is an extraordinary inſtance of the poet's art, and attention to the preſervation of character. WARBURTON.

This account of the character of Polonius, though it ſufficiently reconciles the ſeeming inconſiſtency of ſo much wiſdom with ſo much folly, does not perhaps correſpond exactly to the ideas of our author. The

Were nothing but to waſte night, day, and time.
Therefore,—ſince brevity is the ſoul of wit,
And tediouſneſs the limbs and outward flouriſhes,—
I will be brief: Your noble ſon is mad:
Mad call I it; for, to define true madneſs,
What is't, but to be nothing elſe but mad;
But let that go.

*Queen.* More matter, with leſs art.

*Pol.* Madam, I ſwear, I uſe no art all.
That he is mad, 'tis true: 'tis true, 'tis pity;
And pity 'tis, 'tis true: a fooliſh figure;
But farewel it, for I will uſe no art.
Mad let us grant him then: and now remains,
That we find out the cauſe of this effect;
Or, rather ſay, the cauſe of this defect;
For this effect, defective, comes by cauſe:
Thus it remains, and the remainder thus.
Perpend.
I have a daughter; have, while ſhe is mine;
Who, in her duty and obedience, mark,
Hath given me this: Now gather, and ſurmiſe.

The commentator makes the character of Polonius, a character only of manners, diſcriminated by properties ſuperficial, accidental, and acquired. The poet intended a nobler delineation of a mixed character of manners and of nature. Polonius is a man bred in courts, exerciſed in buſineſs, ſtored with obſervation, confident of his knowledge, proud of his eloquence, and declining into dotage. His mode of oratory is truly repreſented as deſigned to ridicule the practice of thoſe times, of prefaces that made no introduction, and of method that embarraſſed rather than explained. This part of his character is accidental, the reſt is natural. Such a man is poſitive and confident, becauſe he knows that his mind was once ſtrong, and knows not that it is become weak. Such a man excels in general principles, but fails in the particular application. He is knowing in retroſpect, and ignorant in foreſight. While he depends upon his memory, and can draw from his repoſitories of knowledge, he utters weighty ſentences, and gives uſeful counſel; but as the mind in its enfeebled ſtate cannot be kept long buſy and intent, the old man is ſubject to ſudden dereliction of his faculties, he loſes the order of his ideas and entangles himſelf in his own thoughts, till he recovers the leading principle, and falls again into his former train. This idea of dotage encroaching upon wiſdom, will ſolve all the phænomena of the character of Polonius. JOHNSON.

To

—*To the celeſtial, and my ſoul's idol, the moſt beautified Ophelia,*—[4]

That's an ill phraſe, a vile phraſe; *beautify'd* is a vile phraſe; but you ſhall hear.—Thus:

*In her excellent white boſom, theſe*[5], &c.—

*Queen.* Came this from Hamlet to her?

*Pol.* Good madam, ſtay a while; I will be faithful.—

*Doubt thou, the ſtars are fire;* [*reads.*
*Doubt, that the ſun doth move;*
*Doubt truth to be a liar;*
*But never doubt, I love.*

O *dear* Ophelia, *I am ill at theſe numbers; I have not art to reckon my groans: but that I love thee beſt, O moſt beſt*[6], *believe it. Adieu.*

*Thine evermore, moſt dear lady, whilſt this machine is to him,* Hamlet.

This

[4] *To the celeſtial, and my ſoul's idol, the moſt* beautified *Ophelia*—] Mr. Theobald for *beautified* ſubſtituted *beatified.* MALONE.

Dr. Warburton has followed Theobald; but I am in doubt whether *beautified*, though, as Polonius calls it, a *vile phraſe*, be not the proper word. *Beautified* ſeems to be a *vile phraſe*, for the ambiguity of its meaning. JOHNSON.

Hayward, in his *Hiſtory of Edward* VI. ſays, "*Katherine Parre*, queen dowager to king Henry VIII. was a woman *beautified* with many excellent virtues." FARMER.

Again, Naſh dedicates his *Chriſt's Tears over Jeruſalem*, 1594, "to the moſt *beautified* lady, the lady Elizabeth Carey."

Again, in Green's *Mamilia*, 1593: "—although thy perſon is ſo bravely *beautified* with the dowries of nature."

*Ill* and *vile* as the phraſe may be, our author has uſed it again in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona:*

"——ſeeing you are *beautified*
"With goodly ſhape," &c. STEEVENS.

[5] *In her excellent white boſom,*—] So, in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona:*

"Thy letters———
"Which, being writ to me, ſhall be deliver'd
"Even in *the milk-white boſom of thy love.*"

See a note on this paſſage." STEEVENS.

I have here followed the quarto. The folio reads:

*Theſe* in her excellent white boſom, theſe, &c.

In

This, in obedience, hath my daughter ſhewn me;
And more above[7], hath his ſolicitings,
As they fell out by time, by means, and place,
All given to mine ear.

*King.* But how hath ſhe
Receiv'd his love?

*Pol.* What do you think of me?

*King.* As of a man faithful and honourable.

*Pol.* I would fain prove ſo. But what might you think,
When I had ſeen this hot love on the wing,
(As I perceiv'd it, I muſt tell you that,
Before my daughter told me,) what might you,
Or my dear majeſty your queen here, think,
If I had play'd the deſk, or table-book;
Or given my heart a working, mute and dumb;
Or look'd upon this love with idle ſight;
What might you think[8]? no, I went round to work,
And my young miſtreſs thus I did beſpeak;

In our poet's time the word *Theſe* was uſually added at the end of the ſuperſcription of letters, but I have never met with it both at the beginning and end. MALONE.

[6] *O moſt beſt*] So, in *Acolaſtus*, a comedy, 1540: "—that ſame *moſt beſt* redreſſer or reformer, is God." STEEVENS.

[7] —*more above*,—] is, *moreover, beſides.* JOHNSON.

[8] *If I had play'd the deſk or table-book;*
*Or given my heart a working, mute and dumb;*
*Or look'd upon this love with idle ſight;*
*What might you think?*—] *i. e.* If either I had conveyed intelligence between them, and been the confident of their amours [*play'd the deſk or table book*], or had connived at it, only obſerved them in ſecret, without acquainting my daughter with my diſcovery [*given my heart a mute and dumb working*]; or laſtly, had been negligent in obſerving the intrigue, and overlooked it [*looked upon this love with idle ſight*]; what would you have thought of me? WARBURTON.

I doubt whether the firſt line is rightly explained. It may mean, if I had lock'd up this ſecret in my own breaſt, as cloſely as if it were confined in a deſk or table-book. MALONE.

*Or given my heart a working* mute *and* dumb;] The ſame pleonaſm is found in our authour's *Rape of Lucrece*:

"And in my hearing be you *mute and dumb.*" MALONE.

The folio reads—*a winking.* STEEVENS.

*Lord*

*Lord Hamlet is a prince out of thy ſphere*[9];
*This muſt not be:* and then I preſcripts gave her[1],
That ſhe ſhould lock herſelf from his reſort,
Admit no meſſengers, receive no tokens.
Which done, ſhe took the fruits of my advice[2];
And he, repulſed, (a ſhort tale to make,)
Fell into a ſadneſs; then into a faſt[3];
Thence to a watch: thence into a weakneſs;
Thence to a lightneſs; and, by this declenſion,
Into the madneſs wherein now he raves,
And all we mourn for.

*King.* Do you think, 'tis this?

*Queen.* It may be, very likely.

*Pol.* Hath there been ſuch a time, (I'd fain know that,)
That I have poſitively ſaid, *'Tis ſo*,
When it prov'd otherwiſe?

*King.*

[9] *Lord Hamlet is a prince out of thy* ſphere;] The quarto 1604, and the firſt folio, for *ſphere*, have *ſtar*. The correction was made by the editor of the ſecond folio. Mr. Steevens obſerves, that "*all* princes were alike out of her ſphere," and therefore points thus:

Lord Hamlet is a prince:—out of thy ſphere;"

I ſee no need of departing from the ancient punctuation. The poet clearly means that lord Hamlet is a prince, *and, being a prince*, is out of Ophelia's ſphere. MALONE.

[1] —preſcripts *gave her*,] Thus the quarto. The folio reads—*precepts*. The original copy in my opinion is right. Polonius had *ordered* his daughter *to lock herſelf from Hamlet's reſort*, &c. See p. 219.

"I would not, in plain terms, from this time forth,
"Have you ſo ſlander any moment's leiſure
"As to give words or talk with the lord Hamlet:
"Look to't, *I charge* you." MALONE.

[2] *Which done, ſhe took the fruits of my advice*:] She took the *fruits* of advice when ſhe obeyed advice; the advice was then made *fruitful*. JOHNSON.

[3] — *a ſhort tale to make,*

*Fell into a ſadneſs; then into a faſt*, &c.] The ridicule of this character is here admirably ſuſtained. He would not only be thought to have diſcovered this intrigue by his own ſagacity, but to have remarked all the ſtages of Hamlet's diſorder, from his ſadneſs to his raving, as regularly as his phyſician could have done; when all the while the madneſs was only feigned. The humour of this is exquiſite from a man who tells us, with a confidence peculiar to ſmall politicians, that he could find—

*King.* Not that I know.

*Pol.* Take this from this, if this be otherwiſe:
[*pointing to his head and ſhoulder.*
If circumſtances lead me, I will find
Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeed
Within the centre.

*King.* How may we try it further?

*Pol.* You know, ſometimes he walks four hours together [4],
Here in the lobby.

*Queen.* So he does, indeed.

*Pol.* At ſuch a time I'll looſe my daughter to him:
Be you and I behind an arras then;
Mark the encounter: if he love her not,
And be not from his reaſon fallen thereon,
Let me be no aſſiſtant for a ſtate,
But keep a farm, and carters [5].

*King.*

*Where truth was hid, though it were hid indeed*
*Within the centre.* WARBURTON.

4 — four *hours together,*] Perhaps it would be better were we to read indefinitely,—*for* hours together. TYRWHITT.

I formerly was inclined to adopt Mr. Tyrrwhitt's propoſed emendation; but have now no doubt that the text is right. The expreſſion, *four* hours together, *two hours together*, &c. appears to have been common: So, in *King Lear*, Act I.

" *Edm.* Spake you with him?

" *Edg.* Ay, *two hours together.*"

Again, in *The Winter's Tale:*

" —ay, and have been, any time theſe *four* hours."

Again, in Webſter's *Dutcheſs of Malfy*, 1623:

" She will muſe *four hours together*, and her ſilence

" Methinks expreſſeth more than if ſhe ſpake." MALONE.

5 *At ſuch a time I'll looſe my daughter to him:*
*Be you and I behind an arras then;*
*Mark the encounter: if he love her not,*
*And be not from his reaſon fallen thereon,*
*Let me be no aſſiſtant for a ſtate,*
*But keep a farm, and carters.*] The ſcheme of throwing Ophelia in Hamlet's way, in order to try his ſanity, as well as the addreſs of the king in a former ſcene to Roſencrantz and Guildenſtern,

" ——— I entreat you both——

" That you vouchſafe your reſt here in our court

" Some

*King*. We will try it.

*Enter* HAMLET, *reading*.

*Queen*. But, look, where ſadly the poor wretch comes reading.

*Pol*. Away, I do beſeech you, both away;
I'll board him preſently:—O, give me leave.—
[*Exeunt* King, Queen, *and Attendants*.
How

" Some little time; ſo by your companies
" *To draw him on to pleaſures*, and to gather
" So much as from occaſion you may glean,
" Whether aught to us unknown afflicts him thus,
" That open'd lies within our remedy;—"

ſeem to have been formed on the following ſlight hints in *The Hyſtory of Hamblet*, bl. let. ſig. C. 3: " They counſelled to try and know if poſſible, how to diſcover the intent and meaning of the young prince; and they could find no better nor more fit invention to intrap him, then to ſet ſome faire and beautiful woman in a ſecret place, that with flattering ſpeeches and all the craftieſt meanes ſhe could, ſhould purpoſely ſeek to allure his mind to have his pleaſure of her.—To this end, *certain courtiers* were appointed to lead Hamblet into a ſolitary place, within the woods, where they brought the woman, inciting him to take their pleaſures together. And ſurely the poore prince at this aſſault had beene in great danger, if a gentleman that in Horvendille's time had been nouriſhed with him, had not ſhowne himſelfe more affectioned to the bringing up he had received with Hamblet, than deſirous to pleaſe the tyrant.—This gentleman bare the courtiers company, making full account that the leaſt ſhowe of perfect ſence and wiſdome that Hamblet ſhould make, would be ſufficient to cauſe him to looſe his life; and therefore by certain ſignes he gave Hamblet intelligence in what danger he was like to fall, if by any means he ſeemed to obaye, or once like the wanton toyes and vicious provocations of the gentlewoman ſent thither by his uncle: which much abaſhed the prince, as then wholly being in affection to the lady. But by her he was likewiſe informed of the treaſon, as one that from her infancy loved and favoured him.—The prince in this ſort having deceived the courtiers and the ladys expectation, that affirmed and ſwore hee never once offered to have his pleaſure of the woman, although in ſubtlety he affirmed the contrary, every man thereupon aſſured themſelves that without doubt he was diſtraught of his ſences;—ſo that as then Fengon's practiſe took no effect."

Here we find the rude outlines of the characters of Ophelia, and Horatio,—*the gentleman that in the time of* Horvendille (the father of *Hamlet*) *had been nouriſhed with him*. But in this piece there are no traits of the character of *Polonius*. There is indeed a counſellor, and he

How does my good lord Hamlet?

*Ham.* Well, god-'a-mercy.

*Pol.* Do you know me, my lord?

*Ham.* Excellent well; you are a fishmonger.

*Pol.* Not I, my lord.

*Ham.* Then I would you were so honest a man.

*Pol.* Honest, my lord?

*Ham.* Ay, sir; to be honest, as this world goes, is to be one man pick'd out of ten thousand.

*Pol.* That's very true, my lord.

*Ham.* For if the sun breed maggots in a dead dog, being a god, kissing carrion [6],—Have you a daughter?

*Pol.*

he places himself in the queen's chamber behind the arras;—but this is the whole. MALONE.

[6] *For if the sun breed maggots in a dead dog, being a god, kissing carrion,*—&c.] The old copies read—a *good* kissing carrion. The emendation was made by Dr. Warburton, who yet in my apprehension did not understand the passage. I have therefore omitted his laboured comment on it, in which he endeavours to prove that Shakspeare intended it as a vindication of the ways of Providence in permitting evil to abound in the world. He does not indeed pretend that this profound meaning can be drawn from what Hamlet *says*; but this is what he was *thinking of*; for "this wonderful man (Shakspeare) had an art not only of acquainting the audience with what his actors *say*, but with what they *think!*"

Hamlet's observation is, I think, simply this. He has just remarked that honesty is very rare in the world. To this Polonius assents. The prince then adds, that since there is so little virtue in the world, since corruption abounds every where, and maggots are *bred* by the sun, even in a dead dog, Polonius ought to take care to prevent his daughter from walking in the sun, lest she should prove "a *breeder* of sinners;" for though *conception* in general be a blessing, yet as Ophelia (whom Hamlet supposes to be as frail as the rest of the world,) might chance to *conceive*, it might be a calamity. The maggots *breeding* in a dead dog, seem to have been mentioned merely to introduce the word *conception*; on which word, as Mr. Steevens has observed, Shakspeare has play'd in *King Lear*: and probably a similar quibble was intended here. The word, however, may have been used in its ordinary sense, for *pregnancy*, without any double meaning.

The slight connection between this and the preceding passage, and Hamlet's abrupt question, *have you a daughter?* were manifestly intended more strongly to impress Polonius with the belief of the prince's madness.

Perhaps

*Pol.* I have, my lord.

*Ham.* Let her not walk i' the ſun: conception is a bleſſing[7]; but as your daughter may conceive,—friend, look to't.

Perhaps this paſſage ought rather to be regulated thus:—"being a *god-kiſſing carrion*; i. e. a carrion that kiſſes the ſun. The participle *being* naturally refers to the laſt antecedent, *dog*. Had Shakſpeare intended that it ſhould be referred to *ſun*, he would probably have written—"*be*, being a god," &c. We have many ſimilar compound epithets in theſe plays. Thus in *K. Lear*, Act II. Sc. i. Kent ſpeaks of "*ear-kiſſing* arguments." Again, more appoſitely in the play before us:

"New lighted on a *heaven-kiſſing* hill."

Again, in *The Rape of Lucrece*:

"Threatning *cloud-kiſſing* Ilion with annoy."

However, the inſtance quoted from *Cymbeline* by Dr. Warburton, "—*common-kiſſing Titan*," ſeems in favour of the regulation that has been hitherto made; for here we find the poet conſidered the ſun as kiſſing the carrion, not the carrion as kiſſing the ſun. So alſo in *K. Henry IV.* P. I. "Did'ſt thou never ſee *Titan kiſs* a diſh of butter?" The following lines alſo in the hiſtorical play of *King Edward III.* 1596, which Shakſpeare had certainly ſeen, are, it muſt be acknowledged, adverſe to the regulation which I have ſuggeſted:

"The freſheſt *ſummer's day* doth ſooneſt *taint*
"The loathed *carrion*, that it ſeems to *kiſs*."

In juſtice to Dr. Johnſon, I ſhould add, that the high elogium which he has pronounced on Dr. Warburton's emendation, was founded on the *comment* which accompanied it; of which however, I think, his judgment muſt have condemned the reaſoning, though his goodneſs and piety approved its moral tendency. MALONE.

This is a noble emendation, which almoſt ſets the critick on a level with the author. JOHNSON.

[7] — *conception is a bleſſing*; &c.] Thus the quarto. The folio reads: "Conception is a bleſſing, but *not* as your daughter may conceive. Friend, look to't." The word *not*, I have no doubt, was inſerted by the editor of the folio, in conſequence of his not underſtanding the paſſage. A little lower we find a ſimilar interpolation in ſome of the copies, probably from the ſame cauſe: "You cannot, ſir, take from me any thing that I will *not* more willingly part withal, except my life." MALONE.

The meaning ſeems to be, *conception* (i. e. underſtanding) is a bleſſing; but as your daughter may *conceive* (i. e. be pregnant), *friend look to't*, i. e. have a care of that. The ſame quibble occurs in the firſt ſcene of *K. Lear*:

"*Kent.* I cannot *conceive* you, ſir.
"*Glo.* Sir, this young fellow's mother *could*." STEEVENS.

*Pol.* How say you by that? [*Aside.*] still harping on my daughter:—yet he knew me not at first; he said, I was a fishmonger: He is far gone, far gone: and, truly, in my youth I suffer'd much extremity for love; very near this. I'll speak to him again.—What do you read, my lord?

*Ham.* Words, words, words!

*Pol.* What is the matter, my lord?

*Ham.* Between who?

*Pol.* I mean, the matter that you read, my lord.

*Ham.* Slanders, sir: for the satirical rogue says here, that old men have grey beards[8]; that their faces are wrinkled; their eyes purging thick amber, and plum-tree gum; and that they have a plentiful lack of wit, together with most weak hams: All which, sir, though I most powerfully and potently believe, yet I hold it not honesty to have it thus set down; for yourself, sir, shall

[8] *Slanders, sir: for the satirical rogue says here, that old men,* &c.] By the *satirical rogue* he means Juvenal in his tenth satire:

*Da spatium vitæ, multos da Jupiter annos:*
*Hoc recto vultu, solum hoc et pallidus optas.*
*Sed quàm continuis et quantis longa senectus*
*Plena malis!* deformem, et tetrum ante omnia vultum,
Dissimilemque sui, *&c.*

Nothing could be finer imagined for Hamlet, in his circumstances, than the bringing him in reading a description of the evils of long life. WARBURTON.

Had Shakspeare read *Juvenal* in the original, he had met with "*De temone Britanno, Excidet Arviragus.*"—and —"Uxorem, *Posthume*, ducis?" We should not then have had continually in *Cymbeline*, *Arvirāgus* and *Posthūmus*. Should it be said that the *quantity* in the *former* word might be forgotten, it is clear from the mistake in the *latter*, that Shakspeare could not possibly have read any one of the Roman poets.

There was a translation of the 10th satire of *Juvenal* by Sir John Beaumont, the elder brother of the famous Francis: but I cannot tell whether it was printed in Shakspeare's time. In that age of quotation, every classic might be picked up by *piece-meal*.

I forgot to mention in its proper place, that another description of *Old Age* in *As you like it*, has been called a parody on a passage in a French poem of Garnier. It is trifling to say any thing about this, after the observation I made in *Macbeth*: but one may remark once for all, that Shakspeare wrote for the *people*; and could not have been so absurd as to bring forward any allusion, which had not been familiarized by some accident or other. FARMER.

grow

grow as old as I am, if, like a crab, you could go backward.

*Pol.* Though this be madneſs, yet there's method in't. [*Aſide.*

Will you walk out of the air, my lord?

*Ham.* Into my grave?

*Pol.* Indeed, that is out o' the air.—How pregnant[9] ſometimes his replies are! a happineſs that often madneſs hits on, which reaſon and ſanity could not ſo proſperouſly be deliver'd of. I will leave him, and ſuddenly contrive[1] the means of meeting between him and my daughter.—My honourable lord, I will moſt humbly take my leave of you.

*Ham.* You cannot, ſir, take from me any thing that I will more willingly part withal; except my life, except my life, except my life.

*Pol.* Fare you well, my lord.

*Ham.* Theſe tedious old fools!

*Enter* ROSENCRANTZ[2], *and* GUILDENSTERN.

*Pol.* You go to ſeek the lord Hamlet; there he is,

*Roſ.* God ſave you, ſir! [*to* Pol. *Exit* Pol.

*Guil.* My honour'd lord!—

*Roſ.* My moſt dear lord!—

*Ham.* My excellent good friends! How doſt thou, Guildenſtern? Ah, Roſencrantz! Good lads, how do ye both?

*Roſ.* As the indifferent children of the earth.

*Guil.* Happy, in that we are not over-happy; On fortune's cap we are not the very button.

*Ham.* Nor the ſoals of her ſhoe?

*Roſ.* Neither, my lord.

*Ham.* Then you live about her waiſt, or in the middle of her favours?

*Guil.* 'Faith, her privates we.

[9] *How* pregnant, &c.] *Pregnant* is ready, dexterous, apt. STEEV.

[1] —*and ſuddenly*, &c.] This, and the greateſt part of the two following lines, are omitted in the quartos. STEEVENS.

[2] *Roſencrantz*,] There was an ambaſſador of that name in England about the time when this play was written. STEEVENS.

*Ham.* In the ſecret parts of fortune? O, moſt true; ſhe is a ſtrumpet. What news?

*Roſ.* None, my lord; but that the world's grown honeſt.

*Ham.* Then is dooms-day near: But your news is not true. Let me [3] queſtion more in particular: What have you, my good friends, deſerved at the hands of fortune, that ſhe ſends you to priſon hither?

*Guil.* Priſon, my lord!

*Ham.* Denmark's a priſon.

*Roſ.* Then is the world one.

*Ham.* A goodly one; in which there are many confines, wards, and dungeons; Denmark being one of the worſt.

*Roſ.* We think not ſo, my lord.

*Ham.* Why, then 'tis none to you; for there is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it ſo: to me it is a priſon.

*Roſ.* Why, then your ambition makes it one; 'tis too narrow for your mind.

*Ham.* O God! I could be bounded in a nutſhell, and count myſelf a king of infinite ſpace; were it not that I have had dreams.

*Guil.* Which dreams, indeed, are ambition; for the very ſubſtance of the ambitious is merely the ſhadow of a dream [4].

*Ham.* A dream itſelf is but a ſhadow.

*Roſ.* Truly, and I hold ambition of ſo airy and light a quality, that it is but a ſhadow's ſhadow.

*Ham.* Then are our beggars, bodies [5]; and our mo-

3 *Let me*, &c.] From here to the word *attended* in p. 261, l. 7, (as Mr. Steevens has obſerved,) is wanting in the quarto. MALONE.

4 — *the ſhadow of a dream.*] Shakſpeare has accidentally inverted an expreſſion of Pindar, that the ſtate of humanity is σκιᾶς ὄναρ, the *dream* of a *ſhadow*. JOHNSON.

So Davies:

" Man's life is but a dreame, nay, leſs than ſo,
" *A ſhadow of a dreame.*" FARMER.

So, in the tragedy of *Darius*, 1603, by Lord Sterline:

" Whoſe beſt was but the *ſhadow of a dream.*" STEEVENS.

5 *Then are our beggars, bodies*;—] Shakſpeare ſeems here to deſign a ridicule of thoſe declamations againſt wealth and greatneſs, that ſeem to make happineſs conſiſt in poverty. JOHNSON.

narchs,

narchs, and out-ſtretch'd heroes, the beggars' ſhadows: Shall we to the court? for, by my fay, I cannot reaſon.

*Ros. Guil.* We'll wait upon you.

*Ham.* No ſuch matter: I will not ſort you with the reſt of my ſervants; for, to ſpeak to you like an honeſt man, I am moſt dreadfully attended. But, in the beaten way of friendſhip, what make you at Elſinore?

*Roſ.* To viſit you, my lord; no other occaſion.

*Ham.* Beggar that I am, I am even poor in thanks; but I thank you: and ſure, dear friends, my thanks are too dear, a half-penny *. Were you not ſent for? Is it your own inclining? Is it a free viſitation? Come, come; deal juſtly with me: come, come; nay, ſpeak.

*Guil.* What ſhould we ſay, my lord?

*Ham.* Any thing—but to the purpoſe. You were ſent for; and there is a kind of confeſſion in your looks, which your modeſties have not craft enough to colour: I know, the good king and queen have ſent for you.

*Roſ.* To what end, my lord?

*Ham.* That you muſt teach me. But let me conjure you, by the rights of our fellowſhip, by the conſonancy of our youth, by the obligation of our ever-preſerved love, and by what more dear a better propoſer could charge you withal, be even and direct with me, whether you were ſent for, or no?

*Roſ.* What ſay you? [*to* Guil.

*Ham.* Nay, then I have an eye of you[6];—if you love me, hold not off.

*Guil.* My lord, we were ſent for.

*Ham.* I will tell you why; ſo ſhall my anticipation prevent your diſcovery, and your ſecrecy to the king and queen moult no feather. I have of late[7], (but, wherefore

* — *too dear, a half-penny.*] i. e. a half-penny too dear: they are worth nothing. The modern editors read—*at* a half-penny. MALONE.

[6] *Nay, then I have an eye of you*;—] An *eye of you* means, I have a glimpſe of your meaning. STEEVENS.

[7] *I have of late*, &c.] This is an admirable deſcription of a rooted melancholy ſprung from thickneſs of blood; and artfully imagined to

fore, I know not,) loſt all my mirth, forgone all cuſtom of exerciſes: and, indeed, it goes ſo heavily with my diſpoſition, that this goodly frame, the earth, ſeems to me a ſteril promontory; this moſt excellent canopy, the air, look you, this brave o'er-hanging firmament [8], this majeſtical roof fretted with golden fire [9], why, it appears no other thing to me, than a foul and peſtilent congregation of vapours. What a piece of work is a man! How noble in reaſon! how infinite in faculties! in form, and moving, how expreſs and admirable! in action, how like an angel! in apprehenſion, how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals! And yet, to me, what is this quinteſſence of duſt? man delights not me,—nor woman neither; though, by your ſmiling, you ſeem to ſay ſo.

*Roſ.* My lord, there was no ſuch ſtuff in my thoughts.

*Ham.* Why did you laugh then, when I ſaid, *Man delights not me?*

*Roſ.* To think, my lord, if you delight not in man, what lenten entertainment [1] the players ſhall receive from you: we coted them on the way [2]; and hither are they coming, to offer you ſervice.

*Ham.*

hide the true cauſe of his diſorder from the penetration of theſe two friends, who were ſet over him as ſpies. WARBURTON.

[8] — *this brave o'er-hanging* firmament,] Thus the quarto. The folio reads,—this brave o'er-hanging, this, &c. STEEVENS.

9 — *this moſt excellent canopy, the* air,—*this majeſtical roof fretted with* golden fire,] So, in our authour's 21ſt ſonnet:

" As thoſe *gold candles*, fix'd in heaven's *air*."

Again, in the *Merchant of Venice*:

" —— Look, how the floor of *heaven*

" Is thick inlaid with patins of bright *gold!*" MALONE.

[1] — *lenten* entertainment—] i. e. ſparing, like the entertainments given in *Lent*. So, in the *Duke's Miſtreſs*, by Shirley, 1638:

" —— to maintain you with biſket,

" Poor John, and half a livery, to read moral virtue

" And *lenten* lectures." STEEVENS.

[2] *We* coted *them on the way*;—] To *cote* is *to overtake*. I meet with this word in *The Return from Parnaſſus*, a comedy, 1606:

" —marry we preſently *coted* and outſtript them."

Again, in Warner's *Albions England*, 1602, book 6, chap. 30:

" Gods and goddeſſes for wantonneſs out-*coted*."

Again,

*Ham.* He that plays the king, ſhall be welcome; his majeſty ſhall have tribute of me: the adventurous knight ſhall uſe his foil, and target: the lover ſhall not ſigh gratis; the humorous man ſhall end his part in peace: the clown ſhall make thoſe laugh, whoſe lungs are tickled o' the ſere [2]; and the lady ſhall ſay her mind freely [3], or

Again, in Drant's tranſlation of Horace's ſatires, 1567:

"For he that thinks to *coat* all men, and all to overgoe."

Chapman has more than once uſed the word in his verſion of the 23d Iliad.

In the laws of courſing, ſays Mr. Tollet, "a *cote* is when a greyhound goes endways by the ſide of his fellow, and gives the hare a turn." This quotation ſeems to point out the etymology of the verb to be from the French *coté*, the ſide. STEEVENS.

[2] —*the clown ſhall make thoſe laugh whoſe lungs are tickled o' the* ſere;] i. e. thoſe who are aſthmatical, and to whom laughter is moſt uneaſy. This is the caſe (as I am told) with thoſe whoſe lungs are tickled by the *ſere* or *ſerum*: but about this paſſage I am neither very confident, nor very ſolicitous.

The word *ſeare* occurs as unintelligibly in an ancient *Dialogue betweene the Comen Secretary and Jealowſy, touchynge the unſtablenes of harlottes*, bl. l. no date:

"And wyll byde whyſperynge in the eare,
"Thynke ye her tayle is not lyght *of the ſeare*."

The *ſere* is likewiſe a part about a hawk. STEEVENS.

Theſe words are not in the quarto. I am by no means ſatisfied with the explanation given, though I have nothing ſatisfactory to propoſe. I believe Hamlet only means, that the clown ſhall make thoſe laugh who have a diſpoſition to laugh; who are pleaſed with their entertainment. That no aſthmatick diſeaſe was in contemplation, may be inferred from both the words uſed, *tickled* and *lungs*; each of which ſeems to have a relation to laughter, and the latter to have been conſidered by Shakſpeare, as (if I may ſo expreſs myſelf,) its natural ſeat. So, in *Coriolanus*:

"—with a kind of *ſmile*,
"Which ne'er came from the *lungs*,—."

Again, in *As you Like it*:

——When I did hear
"The motley fool thus moral on the time,
"My *lungs* began to crow like chanticleer."

*O' the ſere*, or *of the ſere*, means, I think, *by* the ſere; but the word *ſere* I am unable to explain, and ſuſpect it to be corrupt. Perhaps we ſhould read—the clown ſhall make thoſe laugh, whoſe lungs are tickled o' the *ſcene*, i. e. *by* the ſcene. A ſimilar corruption has happened in another place, where we find *ſcare* for *ſcene*. See Vol. I. p. 291, n. 3. MALONE.

[3] — *the lady ſhall ſay her mind*, &c.] *The lady ſhall have no obſtruction, unleſs for the lameneſs of the verſe.* JOHNSON.

the blank verſe ſhall halt for't.—What players are they?

*Roſ.* Even thoſe you were wont to take ſuch delight in, the tragedians of the city.

*Ham.* How chances it, they travel[4]? their reſidence, both in reputation and profit, was better both ways.

*Roſ.* I think, their inhibition[5] comes by the means of the late innovation.

*Ham.*

[4] *How chances it, they* travel?] To *travel*, in Shakſpeare's time was the technical word, for which we have ſubſtituted to *ſtroll*. So, in the Office-book of Sir Henry Herbert, Maſter of the Revels to king Charles the Firſt, a manuſcript of which an account is given in Vol. I. Part the ſecond: "1622. Feb. 27, for a certificate for the Palſgrave's ſervants to *travel* into the country for ſix weeks, 10s." Again, in Ben Jonſon's *Poetaſter*, 1601: "If he pen for thee once, thou ſhalt not need to *travell*, with thy pumps full of gravell, any more, after a blinde jade and a hamper, and ſtalk upon boords and barrel-heads to an old crackt trumpet." Theſe words are addreſſed to a player. MALONE.

[5] *I think, their inhibition*, &c.] I fancy this is tranſpoſed: Hamlet enquires not about an *inhibition*, but an *innovation*; the anſwer therefore probably was, *I think, their* innovation, *that is*, their new practice of ſtrolling, *comes by means of the late* inhibition. JOHNSON.

The drift of Hamlet's queſtion appears to be this.—How chances it they travel?—i. e. *How happens it they are become ſtrollers?*—Their reſidence, both in reputation and profit, was better both ways.—i. e. *to have remained in a ſettled theatre, was the more honourable as well as the more lucrative ſituation.* To this, Roſencrantz replies—Their *inhibition* comes by means of the late *innovation.*—i. e. *their permiſſion to act any longer at an eſtabliſhed houſe is taken away, in conſequence of the* NEW CUSTOM *of introducing perſonal abuſe into their comedies.* Several companies of actors in the time of our author were ſilenced on account of this licentious practice. See a dialogue between *Comedy* and *Envy* at the concluſion of *Mucedorus* 1598, as well as the Preludium to *Ariſtippus, or the Jovial Philoſopher*, 1630, from whence the following paſſage is taken: "*Shews* having been long intermitted and forbidden by authority, *for their abuſes*, could not be raiſed but by conjuring." *Shew* enters, whipped by two furies, and the prologue ſays to her:

"—with tears waſh off that guilty ſin,
"Purge out thoſe ill-digeſted dregs of wit,
"That uſe their ink to blot a ſpotleſs name:
"Let's have no one *particular man* traduc'd,—
"—— ſpare the *perſons*," &c.

Alteration therefore in the order of the words ſeems to be quite unneceſſary. STEEVENS.

There

*Ham.* Do they hold the same estimation they did when I was in the city? Are they so follow'd?

*Ros.* No, indeed, they are not.

*Ham.* How comes it[6]? Do they grow rusty?

*Ros.* Nay, their endeavour keeps in the wonted pace: But there is, sir, an aiery of children[7], little eyases, that cry

There will still, however, remain some difficulty. The statute 39 Eliz. ch. 4. which seems to be alluded to by the words—*their inhibition*, was not made to inhibit the players from acting any longer at an *established theatre*, but to prohibit them from *strolling*. "All fencers (says the act) bearwards, *common players of enterludes*, and minstrels, *wandering abroad*, (other than players of enterludes, belonging to any baron of this realm or any other honourable personage of greater degree, to be authorized to play under the hand and seal of arms of such baron or personage,) shall be taken, adjudged and deemed, rogues, vagabonds, and sturdy beggars, and shall sustain such pain and punishments as by this act is in that behalf appointed."

This statute, if alluded to, is repugnant to Dr. Johnson's transposition of the text, and to Mr. Steevens's explanation of it as it now stands. Yet Mr. Steevens's explanation may be right: Shakspeare might not have thought of the act of Elizabeth. He could not however, mean to charge his friends the *old tragedians* with the *new custom* of introducing personal abuse; but must rather have meant, that the old tragedians were inhibited from performing in the city, and obliged to travel, on account of the misconduct of the younger company. See n. 7. MALONE.

[6] *How comes it?* &c.] From here to *Hercules and his load too*, inclusively, is only found in the folio. MALONE.

[7] — *an aiery of children*, &c.] Relating to the play houses then contending, the *Bankside*, the *Fortune*, &c. played by the children of his majesty's chapel. POPE.

It relates to the young singing men of St. Paul's, concerning whose performances and success in attracting the best company, I find the following passage in *Jack Drum's Entertainment*, or *Pasquil and Katherine*, 1601:

"I saw the *children of Powles* last night;
"And troth they pleas'd me pretty, pretty well,
"The apes, in time, will do it handsomely.
—"I like the audience that frequenteth there
"With *much applause*: a man shall not be choak'd
"With the stench of garlick, nor be pasted
"To the barmy jacket of a beer-brewer;
—"'Tis a good *gentle audience*, &c."

It is said in Richard Flecknoe's *Short Discourse of the English Stage*, 1664, that "both the children of the chappel and St. Paul's, acted playes, the one in White-Friers, the other behinde the Convocation-house in Paul's; till people growing more precise, and playes more

cry out on the top of queſtion[8], and are moſt tyrannically clapp'd for't: theſe are now the faſhion; and ſo berattle

more licentious, the theatre of Paul's was quite ſuppreſt, and that of the children of t he chappel converted tothe uſe of the children of the revels." STEEVENS.

The ſuppreſſion to which Fleckno alludes took place in the year 1583-4; but afterwards both the children of the chapel and of the Revels played at our authour's playhouſe in Blackfriars, and elſewhere; and the choir-boys of St. Paul's at their own houſe. See *the Account of our old theatres* in Vol. I. Part II. A certain number of the children of the Revels, I believe, belonged to each of the principal theatres.

Our authour cannot be ſuppoſed to direct any ſatire at thoſe young men who played occaſionally at his own theatre. Ben Jonſon's *Cynthia's Revels*, and his *Poetaſter*, were performed there by the children of Queen Elizabeth's chapel, in 1600 and 1601; and *Eaſtward Hoe* by the children of the revels, in 1604 or 1605. I have no doubt therefore that the dialogue before us was pointed at the choir-boys of St. Paul's, who in 1601 acted two of Marſton's plays, *Antonio and Mellida*, and *Antonio's Revenge*. Many of Lily's plays were repreſented by them about the ſame time; and in 1607 Chapman's *Buſſy Ambris* was performed by them with great applauſe. It was probably in this and ſome other noiſy tragedies of the ſame kind, that they *cry'd out on the top of queſtion, and were moſt tyrannically clapp'd for't.*

At a later period indeed, after our poet's death, the *Children of the Revels* had an eſtabliſhed theatre of their own, and ſome diſpute ſeems to have ariſen between them and the king's company. They performed regularly in 1623, and for eight years afterwards, at the Red Bull in St. John's Street; and in 1627, Shakſpeare's company obtained an inhibition from the Maſter of the Revels to prevent their performing any of his plays at their houſe: as appears from the following entry in Sir Henry Herbert's Office-book, already mentioned: "From Mr. Heminge, in their company's name, to forbid the playinge of any of Shakſpeare's playes to the Red-Bull company, this 11th of Aprill, 1627, — 5 0 0." From other paſſages in the ſame book, it appears that the Children of the Revels compoſed the Red-Bull company.

We learn from Heywood's *Apology for Actors*, that the little *eyaſes* here mentioned were the perſons who were guilty of the *late innovation*, or practice of introducing perſonal abuſe on the ſtage, and perhaps for their particular fault the players in general ſuffered; and the older and more decent comedians, as well as the children, had on ſome recent occaſion been *inhibited* from acting in London, and compelled to turn ſtrollers. This ſuppoſition will make the words, concerning which a difficulty has been ſtated, (ſee n. 6.) perfectly clear. Heywood's *Apology for Actors* was publiſhed in 1612; the paſſage therefore which is found in the folio, and not in the quarto, was probably added not very long before that time.

"Now to ſpeake (ſays Heywood,) of ſome abuſe *lately* crept into the quality, as *an inveighing againſt the ſtate, the court, the law, the*

berattle the common ſtages, (ſo they call them) that many, wearing rapiers, are afraid of gooſe quills, and dare ſcarce come thither.

*Ham.* What, are they children? Who maintains them? how are they eſcoted[9]? Will they purſue the quality no longer than they can ſing[1]? will they not ſay afterwards,

*city, and their governments, with the particularizing of private mens humours, yet alive, noblemen and others*, I know it diſtaſtes many; neither do I any way approve it, nor dare I by any means excuſe it. The liberty which ſome arrogate to themſelves, committing their bitterneſs and liberal invectives againſt all eſtates *to the mouthes of children*, ſuppoſing their juniority to be a priviledge for any rayling, be it never ſo violent, I could adviſe all ſuch to curbe, and limit this preſumed liberty within the bands of diſcretion and government. But wiſe and judicial cenſurers before whom ſuch complaints ſhall at any time hereafter come, will not, I hope, impute theſe abuſes to any tranſgreſſion in *us*, who have ever been carefull and provident to ſhun the like."

Prynne in his *Hiſtriomaſtix*, ſpeaking of the ſtate of the ſtage, about the year 1620, has this paſſage: "Not to particulariſe thoſe late new ſcandalous invective playes, wherein ſundry perſons of place and eminence [Gundemore, the late lord admiral, lord treaſurer, and others,] have been particularly perſonated, jeared, abuſed in a groſs and ſcurrilous manner," &c.

The folio, 1623, has—*berattled*. The correction was made by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

[8] — *little* eyaſes, *that cry out on the top of queſtion*,] Little *eyaſes*; i. e. young neſtlings, creatures juſt out of the egg. THEOBALD.

From *ey*, Teut. ovum, q. d. qui recens ex ovo emerſit. Skinneri *Etymol.* An *aiery* or *eyerie*, as it ought rather to be written, is derived from the ſame root, and ſignifies both a young brood of hawks, and the neſt itſelf in which they are produced.

An *eyas* hawk is ſometimes written a *nyas* hawk, perhaps from a corruption that has happened in many words in our language, from the letter *n* paſſing from the end of one word to the beginning of another. However, ſome etymologiſts think *nyas* a legitimate word. MALONE.

The meaning ſeems to be, they aſk a common queſtion in the higheſt notes of the voice. JOHNSON.

I believe *queſtion*, in this place, as in many others, ſignifies *converſation*, *dialogue*. So, in *The Merchant of Venice*: "— think, you *queſtion* with the Jew." The meaning of the paſſage may therefore be—*Children that perpetually recite in the higheſt notes of voice that can be uttered*. STEEVENS.

[9] —*eſcoted?*] Paid, from the French *eſcot*, a ſhot or reckoning. JOHNS.

[1] *Will they purſue the* quality *no longer than they can ſing?*] Will they follow the *profeſſion* of players no longer than they keep the voices of

afterwards, if they ſhould grow themſelves to common players, (as it is moſt like[2], if their means are no better,) their writers do them wrong, to make them exclaim againſt their own ſucceſſion[3]?

*Roſ.* 'Faith, there has been much to do on both ſides; and the nation holds it no ſin, to tarre them on to controverſy[4]: there was, for a while, no money bid for argument, unleſs the poet and the player went to cuffs in the queſtion.

*Ham.* Is it poſſible?

*Guil.* O, there has been much throwing about of brains.

*Ham.* Do the boys carry it away?

*Roſ.* Ay, that they do, my lord; Hercules and his load too[5].

*Ham.* It is not very ſtrange: for my uncle[6] is king of Denmark;

of boys? So afterwards he ſays to the player, *Come, give us a taſte of your* quality; *come, a paſſionate ſpeech.* JOHNSON.

So, in the players' *Dedication*, prefixed to the firſt edition of Fletcher's plays in folio, 1647: "—directed by the example of ſome who once ſteered in our *quality*, and ſo fortunately aſpired to chuſe your honour, joined with your now glorified brother, patrons to the flowing compoſitions of the then expired ſweet ſwan of Avon, Shakſpeare." Again, in Goſſon's *School of Abuſe*, 1579: "I ſpeak not of this, as though every one [of the players] that profeſſeth the *qualitie*, ſo abuſed himſelf,—."

"Than they can *ſing*", does not merely mean, "than they keep the voices of boys," but is to be underſtood literally. He is ſpeaking of the choir-boys of St. Paul's. MALONE.

[2] —*moſt like*,— The old copy reads,—*like moſt*. STEEVENS.

The correction was made by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

[3] —*their writers do them wrong*, &c.] I ſhould have been very much ſurprized if I had *not* found Ben Jonſon among the writers here alluded to. STEEVENS.

[4] —*to* tarre *them on to controverſy*:] To provoke any animal to rage, is *to tarre him*. The word is ſaid to come from the Greek ταράττω. JOHNSON.

[5] — Hercules *and his load too.*] *i. e.* they not only carry away the world, but the world bearer too: alluding to the ſtory of Hercules's relieving Atlas. This is humorous. WARBURTON.

The alluſion may be to the *Globe* playhouſe on the Bankſide, the ſign of which was *Hercules carrying the Globe*. STEEVENS.

I ſuppoſe Shakſpeare meant, that the boys drew greater audiences than the elder players of the Globe theatre. MALONE.

[6] *It is not very ſtrange: for my uncle*—] I do not wonder that the new players have ſo ſuddenly riſen to reputation; my uncle ſupplies another

Denmark; and thoſe, that would make mouths at him while my father lived, give twenty, forty, fifty, an hundred ducats a-piece, for his picture in little [7]. 'Sblood there is ſomething in this more than natural, if philoſophy could find it out. [*Flouriſh of trumpets within.*

*Guil.* There are the players.

*Ham.* Gentlemen, you are welcome to Elſinore. Your hands. Come then: the appurtenance of welcome is faſhion and ceremony: let me comply [8] with you in this garb; leſt my extent to the players, which, I tell you, muſt ſhew fairly outward, ſhould more appear like entertainment than yours. You are welcome: but my uncle-father, and aunt-mother, are deceived.

*Guil.* In what, my dear lord?

*Ham.* I am but mad north-north weſt: when the wind is ſoutherly [9], I know a hawk from a hand-ſaw [1].

*Enter*

another example of the facility with which honour is conferred upon new claimants. JOHNSON.

*It is not very ſtrange*, &c. was originally Hamlet's obſervation, on being informed that the old tragedians of the city were not ſo followed as they uſed to be: [ſee p. 265, n. 6.] but Dr. Johnſon's explanation is certainly juſt, and this paſſage connects ſufficiently well with that which now immediately precedes it. MALONE.

7 — *in little.*] *i. e.* in miniature. So, in Drayton's *Shepherd's Sirena*:

" Paradiſe *in little* done."

Again, in Maſſinger's *New way to pay old debts*:

" His father's picture *in little*." STEEVENS.

8 — *let me* comply—] Hanmer reads, *Let me* compliment *with you*. JOHNSON.

9 *When the wind is* ſoutherly, *&c.*] So, in *Damon and Pythias*, 1582:

" But I perceive now, either the *winde is at the ſouth*,
" Or elſe your tunge cleaveth to the rooffe of your mouth."
STEEVENS.

1 — *I know a hawk from a hand-ſaw.*] This was a common proverbial ſpeech. The *Oxford Editor* alters it to, *I know a hawk from an hernſhaw*, as if the other had been a corruption of the players; whereas the poet found the proverb thus corrupted in the mouths of the people: ſo that this critic's alteration only ſerves to ſhew us the original of the expreſſion. WARBURTON.

Similarity of ſound is the ſource of many literary corruptions. In Holborn we have ſtill the ſign of the *Bull and Gate*, which exhibits but an odd combination of images. It was originally (as I learn from the

*Enter* POLONIUS.

*Pol.* Well be with you, gentlemen!

*Ham.* Hark you, Guildenſtern;—and you too;—at each ear a hearer: that great baby, you ſee there, is not yet out of his ſwadling-clouts.

*Roſ.* Hapily, he's the ſecond time come to them; for, they ſay, an old man is twice a child.

*Ham.* I will propheſy, he comes to tell me of the players; mark it.—You ſay right, ſir: o' monday morning; 'twas then, indeed.

*Pol.* My lord, I have news to tell you.

*Ham.* My lord, I have news to tell you. When Roſcius was an actor in Rome,—

*Pol.* The actors are come hither, my lord.

*Ham.* Buz, buz[2]!

*Pol.* Upon my honour,—

*Ham.* *Then came*[3] *each actor on his aſs*,—

the title-page of an old play) the *Boulogne* Gate, *i. e.* one of the gates of *Boulogne*; deſigned perhaps as a compliment to Henry VIII. who took that place in 1544.

The *Boulogne mouth*, now the *Bull and Mouth*, had probably the ſame origin, i. e. the *mouth of the harbour of Boulogne*. STEEVENS.

[2] *Buz, buz!*—] Mere idle talk, the *buz* of the vulgar. JOHNSON.

*Buz, buz!* are, I believe, only interjections employed to interrupt Polonius. B. Jonſon uſes them often for the ſame purpoſe, as well as Middleton in *A mad World my maſters*, 1608. STEEVENS.

*Buz* uſed to be an interjection at Oxford, when any one began a ſtory that was generally known before. BLACKSTONE.

*Buzzer*, in a ſubſequent ſcene in this play, is uſed for a *buſy talker*:

"And wants not *buzzers*, to infect his ear
"With peſtilent ſpeeches."

Again, in *King Lear*:

——on every dream,
"Each *buz*, each fancy."

Again, in Truſſel's *Hiſtory of England*, 1635: "—who, inſtead of giving redreſs, ſuſpecting now the truth of the duke of Gloceſter's *buzz*," &c.

It is, therefore, probable from the anſwer of Polonius, that *buz* was uſed, as Dr. Johnſon ſuppoſes, for an idle rumour without any foundation.

In B. Jonſon's *Staple of News*, the collector of mercantile intelligence is called Emiſſary *Buz*. MALONE.

[3] *Then came*, &c.] This ſeems to be a line of a ballad. JOHNSON.

*Pol.*

*Pol.* The beſt actors in the world, either for tragedy, comedy, hiſtory, paſtoral, paſtoral-comical, hiſtorical-paſtoral, [tragical-hiſtorical[4], tragical-comical, hiſtorical-paſtoral,] ſcene individable, or poem unlimited: Seneca cannot be too heavy, nor Plautus too light[5]. For the law of writ, and the liberty[6], theſe are the only men.

*Ham.* O *Jeptha, judge of Iſrael,*—what a treaſure hadſt thou!

*Pol.* What a treaſure had he, my lord?

*Ham.* Why,—*One fair daughter, and no more,*
*The which he loved paſſing well.*

*Pol.* Still on my daughter. [*Aſide.*

*Ham.* Am I not i' the right, old Jeptha?

4 — *tragical,* &c.] The words within the crotchets I have recovered from the folio, and ſee no reaſon why they were hitherto omitted. There are many plays of the age, if not of Shakſpeare, that anſwer to theſe deſcriptions. STEEVENS.

5 *Seneca cannot be too heavy, nor Plautus too light.*] The tragedies of Seneca were tranſlated into Engliſh by Thomas Newton, and others, and publiſhed in 1581. One comedy of Plautus, *viz.* the *Menæchmi*, was likewiſe tranſlated and publiſhed in 1595. STEEVENS.

I believe the frequency of plays performed at publick ſchools, ſuggeſted to Shakſpeare the names of *Seneca* and *Plautus* as dramatick authors. T. WARTON.

6 *For the law of* writ, *and the liberty,*—] All the modern editions have, *the law of* wit, *and the liberty*; but both my old copies have, *the law of* writ, I believe rightly. *Writ*, for *writing*, *compoſition*. *Wit* was not, in our authour's time, taken either for *imagination*, or *acuteneſs*, or *both together*, but for *underſtanding*, for the faculty by which we *apprehend* and *judge*. Thoſe who wrote of the human mind, diſtinguiſhed its primary powers into *wit* and *will*. Aſcham diſtinguiſhes *boys* of tardy and of active faculties into *quick wits* and *ſlow wits*. JOHNSON.

The old copies are certainly right. *Writ* is uſed for *writing* by authours contemporary with Shakſpeare. Thus, in *The Apologie of Pierce Pennileſſe*, by Thomas Naſhe, 1593: "For the lowſie circumſtance of his poverty before his death, and ſending that miſerable *writte* to his wife, it cannot be but thou lieſt, learned Gabriel." Again, in biſhop Earle's *Character of a mere dull Phyſician*, 1638: "Then followes a *writ* to his drugger, in a ſtrange tongue, which he underſtands, though he cannot conſter."

Again, in *K. Henry VI.* P. II.

"Now, good my lord, let's ſee the devil's *writ*." MALONE.

*Pol.*

*Pol.* If you call me Jeptha, my lord, I have a daughter, that I love paſſing well.

*Ham.* Nay, that follows not.

*Pol.* What follows then, my lord?

*Ham.* Why, *As by lot, God wot*[7], and then, you know, *It came to paſs, As moſt like it was*,—The firſt row of the pious chanſon[8] will ſhew you more; for look, my abridgment[9] comes.

*Enter four or five Players.*

You are welcome, maſters; welcome, all:—I am glad to ſee thee well:—welcome, good friends.—O, old friend! Why, thy face is valanced[1] ſince I ſaw thee

[7] *Why*, As by lot, God wot,—&c.] The old ſong from which theſe quotations are taken, I communicated to Dr. Percy, who has honoured it with a place in the ſecond and third editions of his *Reliques of ancient Engliſh Poetry*. In the books belonging to the Stationers' Company, there is a late entry of this ballad among others. "*Jeffa Judge of Iſrael*," p. 93. vol. iii. Dec. 14, 1624. STEEVENS.

There is a Latin tragedy on the ſubject of *Jeptha*, by John Chriſtopherſon in 1546, and another by Buchanan, in 1554. A third by Du Pleſſis Mornay is mentioned by Prynne in his *Hiſtrio-maſtix*. The ſame ſubject had probably been introduced on the Engliſh ſtage. MALONE.

[8] — *the pious chanſon*—] It is *pons chanſons* in the firſt folio edition. The old ballads ſung on bridges, and from thence called *pons chanſons*. Hamlet is here repeating ends of old ſongs. POPE.

The old quartos in 1604, 1605, and 1611, read *pious chanſon*, which gives the ſenſe wanted, and I have accordingly inſerted it in the text.

The *pious chanſons* were a kind of *Chriſtmas carols*, containing ſome ſcriptural hiſtory thrown into looſe rhimes, and ſung about the ſtreets by the common people when they went at that ſeaſon to ſolicit alms. Hamlet is here repeating ſome ſcraps from a ſong of this kind, and when Polonius enquires what follows them, he refers him to the *firſt row* (*i. e.* diviſion) of one of theſe, to obtain the information he wanted. STEEVENS.

[9] — *my abridgment*—] He calls the players afterwards, *the brief chronicles of the time*; but I think he now means only *thoſe who will ſhorten my talk*. JOHNSON.

An *abridgement* is uſed for a dramatick piece in the *Midſummer-Night's Dream*, Act V. Sc. i.

"Say what *abridgment* have you for this evening?"

but it does not commodiouſly apply to this paſſage. STEEVENS.

[1] — *thy face is* valanced—] i. e. fringed with a beard. The valance is the fringes or drapery hanging round the teſter of a bed. MALONE.

laſt;

laſt; Com'ſt thou to beard me in Denmark?—What! my young lady and miſtreſs! By-'r-lady, your ladyſhip is nearer to heaven, than when I ſaw you laſt, by the altitude of a chopine[2]. Pray God, your voice, like a piece of uncurrent gold, be not crack'd within the ring[3].—Maſters, you are all welcome. We'll e'en to't like French falconers[4], fly at any thing we ſee:

[2] — *by the altitude of a* chopine.] A *chioppine* is a high ſhoe worn by the Italians, as in Tho. Heywood's *Challenge of Beauty*, Act 5. Song.

" The Italian in her high *chopeene*,
" Scotch laſs, and lovely froe too;
" The Spaniſh Donna, French Madame,
" He doth not feare to go to." STEEVENS.

Again, in Marſton's *Dutch Courtezan*, 1605: " Doſt not weare high corked ſhoes, *chopines?*"

The word ought rather to be written *chapine*, from *chapin*, Span. which is defined by Minſheu in his Spaniſh Dictionary, " *a high cork ſhoe.*" There is no ſynonymous word in the Italian language, though the *Venetian* ladies, as we are told by Laſſels, " wear high-heel'd ſhoes, like ſtilts, which being very inconvenient for walking, they commonly reſt their hands or arms upon the ſhoulders of two grave matrons." MALONE.

[3] —*be not crack'd within the ring.*] That is, *crack'd too much for uſe.* This is ſaid to a young player who acted the parts of women. JOHNSON.

I find the ſame phraſe in *The Captain*, by B. and Fletcher:

" Come to be married to my lady's woman,
" After ſhe's *crack'd in the ring.*"

Again, in Ben Jonſon's *Magnetic Lady*:

" Light gold, and *crack'd within the ring.*" STEEVENS.

The following paſſage in Lily's *Woman in the Moon*, 1597, as well as that in Fletcher's *Captain*, might lead us to ſuppoſe that this phraſe ſometimes conveyed a wanton alluſion: " Well, if ſhe were twenty grains lighter, refuſe her, provided always ſhe be not *clipt within the ring.*" T. C.

[4] — *like* French *falconers,*] Thus the folio. Quarto:—like *friendly* falconers. MALONE.

The amuſement of falconry was much cultivated in France. In *All's well that ends well*, Shakſpeare has introduceed an *aſtringer* or falconer at the French court. Mr. Tollet, who has mentioned the ſame circumſtance, likewiſe adds, that it is ſaid in *Sir Tho. Browne's Tracts*, p. 116, that " the *French* ſeem to have been the firſt and nobleſt falconers in the weſtern part of Europe: and that the *French* king ſent over his falconers to ſhew that ſport to King James the firſt." See Weldon's *Court of King James.* STEEVENS.

We'll have a ſpeech ſtraight; Come, give us a taſte of your quality; come, a paſſionate ſpeech.

1. *Play.* What ſpeech, my good lord?

*Ham.* I heard thee ſpeak me a ſpeech once,—but it was never acted; or, if it was, not above once: for the play, I remember, pleaſed not the million; 'twas caviare to the general[5]: but it was (as I received it, and others, whoſe judgments, in ſuch matters, cried in the top of mine[6],) an excellent play; well digeſted in the ſcenes, ſet down with as much modeſty[7] as cunning. I remember, one ſaid, there were no ſallets[8] in the lines,

[5] —*caviare to the general:*] *Caviare* or *Caveare* is a kind of pickle, greatly eſteemed in Muſcovy, made of the roe of the ſturgeon and Belluga, taken out, ſalted, and dried by the fire, or in the ſun. The fiſh is caught in great quantities at the mouth of the Volga.

Florio in his Italian Dictionary, 1598, defines, *Caviaro*, "a kinde of ſalt meat, uſed in Italie, like black ſope; it is made of the roes of fiſhes."

Lord Clarendon uſes *the general* for *the people*, in the ſame manner as it is uſed here. "And ſo by undervaluing many particulars, (which they truly eſteemed,) as rather to be conſented to than that *the general* ſhould ſuffer,—" B. V. p. 530. MALONE.

B. Jonſon has ridiculed the introduction of theſe foreign delicacies in his *Cinthia's Revels*, 1602:—"He doth learn to eat anchovies, Macaroni, Bovoli, Fagioli, and *Caviare*," &c.

Again, in Marſton's *What you will*, 1607:

"—a man can ſcarce eat good meat,

"Anchovies, *caviare*, but he's ſatired." STEEVENS.

[6] —*cried in the top of mine,*] i. e. that *were higher than mine.* JOHNSON.

Whoſe judgment, in ſuch matters, was in much higher vogue than mine. HEATH.

Perhaps it means only—whoſe judgment was more clamorouſly delivered than mine. We ſtill ſay of a bawling actor, that he ſpeaks *on the top of his voice.* STEEVENS.

[7] —*ſet down with as much* modeſty—] *Modeſty* for *ſimplicity.* WARBURTON.

[8] —*there were no* ſallets, &c.] Such is the reading of the old copies. I know not why the later editors continued to adopt the alteration of Mr. Pope, and read, no *ſalt*, &c.

Mr. *Pope's* alteration may indeed be in ſome degree ſupported by the following paſſage in *Decker's Satiromaſtix*, 1602:—"—a prepared troop of gallants, who ſhall diſtaſte every *unſalted* line in their fly-blown comedies." Though the other phraſe was uſed as late as in the year 1665, in a *Banquet of Jeſts*, &c. "—for junkets, joci; and for curious *ſallets*, ſales." STEEVENS.

to

to make the matter ſavoury; nor no matter in the phraſe, that might indite the author of affection [9]: but call'd it, an honeſt method [1], as wholeſome as ſweet, and by very much more handſome than fine [2]. One ſpeech in it I chiefly loved: 'twas Æneas' tale to Dido; and thereabout of it eſpecially, where he ſpeaks of Priam's ſlaughter: If it live in your memory, begin at this line; let me ſee, let me ſee;—

*The rugged Pyrrhus, like the Hyrcanian beaſt,*—'tis not ſo; it begins with Pyrrhus.

*The rugged Pyrrhus,—he, whoſe ſable arms,*
*Black as his purpoſe, did the night reſemble*
*When he lay couched in the ominous horſe,*
*Hath now this dread and black complexion ſmear'd*
*With heraldry more diſmal; head to foot*
*Now is he total gules* [3]; *horridly trick'd* [4]
*With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, ſons;*
*Bak'd and impaſted with the parching ſtreets,*
*That lend a tyrannous and a damned light*

9 —*that might* indite *the author*—] *Indite*, for *convict*. WARB.

— *indite* the author of *affection*:] *i. e.* convict the author of being a fantaſtical *affected* writer. Maria calls Malvolio an *affection'd* aſs, *i. e.* an *affected* aſs; and in *Love's Labour's Loſt*, *Nathaniel* tells the Pedant, that his reaſons "*have been witty without* affection."

Again, in the tranſlation of *Caſtiglione's Courtier*, by Hobby, 1556: "Among the chiefe conditions and qualityes in a waiting-gentlewoman," is, "to flee *affection* or curioſity." STEEVENS.

1 — *but call'd it, an honeſt method*,—] Hamlet is telling how much his judgment differed from that of others. *One ſaid, there was no ſalt in the lines*, &c. *but called it an honeſt method*. The author probably gave it, *but* I *called it an honeſt method*, &c. JOHNSON.

— *an honeſt method*,—] *Honeſt* for *chaſte*. WARBURTON.

2 — *as wholeſome*, &c.] This paſſage was recovered from the quartos by Dr. Johnſon. STEEVENS.

3 *Now is he total* gules;] *Gules* is a term in the barbarous jargon peculiar to heraldry, and ſignifies *red*. Shakſpeare has it again in *Timon*:

"With man's blood paint the ground; *gules, gules*."

Heywood, in the ſecond part of the *Iron Age*, has made a verb from it:

"—— old Hecuba's reverend locks
"Be *gul'd* in ſlaughter."— STEEVENS.

4 —*trick'd*—] i. e. ſmeared, painted. An heraldick term. See Vol. III. p. 358, n. 8. MALONE.

*To their lord's murder: Roasted in wrath, and fire,*
*And thus o'er-sized with coagulate gore,*
*With eyes like carbuncles, the hellish Pyrrhus*
*Old grandsire Priam seeks:*—So proceeed you [3].

*Pol.* 'Fore God, my lord, well spoken; with good accent, and good discretion.

1. *Play. Anon he finds him*
*Striking too short at Greeks; his antique sword,*
*Rebellious to his arm, lies where it falls,*
*Repugnant to command: Unequal match'd,*
*Pyrrhus at Priam drives; in rage, strikes wide;*
*But with the whiff and wind of his fell sword*
*The unnerved father falls [4]. Then senseless Ilium,*
*Seeming to feel this blow, with flaming top*
*Stoops to his base; and with a hideous crash*
*Takes prisoner Pyrrhus' ear: for, lo! his sword*
*Which was declining on the milky head*
*Of reverend Priam, seem'd i' the air to stick:*
*So, as a painted tyrant [5], Pyrrhus stood;*
*And, like a neutral to his will and matter,*
*Did nothing.*
*But, as we often see, against some storm,*
*A silence in the heavens, the rack stand still,*
*The bold winds speechless, and the orb below*
*As hush as death [6]: anon, the dreadful thunder*

3 *So proceed you.*] These words are not in the folio. MALONE.

4 *But with the whiff and* wind *of his fell* sword
*The unnerved father falls.*] So, as Mr. Stevens has observed, in *Dido, Queen of Carthage*, a tragedy, by Marlowe and Nashe, 1594:
"Which he disdaining, whisk'd his *sword* about,
"And with the *wind* thereof the king *fell* down."
The king here spoken of is Priam. MALONE.

5 —*as a* painted *tyrant*—] Shakspeare was probably here thinking of the tremendous personages often represented in old tapestry, whose uplifted swords *stick in the air*, and *do nothing*. MALONE.

6 — *as we often see*, against some storm,
*The bold* winds *speechless, and the orb below*
*As* hush *as death:*] So, in *Venus and Adonis*:
"Even as the *wind is hush'd before it raineth.*"
This line leads me to suspect that Shakspeare wrote—the bold *wind* speechless. Many similar mistakes have happened in these plays, where one word ends with the same letter with which the next begins. MALONE.

*Doth*

*Doth rend the region: So, after Pyrrhus' pauſe,*
*A rouſed vengeance ſets him new a work;*
*And never did the Cyclops' hammers fall*
*On Marses armour, forg'd for proof eterne,*
*With leſs remorſe than Pyrrhus' bleeding ſword*
*Now falls on Priam.—*
*Out, out, thou ſtrumpet, Fortune! All you gods,*
*In general ſynod, take away her power;*
*Break all the ſpokes and fellies from her wheel,*
*And bowl the round nave down the hill of heaven,*
*As low as to the fiends!*

*Pol.* This is too long.

*Ham.* It ſhall to the barber's, with your beard.—Pr'ythee, ſay on:—He's for a jig, or a tale of bawdry[7], or he ſleeps:—ſay on: come to Hecuba.

1. *Play. But who, ah woe*[8]*! had ſeen the mabled queen*—[9]

[7] — *he's for a* jig, *or a tale of bawdry*] A *jig*, in our poet's time ſignified a ludicrous metrical compoſition, as well as a dance. Here it is uſed in the former ſenſe. So, in Florio's Italian Dictionary, 1598: "Frottola, a countrie *jigg*, or round, or countrie ſong, or wanton verſes. See Vol. X. p. 334, n. 3, and the *Hiſtorical Account of the Engliſh Stage*, &c. in Vol. I. Part II. MALONE.

[8] *But who*, ah *woe!*] Thus the quarto, except that it has—*a* woe. *A* is printed inſtead of *ab* in various places in the old copies. *Woe* was formerly uſed adjectively for *woeful*. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

"Woe, woe are we, ſir, you may not live to wear
"All your true followers out."

The folio reads—But who, *O who*, &c. MALONE.

[9] —*the* mabled *queen*—] The *mabled* queen, (or *mobled* queen, as it is ſpelt in the quarto,) means, the queen attired in a large, coarſe, and careleſs head-dreſs. A few lines lower we are told ſhe had "a *clout* upon that head, where late the diadem ſtood." The word is uſed (as Dr. Warburton has obſerved) by Sandys in his travels. Speaking of the Turkiſh women, he ſays, "their heads and faces are *mabled* in fine linen, that no more is to be ſeen of them than their eyes."

To *mab*, (which in the North is pronounced *mob*, and hence the ſpelling of the old copy in the preſent inſtance,) ſays Ray in his Dict. of North Country words, is "to dreſs careleſly. *Mabs are flatterns.*"

The ordinary morning head-dreſs of ladies continued to be diſtinguiſhed by the name of a *mab*, to almoſt the end of the reign of George the ſecond. The folio reads—the *inobled* queen. MALONE.

*Mobled* ſignifies *huddled, groſly covered*. JOHNSON.

I meet with this word in Shirley's *Gentleman of Venice*:

"The moon does *mobble* up herſelf." FARMER.

*Ham.* The mabled queen?

*Pol.* That's good; mabled queen is good.

1. *Play. Run barefoot up and down, threat'ning the flames*
*With biſſon rheum* [1]; *a clout upon that head,*
*Where late the diadem ſtood; and, for a robe,*
*About her lank and all o'er-teemed loins,*
*A blanket, in the alarm of fear caught up;*
*Who this had ſeen, with tongue in venom ſteep'd,*
*'Gainſt fortune's ſtate would treaſon have pronounc'd:*
*But if the gods themſelves did ſee her then,*
*When ſhe ſaw Pyrrhus make malicious ſport*
*In mincing with his ſword her huſband's limbs;*
*The inſtant burſt of clamour that ſhe made,*
*(Unleſs things mortal move them not at all,)*
*Would have made milch* [2] *the burning eyes of heaven,*
*And paſſion in the gods.*

*Pol.* Look, whether he has not turn'd his colour, and has tears in's eyes.—Pr'ythee, no more.

*Ham.* 'Tis well; I'll have thee ſpeak out the reſt of this ſoon.—Good my lord, will you ſee the players well beſtow'd? Do you hear, let them be well uſed; for they are the abſtract, and brief chronicles, of the time: After your death you were better have a bad epitaph, than their ill report while you live.

*Pol.* My lord, I will uſe them according to their deſert.

*Ham.* Odd's bodikin, man, much better: Uſe every man after his deſert, and who ſhall 'ſcape whipping? Uſe them after your own honour and dignity: The leſs they deſerve, the more merit is in your bounty. Take them in.

*Pol.* Come, ſirs.

[1] *With* biſſon *rheum*;—] *Biſſon* or *beeſen*, i. e. blind. A word ſtill in uſe in ſome parts of the north of England.

So in *Coriolanus*: "What harm can your *biſſon* conſpectuities glean out of this character?" STEEVENS.

[2] —*made* milch—] Drayton in the 13th Song of his *Polyolbion* gives this epithet to dew; "Exhaling the *milch* dew," &c. STEEVENS.

*Ham.*

*Ham.* Follow him, friends: we'll hear a play to-morrow.—Doſt thou hear me, old friend; can you play the murder of Gonzago?

1. *Play.* Ay, my lord.

*Ham.* We'll have it to-morrow night. You could, for a need, ſtudy a ſpeech of ſome dozen or ſixteen lines, which I would ſet down, and inſert in't? could you not?

1. *Play.* Ay, my lord.

*Ham.* Very well.—Follow that lord; and look you mock him not. [*Exeunt* POLONIUS *and* Players.] My good friends, [*to* Roſ. *and* Guil.] I'll leave you till night: you are welcome to Elſinore.

*Roſ.* Good my lord! [*Exeunt* Roſ. *and* Guil.

*Ham.* Ay, ſo, God be wi' you:—Now I am alone.
O, what a rogue and peaſant ſlave am I!
Is it not monſtrous, that this player here[3],
But in a fiction, in a dream of paſſion,
Could force his ſoul ſo to his own conceit,
That, from her working, all his viſage wann'd[4];
Tears in his eyes, diſtraction in 's aſpect[5],

A broken

[3] *Is it not monſtrous, that this player here,*] It ſhould ſeem from the complicated nature of ſuch parts as Hamlet, Lear, &c. that the time of Shakſpeare had produced many excellent performers. He would ſcarce have taken the pains to form characters which he had no proſpect of ſeeing repreſented with force and propriety on the ſtage. STEEV.

[4] *That, from her working, all his viſage* wann'd,

[5] Tears in his eyes, diſtraction *in's aſpect,*] *Wan'd* (*wann'd* it ſhould have been ſpelt,) is the reading of the quarto, which Dr. Warburton, I think rightly, reſtored. The folio reads *warm'd*, for which Mr. Steevens contends in the following note.

"The working of the ſoul, and the effort to ſhed tears, will give a colour to the actor's face, inſtead of taking it away. The viſage is always *warm'd* and fluſh'd by any unuſual exertion in a paſſionate ſpeech; but no performer was ever yet found, I believe, whoſe feelings were of ſuch exquiſite ſenſibility as to produce paleneſs in any ſituation in which the drama could place him. But if players were indeed poſſeſſed of that power, there is no ſuch circumſtance in the ſpeech uttered before Hamlet, as could introduce the *wanneſs* for which Dr. Warburton contends."

Whether an actor *can produce paleneſs*, it is, I think, unneceſſary to inquire. That Shakſpeare *thought* he could, and conſidered the ſpeech in queſtion as likely to produce *wanneſs*, is proved deciſively

A broken voice, and his whole function suiting
With forms to his conceit? And all for nothing!
For Hecuba!
What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba[6],

by the words which he has put into the mouth of Polonius in this scene; which add such support to the original reading, that I have without hesitation restored it. Immediately after the player has finished his speech, Polonius exclaims,

"Look, whether he has not *turn'd his colour*, and has *tears in his eyes*." Here we find the effort to shed tears, *taking away*, not *giving* a colour. If it be objected, that by *turn'd his colour*, Shakspeare meant that the player *grew red*, a passage in *King Richard III.* in which the poet is again describing an actor, who is master of his art, will at once answer the objection.

*Rich.* Come, cousin, can'st thou *quake*, and *change thy colour?*
Murther thy breath in middle of a word;
And then again begin, and stop again,
As if thou wert *distraught and mad with terror?*

*Buck.* Tut, I can counterfeit the *deep tragedian*;
*Tremble* and start at wagging of a straw, &c.

The words, *quake*, and *terror*, and *tremble*, as well as the whole context, shew, that by "*change thy colour*," Shakspeare meant *grow pale*.

MALONE.

[5] *Tears in his eyes, distraction in 's aspect*,] The word *aspect* (as Dr. Farmer very properly observes) was in Shakspeare's time accented on the second syllable. The folio exhibits the passage as I have printed it.

STEEVENS.

[6] *What's Hecuba to him*, &c.] The expression of Hamlet, *What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba*, is plainly an allusion to a passage in *Plutarch's Life of Pelopidas*, so exquisitely beautiful, and so pertinent, that I wonder it has never yet been taken notice of.

"And another time, being in a theatre where the tragedy of "*Troades* of *Euripides* was played, he [Alexander Pheræus] went out "of the theatre, and sent word to the players notwithstanding, that "they should go on with their play, as if he had been still among "them; saying, that he came not away for any misliking he had of "them or of the play, but because he was ashamed his people should "see him weep, to see the miseries of *Hecuba* and Andromache "played, and that they never saw him pity the death of any one "man, of so many of his citizens as he had caused to be slain."

Sir JOHN HAWKINS.

This observation had been already made by Mr. Upton. STEEVENS.

Shakspeare, it is highly probable, had read the life of Pelopidas, but I see no ground for supposing there is here an allusion to it. Hamlet is not ashamed of being seen to weep at a theatrical exhibition, but mortified that a player, in *a dream of passion*, should appear more agitated by fictitious sorrow, than the prince was by a real calamity. MALONE.

That

That he ſhould weep for her? What would he do,
Had he the motive and the cue for paſſion [7],
That I have? He would drown the ſtage with tears,
And cleave the general ear [8] with horrid ſpeech;
Make mad the guilty, and appall the free,
Confound the ignorant; and amaze, indeed,
The very faculties of eyes and ears.
Yet I,
A dull and muddy-mettled raſcal, peak,
Like John a-dreams [9], unpregnant of my cauſe [1],
And can ſay nothing; no, not for a king,
Upon whoſe property, and moſt dear life,
A damn'd defeat was made [2]. Am I a coward?

Who

7 — *the* cue *for paſſion,*] The *hint*, the *direction*. JOHNSON.

8 — *the general ear*—] The ears of all mankind. So before, *caviare to the general*, that is, to the *multitude*. JOHNSON.

9 *Like* John-a-dreams,—] John-a-dreams, i. e. *of dreams*, means only *John* the *dreamer*; a nick-name, I ſuppoſe, for any ignorant ſilly fellow. Thus the puppet formerly thrown at during the ſeaſon of Lent, was called *Jack-a-lent*, and the ignis fatuus *Jack-a-lantern*. *John-a-droynes*, however, if not a corruption of this nick-name, ſeems to have been ſome well known character, as I have met with more than one alluſion to him. So, in *Have with you to Saffron Walden, or Gabriel Harvey's Hunt is up*, by Naſhe, 1596: "The deſcription of that poor *John-a-droynes* his man, whom he had hired," &c. *John-a-droynes* is likewiſe a fooliſh character in Whetſtone's *Promos and Caſſandra*, 1578, who is ſeized by informers, has not much to ſay in his defence, and is cheated out of his money. STEEV.

1 — unpregnant *of my cauſe,*] *Unpregnant*, for *having no due ſenſe of*. WARBURTON.

Rather, *not quickened with a new deſire of vengeance; not teeming with revenge*. JOHNSON.

2 *A damn'd* defeat *was made.*—] *Defeat*, for *deſtruction*. WARB.

Rather, *diſpoſſeſſion*. JOHNSON.

The word *defeat* is very licentiouſly uſed by the old writers. Shakſpeare in *Othello* employs it yet more quaintly:—"*Defeat* thy favour with an uſurped beard;" and Middleton, in his comedy called *Any Thing for a Quiet Life*, ſays—"I have heard of your *defeat* made upon a mercer."

Again, in *Revenge for Honour*, by Chapman:

"That he might meantime *make* a ſure *defeat*
"On our good aged father's life." STEEVENS.

In the paſſage quoted from *Othello*, to *defeat* is uſed for *undo* or alter; *defaire*, Fr. See Minſheu in v. Minſheu conſiders the ſubſtantives

Who calls me villain? breaks my pate acroſs?
Plucks off my beard, and blows it in my face?
Tweaks me by the noſe? gives me the lie i'the throat,
As deep as to the lungs? Who does me this?
Ha! Why, I ſhould take it: for it cannot be,
But I am pigeon-liver'd, and lack gall
To make oppreſſion bitter; or, ere this,
I ſhould have fatted all the region kites
With this ſlave's offal: Bloody, bawdy villain!
Remorſeleſs, treacherous, lecherous, kindleſs villain[3]!
Why, what an aſs am I? This is moſt brave[4];
That I, the ſon of a dear father murder'd,
Prompted to my revenge by heaven, and hell,
Muſt, like a whore, unpack my heart with words,
And fall a curſing, like a very drab,
A ſcullion[5]!
Fie upon't! foh! About my brains[6]! Humph! I have heard,
That guilty creatures, ſitting at a play[7],
Have

ſtantives *defeat* and *defeature* as ſynonymous. The former he defines *an overthrow*; the latter, *execution or ſlaughter of men*. In *K. Henry V.* we have a ſimilar phraſeology:

"*Making defeat upon* the powers of France."

And the word is again uſed in the ſame ſenſe in the laſt act of this play:

"——— Their *defeat*
"Doth by their own inſinuation grow." MALONE.

3 — *kindleſs*—] *Unnatural.* JOHNSON.

4 *Why, what an aſs am I? This is moſt brave*;] The folio reads,

O vengeance!
Who? what an aſs am I? Sure this is moſt brave.

STEEVENS.

5 *A* ſcullion!] Thus the folio. The quartos read,—a *ſtallion*. STEEVENS.

6 *About, my brains!*] *Wits, to your work. Brain*, go *about* the preſent buſineſs. JOHNSON.

This expreſſion occurs in the Second Part of the *Iron Age*, by *Heywood*, 1632:

"*My brain, about* again! for thou haſt found
"New projects now to work on." STEEVENS.

7 ——— *I have heard,*
*That guilty creatures, ſitting at a play,*] A number of theſe ſtories are

Have by the very cunning of the ſcene
Been ſtruck ſo to the ſoul, that preſently
They have proclaim'd their malefactions:
For murder, though it have no tongue, will ſpeak
With moſt miraculous organ. I'll have theſe players
Play ſomething like the murder of my father,
Before mine uncle: I'll obſerve his looks;
I'll tent him [8] to the quick; if he do blench [9],
I know my courſe. The ſpirit, that I have ſeen,
May be a devil: and the devil hath power
To aſſume a pleaſing ſhape; yea, and, perhaps,
Out of my weakneſs, and my melancholy,
(As he is very potent with ſuch ſpirits,)
Abuſes me to damn me: I'll have grounds
More relative than this [1]; The play's the thing,
Wherein I'll catch the conſcience of the king. [*Exit.*

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## ACT III. SCENE I.

*A Room in the Caſtle.*

*Enter* King, Queen, POLONIUS, OPHELIA, ROSENCRANTZ, *and* GUILDENSTERN.

*King.* And can you by no drift of conference [2]
Get from him, why he puts on this confuſion;
Grating ſo harſhly all his days of quiet
With turbulent and dangerous lunacy?

are collected together by Thomas Heywood, in his *Actor's Vindication.* STEEVENS.

[8] — *tent him*—] Search his wounds. JOHNSON.

[9] — *if he do* blench,] If he *ſhrink*, or ſtart. The word is uſed by Fletcher, in *The Night-walker*:

"*Blench* at no danger, though it be a gallows."

Again in Gower, *De Confeſſione Amantis*, lib. vi. fol. 128:

"Without *blenchinge* of mine eie." STEEVENS.

See Vol. IV. p. 142, n. 3. MALONE.

[1] *More* relative *than this*;—] *Relative*, for *convictive.* WARB.

*Convictive* is only the conſequential ſenſe. *Relative* is, *nearly related, cloſely connected.* JOHNSON.

[2] — *conference*—] The folio reads, *circumſtance.* STEEVENS.

*Roſ.*

*Roſ.* He does confeſs, he feels himſelf diſtracted;
But from what cauſe he will by no means ſpeak.

*Guil.* Nor do we find him forward to be ſounded;
But, with a crafty madneſs, keeps aloof,
When we would bring him on to ſome confeſſion
Of his true ſtate.

*Queen.* Did he receive you well?

*Roſ.* Moſt like a gentleman.

*Guil.* But with much forcing of his diſpoſition.

*Roſ.* Niggard of queſtion; but, of our demands,
Moſt free in his reply[3].

*Queen.* Did you aſſay him
To any paſtime?

*Roſ.* Madam, it ſo fell out, that certain players
We o'er-raught on the way[4]: of theſe we told him;
And there did ſeem in him a kind of joy
To hear of it: They are about the court;
And, as I think, they have already order
This night to play before him.

*Pol.* 'Tis moſt true:
And he beſeech'd me to entreat your majeſties,
To hear and ſee the matter.

*King.* With all my heart; and it doth much content me
To hear him ſo inclin'd.
Good gentlemen, give him a further edge,
And drive his purpoſe on to theſe delights.

*Roſ.* We ſhall, my lord. [*Exeunt* Roſ. *and* Guil.

*King.* Sweet Gertrude, leave us too:

3 *Niggard of queſtion; but, of our demands,*
*Moſt free in his reply.*] Slow to begin converſation, but free enough in his anſwers to our demands. Guildenſtern has juſt ſaid that Hamlet kept aloof when they wiſhed to bring him to confeſs the cauſe of his diſtraction: Roſencrantz therefore here muſt mean, that *up to that point*, till they touch'd on that, he was free enough in his anſwers. MALONE.

4 — o'er-raught *on the way:*—] *Over-raught* is *over-reached*, that is, *over-took*. JOHNSON.

So, in Spenſer's *Faery Queen*, b. 6. c. 3:

"Having by chance a cloſe advantage view'd,
"He *over-raught* him," &c. STEEVENS.

For

For we have closely sent for Hamlet hither;
That he, as 'twere by accident, may here
Affront Ophelia[5]: Her father, and myself[6]
Will so bestow ourselves, that, seeing, unseen,
We may of their encounter frankly judge;
And gather by him, as he is behav'd,
If't be the affliction of his love, or no,
That thus he suffers for.

*Queen.* I shall obey you:
And, for your part[7], Ophelia, I do wish,
That your good beauties be the happy cause
Of Hamlet's wildness; so shall I hope, your virtues
Will bring him to his wonted way again,
To both your honours.

*Oph.* Madam, I wish it may. [*Exit* Queen.

*Pol.* Ophelia, walk you here:—Gracious, so please you,
We will bestow ourselves:—Read on this book;
[*to* Ophelia.
That show of such an exercise may colour
Your loneliness[8].—We are oft to blame in this,—
'Tis too much prov'd[9],—that, with devotion's visage,
And pious action, we do sugar o'er
The devil himself.

*King.* O, 'tis too true! how smart
A lash that speech doth give my conscience! [*Aside.*
The harlot's cheek, beauty'd with plast'ring art,

[5] Affront *Ophelia:*] To *affront*, is only *to meet directly*. JOHNSON. *Affrontare, Ital.* So, in the *Devil's Charter*, 1607:

"*Affronting* that port where proud Charles should enter."

STEEVENS.

[6] *Her father, and myself*—] Thus the quarto. The folio after these words adds—*lawful espials*, i. e. spies. MALONE.

[7] *And, for* your *part,*] Thus the quarto 1604, and the folio. The modern editors, following a quarto of no authority, read—for *my* part. MALONE.

[8] *Your* loneliness.] Thus the folio. The first and second quartos read *lowliness*. STEEVENS.

[9] *'Tis too much prov'd,*—] It is found by too frequent experience. JOHNSON.

Is

Is not more ugly to the thing that helps it[1],
Than is my deed to my moſt painted word:
O heavy burden!

*Pol.* I hear him coming; let's withdraw, my lord.

[*Exeunt* King, *and* POLONIUS.

*Enter* HAMLET.

*Ham.* To be, or not to be[2], that is the queſtion:—
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind, to ſuffer

The

[1] — *more ugly* to *the thing that helps it,*] That is, *compared with* the thing that helps it. JOHNSON.

[2] *To be, or not to be,*—] Of this celebrated ſoliloquy, which burſting from a man diſtracted with contrariety of deſires, and overwhelmed with the magnitude of his own purpoſes, is connected rather in the ſpeaker's mind, than on his tongue, I ſhall endeavour to diſcover the train, and to ſhew how one ſentiment produces another.

Hamlet, knowing himſelf injured in the moſt enormous and atrocious degree, and ſeeing no means of redreſs, but ſuch as muſt expoſe him to the extremity of hazard, meditates on his ſituation in this manner: *Before I can form any rational ſcheme of action under this preſſure of diſtreſs,* it is neceſſary to decide, whether, *after our preſent ſtate, we are* to be, or not to be. That is the queſtion, which, as it ſhall be anſwered, will determine, *whether 'tis nobler*, and more ſuitable to the dignity of reaſon, *to ſuffer the outrages of fortune* patiently, or to take arms againſt *them*, and by oppoſing end them, *though perhaps* with the loſs of life. If *to die*, were *to ſleep, no more, and by a ſleep to end* the miſeries of our nature, ſuch a ſleep were *devoutly to be wiſhed*; but if *to ſleep* in death, be *to dream*, to retain our powers of ſenſibility, we muſt *pauſe* to conſider, *in that ſleep of death what dreams may come.* This conſideration *makes calamity* ſo long endured; *for who would bear* the vexations of life, which might be ended *by a bare bodkin*, but that he is afraid of ſomething in unknown futurity? This fear it is that gives efficacy to conſcience, which, by turning the mind upon *this regard*, chills the ardour of *reſolution*, checks the vigour of *enterprize*, and makes the *current* of deſire ſtagnate in inactivity.

We may ſuppoſe that he would have applied theſe general obſervations to his own caſe, but that he diſcovered Ophelia. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnſon's explication of the firſt five lines of this paſſage is ſurely wrong. Hamlet is not deliberating whether after our preſent ſtate we are to exiſt or not, but whether he ſhould continue to live or put an end to his life: as is pointed out by the ſecond and the three following lines, which are manifeſtly a paraphraſe on the firſt; "whether 'tis nobler in the mind to ſuffer, &c. or to take arms." The queſtion concerning our exiſtence in a future ſtate is not conſidered till the tenth line:—"to ſleep! perchance, to *dream*," &c. The train of

The ſlings and arrows of outrageous fortune [3];
Or to take arms againſt a ſea of troubles [4],
And, by oppoſing, end them?—To die,—to ſleep,— [5]
No more;—and, by a ſleep, to ſay we end
The heart-ach, and the thouſand natural ſhocks
That fleſh is heir to,—'tis a conſummation
Devoutly to be wiſh'd. To die;—to ſleep;—
To ſleep! perchance, to dream;—ay, there's the rub;

Hamlet's reaſoning from the middle of the fifth line, "If to die, were to ſleep," &c. Dr. Johnſon has marked out with his uſual accuracy.

In our poet's *Rape of Lucrece* we find the ſame queſtion ſtated, which is propoſed in the beginning of the preſent ſoliloquy:

"—with herſelf ſhe is in mutiny,
"To *live or die, which of the twain were better.*" MALONE.

3 — arrows *of outrageous* fortune;] "Homines nos ut eſſe memi-nerimus, eâ lege natos, ut omnibus *telis fortunæ* propoſita ſit vita noſtra." Cic. Epiſt. Fam. v. 16. STEEVENS.

4 *Or to take arms againſt a* ſea *of troubles*,] One cannot but wonder that the ſmalleſt doubt ſhould be entertained concerning an expreſſion which is ſo much in Shakſpeare's manner; yet, to preſerve the integrity of the metaphor, Dr. Warburton reads *aſſail* of troubles, and Mr. Pope propoſed *ſiege*. In the *Prometheus Vinctus* of *Æſchylus* a ſimilar imagery is found:

Δυσχειμερον γε πελαγος ατεραϛ δυης.
The ſtormy *ſea* of dire *calamity*.

and in the ſame play, as an anonymous writer has obſerved, (*Gent. Magazine*, Aug. 1772,) we have a metaphor no leſs harſh than that of the text:

Θολεροι δε λογοι παιουσ' εικη
Στυγνης περος κυμασιν ατης.
"My plaintive *words* in vain confuſedly beat
"Againſt the *waves of hateful miſery*."

Shakſpeare might have found the very phraſe that he has employed, in *The Tragedy of Queen Cordila*, MIRROUR FOR MAGISTRATES, 1575, which undoubtedly he read:

"For lacke of frendes to tell my *ſeas of* giltleſſe *ſmart*." MALONE.

*A ſea of troubles* among the Greeks grew into a proverbial uſage; κακων θαλασσα, κακων τρικυμια. So that the expreſſion figuratively means, the troubles of human life, which flow in upon us, and encompaſs us round, like a ſea. THEOBALD.

I know not why there ſhould be ſo much ſolicitude about this metaphor. Shakſpeare breaks his metaphors often, and in this deſultory ſpeech there was leſs need of preſerving them. JOHNSON.

5 — *To die,—to ſleep*,—] This paſſage is ridiculed in the *Scornful Lady* of B. and Fletcher, as follows:

"— be deceas'd, that is, aſleep, for ſo the word is taken. "*To ſleep, to die; to die, to ſleep*; a very figure, ſir." &c. &c. STEEV.

For

For in that ſleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have ſhuffled off this mortal coil[6],
Muſt give us pauſe: There's the reſpect[7],
That makes calamity of ſo long life:
For who would bear the whips and ſcorns of time[8],
The

[6] — *mortal* coil,] *i. e.* turmoil, buſtle. WARBURTON.

[7] *There's* the reſpect,] i. e. the conſideration. See Vol. X. p. 102, n. 3. MALONE.

[8] — *the whips and ſcorns* of time,] The evils here complained of are not the product of time or duration ſimply, but of a corrupted age or manners. We may be ſure, then, that Shakſpeare wrote

— *the whips and ſcorns* of th' time.

And the deſcription of the evils of a corrupt age, which follows, confirms this emendation. WARBURTON.

It may be remarked, that Hamlet, in his enumeration of miſeries, forgets, whether properly or not, that he is a prince, and mentions many evils to which inferior ſtations are expoſed. JOHNSON.

I think we might venture to read the *whips and ſcorns o'th'* times, i. e. of times ſatirical as the age of Shakſpeare, which probably furniſhed him with the idea.

In the reigns of Elizabeth and James (particularly in the former) there was more illiberal private abuſe and peeviſh ſatire publiſhed, than in any others I ever knew of, except the preſent one. I have many of theſe publications, which were almoſt all pointed at individuals.

*Daniel*, in his *Muſophilus*, 1599, has the ſame complaint:

" Do you not ſee theſe pamphlets, *libels*, rhimes,
" Theſe ſtrange confuſed tumults of the mind,
" Are grown to be the ſickneſs *of theſe times*,
" The great diſeaſe inflicted on mankind?"

*Whips* and *ſcorns* are ſurely as inſeparable companions, as public puniſhment and infamy.

*Quips*, the word which Dr. Johnſon would introduce, is derived, by all etymologiſts, from *whips*.

Hamlet is introduced as reaſoning on a queſtion of general concernment. He therefore takes in all ſuch evils as could befall mankind in general, without conſidering himſelf at preſent as a prince, or wiſhing to avail himſelf of the few exemptions which high place might once have claimed.

In part of K. James Iſt's *Entertainment paſſing to his Coronation*, by Ben Jonſon and Decker, is the following line, and note on that line:

" *And firſt account of years, of months*, OF TIME."

" By *time* we underſtand *the preſent*." This explanation affords the ſenſe for which I have contended, and without alteration. STEEV.

The

The oppreſſor's wrong, the proud man's contumely [9],
The pangs of deſpis'd love [1], the law's delay,
The inſolence of office, and the ſpurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himſelf might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin [2]? who would fardels bear,

To

The word *whips* is uſed by Marſton in his *Satires*, 1599, in the ſenſe required here:

" Ingenuous melancholy,——
" Inthrone thee in my blood; let me entreat,
" Stay his quick jocund ſkips, and force him run
" A ſad-pac'd courſe, untill my *whips* be done." MALONE.

9 — *the* proud *man's contumely*,] Thus the quarto. The folio reads —the *poor* man's contumely; the contumely which the poor man is obliged to endure.

" Nil habet infelix paupertas durius in ſe,
" Quam quod ridiculos homines facit." MALONE.

1 — *of* deſpis'd *love*,] The folio reads—of *diſpriz'd* love. STEEV.

2 — *might his* quietus *make*
*With a bare* bodkin?—] The firſt expreſſion probably alluded to the writ of diſcharge, which was formerly granted to thoſe barons and knights who perſonally attended the king on any foreign expedition. This diſcharge was called a *quietus*.

It is at this time the term for the acquittance which every ſheriff receives on ſettling his accounts at the exchequer.

The word is uſed for the diſcharge of an account, by Webſter, in his *Dutcheſs of Malfy*, 1623:

" You had the trick in audit-time to be ſick,
" Till I had ſign'd your *quietus*."

A *bodkin* was, the ancient term for a *ſmall dagger*. So, in the Second Part of *The Mirrour of Knighthood*, 4to. bl. let. 1598: " Not having any more weapons but a poor poynado, which uſually he did weare about him, and taking it in his hand, delivered theſe ſpeeches unto it: Thou, ſilly *bodkin*, ſhalt finiſh the piece of worke," &c.

In the margin of *Stowe's Chronicle*, edit. 1614, it is ſaid, that Cæſar was ſlain with *bodkins*.

Again, in *Chaucer*, as he is quoted at the end of a pamphlet called *The Serpent of Diviſion*, &c. *whereunto is annexed the Tragedy of Gorboduc*, &c. 1591:

" With *bodkins* was Cæſar Julius
" Murder'd at Rome, of Brutus Craſſus." STEEVENS.

Lydgate in his *Fall of Princes*, ays that Julius Cæſar was ſlain in the Capitol with *bodkins*.

The firſt Lord Lyttelton, it ſeems, was of opinion that Pope's edition of Shakſpeare was better than that of Theobald's, becauſe

To grunt and ſweat[3] under a weary life;
But that the dread of ſomething after death,—
The undiſcover'd country, from whoſe bourn

" Theobald was continually making alterations." " For *bodkin*," ſays the noble lord, " he would read *dodkin*, which he has found out to be an old word for *dagger*; whereas the beauty of the thought depends on the inſignificance of the inſtrument." Graves's *Recollections of ſome particulars in the life of* William Shenſtone, Eſq;—His lordſhip's meaning, as Fluellen ſays, was goot, " ſave the phraſe is a little variations." Theobald never did propoſe to read *dodkin*, though he gave the ancient ſignification of the word *bodkin*, which, as we have ſeen was *dagger*.

By a *bare* bodkin, does not perhaps mean, " by ſo *little* an inſtrument as a dagger," but " *by an unſheathed dagger*."

In the account which Mr. Steevens has given of the original meaning of the term *quietus*, after the words, " who perſonally attended the king on any foreign expedition," ſhould have been added,—*and were therefore exempted from the claim of ſcutage, or a tax on every knight's fee.* MALONE.

3 *To grunt and ſweat*—] All the old copies have, *to* grunt *and ſweat*. It is undoubtedly the true reading, but can ſcarcely be borne by modern ears. JOHNSON.

This word occurs in the *Death of Zoroas*, a fragment in blank verſe, printed at the end of *Lord Surry's Poems*:

" ——— none the charge could give:
" Here *grunts*, here grones, echwhere ſtrong youth is ſpent."

And *Stanyhurſt* in his tranſlation of Virgil, 1582, for ſupremum *congemuit* gives us: " —for ſighing it *grunts*."

The change made by the editors [*to groan*] is however ſupported by the following lines in *Julius Cæſar*, Act IV. ſc. i.

" To *groan* and ſweat under the buſineſs." STEEVENS.

I apprehend that it is the duty of an editor to exhibit what his authour wrote, and not to ſubſtitute what may appear to the preſent age preferable: and Dr. Johnſon was of the ſame opinion. See his note on the word *bugger-mugger*, Act IV. ſc. v. I have therefore, though with ſome reluctance, adhered to the old copies, however unpleaſing this word may be to the ear. On the ſtage, without doubt, an actor is at liberty to ſubſtitute a leſs offenſive word. To the ears of our anceſtors it probably conveyed no unpleaſing ſound; for we find it uſed by Chaucer and others:

" But never *gront* he at no ſtroke but on,
" Or elles at two, but if his ſtorie lie."

*The Monkes Tale*, v. 14627, Tyrwhitt's edit.

Again, in *Wily Beguil'd*, written before 1596:

" She's never well, but *grunting* in a corner." MALONE.

No

No traveller returns [4],—puzzles the will;
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of?
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;
And thus the native hue of resolution

4 *The* undiscover'd *country, from whose bourn*
*No* traveller *returns*,—] This has been cavilled at by Lord Orrery and others, but without reason. The idea of a *traveller* in Shakspeare's time, was of a person who gave an account of his adventures. Every voyage was a *Discovery*. John Taylor has "*A Discovery* by sea from London to Salisbury." FARMER.

Again, Marston's *Insatiate Countess*, 1603:

"——————wrestled with death,
"From whose stern cave none tracks a backward path."

Qui nunc it per iter tenebricosum
Illuc unde negant redire quenquam. *Catullus*. STEEVENS.

This passage has been objected to by others on a ground which, at the first view of it, seems more plausible. Hamlet himself, it is objected, has had ocular demonstration that travellers do sometimes return from this strange country.

I formerly thought this an inconsistency. But this objection also is founded on a mistake. Our poet without doubt in the passage before us intended to say, that from the *unknown* regions of the dead no traveller returns, with all his *corporal powers*; such as he who goes on a voyage of *discovery* brings back, when he returns to the port from which he sailed. The traveller whom Hamlet had seen, though he appeared in the same habit which he had worn in his life time, was nothing but a shadow; "invulnerable as the air," and consequently *incorporeal*.

If, says the objector, the traveller has once reached this coast, it is not an undiscovered country. But by *undiscovered* Shakspeare meant not, undiscovered by departed spirits, but, undiscovered, or unknown to "such fellows as us, who crawl between earth and heaven;" *superis incognita tellus*. In this sense every country, of which the traveller does not return *alive* to give *an account*, may be said to be *undiscovered*. The ghost has given no account of the region from whence he came, being, as he has himself informed us, "forbid to tell the secrets of his prison-house."

Marlowe, before our poet, had compared death to a journey to an undiscovered country:

"—————— weep not for Mortimer,
"That scorns the world, and, as a *traveller*,
"Goes to *discover countries* yet unknown."
*King Edward II.* 1598 (written before 1593). MALONE.

Is ſickly'd o'er with the pale caſt of thought;
And enterprizes of great pith [5] and moment,
With this regard, their currents turn awry [6],
And loſe the name of action.—Soft you, now!
The fair Ophelia:—Nymph, in thy oriſons [7]
Be all my ſins remember'd.

*Oph.* Good my lord,
How does your honour for this many a day?

*Ham.* I humbly thank you; well.

*Oph.* My lord, I have remembrances of yours,
That I have longed long to re-deliver;
I pray you, now receive them.

*Ham.* No, not I;
I never gave you aught.

*Oph.* My honour'd lord, you know right well, you did;
And, with them, words of ſo ſweet breath compos'd
As made the things more rich: their perfume loſt,
Take theſe again; for to the noble mind
Rich gifts wax poor, when givers prove unkind.
There, my lord.

*Ham.* Ha, ha! are you honeſt?

*Oph.* My lord?

*Ham.* Are you fair?

*Oph.* What means your lordſhip?

*Ham.* That, if you be honeſt, and fair, you ſhould admit no diſcourſe to your beauty [8].

[5] —*great* pith—] Thus the folio. The quartos read, of great *pitch*. STEEVENS.

[6] —*turn* awry,] Thus the quartos. The folio—turn *away*. STEEVENS.

[7] —*Nymph, in thy oriſons*, &c.] This is a touch of nature. Hamlet, at the ſight of Ophelia, does not immediately recollect, that he is to perſonate madneſs, but makes her an addreſs grave and ſolemn, ſuch as the foregoing meditation excited in his thoughts. JOHNSON.

[8] *That, if you be honeſt, and fair, you ſhould admit no diſcourſe to your beauty.*] This is the reading of all the modern editions, and is copied from the quarto. The folio reads,—your honeſty *ſhould admit no diſcourſe to your beauty*. The true reading ſeems to be this: *If you be honeſt and fair, you ſhould admit* your honeſty *to no diſcourſe with your beauty*. This is the ſenſe evidently required by the proceſs of the converſation. JOHNSON.

*Oph.*

*Oph.* Could beauty, my lord, have better commerce than with honeſty?

*Ham.* Ay, truly; for the power of beauty will ſooner transform honeſty from what it is to a bawd, than the force of honeſty can tranſlate beauty into his likeneſs[9]: this was ſome time a paradox, but now the time gives it proof. I did love you once.

*Oph.* Indeed, my lord, you made me believe ſo.

*Ham.* You ſhould not have believed me: for virtue cannot ſo inoculate[1] our old ſtock, but we ſhall reliſh of it: I loved you not.

*Oph.* I was the more deceived.

*Ham.* Get thee to a nunnery; Why would'ſt thou be a breeder of ſinners? I am myſelf indifferent honeſt; but yet I could accuſe me of ſuch things, that it were better, my mother had not borne me[2]: I am very proud, revengeful, ambitious; with more offences at my beck, than I have thoughts to put them in[3], imagination to give them ſhape, or time to act them in: What ſhould ſuch fellows as I do crawling between earth and heaven? We are arrant knaves, all; believe none of us: Go thy ways to a nunnery. Where's your father?

*Oph.* At home, my lord.

*Ham.* Let the doors be ſhut upon him; that he may play the fool no where but in's own houſe. Farewel.

9 —*into* his *likeneſs:*] The modern editors read *its* likeneſs; but the text is right. Shakſpeare and his contemporaries frequently uſe the perſonal for the neutral pronoun. So Spenſer, *Faery Queen*, B. III. c. ix.

"Then forth *it* breaks; and with *his* furious blaſt,
Confounds both land and ſeas, and ſkies doth overcaſt."

See p. 221, n. 6. MALONE.

1 —*inoculate*—] This is the reading of the firſt folio. The firſt quarto reads *euocutat*; the ſecond, *euacuat*; and the third *evacuate*. STEEVENS.

2 *I could accuſe me of ſuch things, that it were better, my mother had not borne me:*] So, in our poet's 88th Sonnet:

"——— I can ſet down a ſtory
"Of faults conceal'd, wherein I am attainted." MALONE.

3 —*with more offences at my beck, than I have thoughts* to put them in,] *To put a thing into thought*, is *to think on it.* JOHNSON.

—*at my beck,*—] That is, *always ready to come about me.* STEEVENS.

*Oph.* O, help him, you ſweet heavens!

*Ham.* If thou doſt marry, I'll give thee this plague for thy dowry; Be thou as chaſte as ice, as pure as ſnow, thou ſhalt not eſcape calumny. Get thee to a nunnery; farewel: Or, if thou wilt needs marry, marry a fool; for wiſe men know well enough, what monſters you make of them. To a nunnery, go; and quickly too. Farewel.

*Oph.* Heavenly powers, reſtore him!

*Ham.* I have heard of your paintings too, well enough[5]; God hath given you one face, and you make yourſelves another: you jig, you amble, and you liſp, and nick-name God's creatures, and make your wantonneſs your ignorance[6]: Go to; I'll no more of't; it hath made me mad. I ſay, we will have no more marriages: thoſe that are married already, all but one, ſhall live *; the reſt ſhall keep as they are. To a nunnery, go. [*Exit* Hamlet.

*Oph.* O, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown! The courtier's, ſoldier's, ſcholar's, eye, tongue, ſword[7];

[5] *I have heard of your* paintings *too, well enough, &c.*] This is according to the quarto; the folio, for *paintings*, has *prattlings*, and for *face*, has *pace*, which agrees with what follows, *you jigg, you amble.* Probably the authour wrote both. I think the common reading beſt. JOHNSON.

I would continue to read, *paintings*, becauſe theſe deſtructive aids of beauty ſeem, in the time of Shakſpeare, to have been general objects of ſatire. STEEVENS.

[6] — *make your wantonneſs your ignorance:*] You miſtake by *wanton* affection, and pretend to miſtake by *ignorance.* JOHNSON.

* — *all but one ſhall live;*] By the one who ſhall not live, he means, his ſtep-father. MALONE.

[7] *The courtier's, ſoldier's, ſcholar's, eye, tongue, ſword;*] The poet certainly meant to have placed his words thus:

*The courtier's, ſcholar's, ſoldier's, eye, tongue, ſword;*

otherwiſe the excellence of *tongue* is appropriated to the *ſoldier*, and the *ſcholar* wears the *ſword.* WARNER.

This regulation is needleſs. So, in *Tarquin* and *Lucrece*:

" — princes are the *glaſs*, the *ſchool*, the *book*,
" Where ſubjects eyes do *learn*, do *read*, do *look*."

And in *Quintilian*: " Multum agit ſexus, ætas, conditio; ut in *fœminis, ſenibus, pupillis, liberis, parentes, conjuges*, alligantibus." FARMER.

The

The expectancy and roſe of the fair ſtate,
The glaſs of faſhion, and the mould of form[8],
The obſerv'd of all obſervers! quite, quite down!
And I, of ladies moſt deject[9] and wretched,
That ſuck'd the honey of his muſick vows,
Now ſee that noble and moſt ſovereign reaſon,
Like ſweet bells jangled, out of tune[1] and harſh;
That unmatch'd form and feature[2] of blown youth,
Blaſted with ecſtaſy[3]: O, woe is me!
To have ſeen what I have ſeen, ſee what I ſee!

*Re-enter* King, *and* Polonius.

*King*. Love! his affections do not that way tend;
Nor what he ſpake, though it lack'd form a little,
Was not like madneſs. There's ſomething in his ſoul,
O'er which his melancholy ſits on brood;
And, I do doubt, the hatch, and the diſcloſe[4],
Will be ſome danger: Which for to prevent,
I have, in quick determination,
Thus ſet it down; He ſhall with ſpeed to England,
For the demand of our neglected tribute:
Haply, the ſeas, and countries different,
With variable objects, ſhall expel
This ſomething-ſettled matter in his heart;

8 — *the mould of form*,] The model by whom all endeavoured to form themſelves. Johnson.

9 — *moſt* deject—] So, in Heywood's *Silver Age*, 1613:

" ——What knight is that
" So paſſionately *deject*?" Steevens.

1 —*out* of tune—] Thus the folio. The quarto—out of *time*. Steev.

Theſe two words in the hand-writing of Shakſpeare's age are almoſt indiſtinguiſhable, and hence are frequently confounded in the old copies. See Vol. IV. p. 40, n. 1. Malone.

2 —*and* feature—] Thus the folio. The quartos read *ſtature*. Steev.

3 —*with* ecſtaſy:] The word *ecſtaſy* was anciently uſed to ſignify ſome degree of alienation of mind.

So G. Douglas, tranſlating—*ſtetit acri fixa dolore*:

" In *ecſtaſy* ſhe ſtood, and mad almaiſt." Steevens.

See Vol. IV. p. 361, n. 9. Malone.

4 — *the* diſcloſe,] This was the technical term. So, in the *Maid of Honour*, by Maſſinger;

" One aierie with proportion ne'er *diſcloſes*
" The eagle and the wren." Malone.

Whereon his brains ſtill beating, puts him thus
From faſhion of himſelf. What think you on't?

*Pol.* It ſhall do well: But yet do I believe,
The origin and commencement of his grief
Sprung from neglected love.—How now, Ophelia?
You need not tell us what lord Hamlet ſaid;
We heard it all.—My lord, do as you pleaſe;
But, if you hold it fit, after the play,
Let his queen mother all alone entreat him
To ſhew his grief; let her be round with him[5];
And I'll be plac'd, ſo pleaſe you, in the ear
Of all their conference: If ſhe find him not,
To England ſend him; or confine him, where
Your wiſdom beſt ſhall think.

*King.* It ſhall be ſo:
Madneſs in great ones muſt not unwatch'd go. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.

*A Hall in the ſame.*

*Enter* HAMLET, *and certain Players.*

*Ham.* Speak the ſpeech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue: but if you mouth it, as many of our players do, I had as lieve the town-crier ſpoke my lines. Nor do not ſaw the air too much with your hand, thus; but uſe all gently: for in the very torrent, tempeſt, and (as I may ſay) whirlwind of your paſſion, you muſt acquire and beget a temperance, that may give it ſmoothneſs. O, it offends me to the ſoul, to hear a robuſtious perriwig-pated[6] fellow tear a paſſion to

[5] —*be* round *with him*;] To be *round* with a perſon, is to reprimand him with freedom. So, in *A Mad World my Maſters*, by Middleton, 1640; "She's *round* with her i'faith." MALONE.

[6] — perriwig-*pated*—] This is a ridicule on the quantity of falſe hair worn in Shakſpeare's time, for wigs were not in common uſe till the reign of Charles II. In the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, *Julia* ſays—"I'll get me ſuch a colour'd *perriwig*."

*Goff*, who wrote ſeveral plays in the reign of James I. and was no mean ſcholar, has the following lines in his tragedy of the *Courageous Turk*, 1632:

"—How

to tatters, to very rags, to ſplit the ears of the groundlings[7]; who, for the moſt part, are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb ſhews, and noiſe[8]: I would have ſuch

" — How now, you heavens,
" Grow you ſo proud you muſt needs put on curl'd locks,
" And clothe yourſelves in *perriwigs* of fire?"

Players, however, ſeem to have worn them moſt generally. So, in *Every Woman in her Humour*, 1609: " — as none wear hoods but monks and ladies; and feathers but fore-horſes, &c;—none *perriwigs* but *players* and pictures." STEEVENS.

[7] — *the* groundlings;—] The meaner people then ſeem to have ſat below, as they now ſit in the upper gallery, who, not well underſtanding poetical language, were ſometimes gratified by a mimical and mute repreſentation of the drama, previous to the dialogue. JOHNSON.

Before each act of the tragedy of *Jocaſta*, tranſlated from *Euripides*, by Geo. Gaſcoigne and Fra. Kinwelmerſh, the order of theſe dumb ſhews is very minutely deſcribed. This play was preſented at Gray's Inn by them in 1566. The mute exhibitions included in it are chiefly emblematical, nor do they diſplay a picture of one ſingle ſcene which is afterwards performed on the ſtage. In ſome other pieces I have obſerved, that they ſerve to introduce ſuch circumſtances as the limits of a play would not admit to be repreſented.

Thus in *Herod and Antipater*, 1622:

" ——*Let me now*
" *Intreat your worthy patience to contain*
" *Much in imagination; and, what words*
" *Cannot have time to utter, let your eyes,*
" *Out of this* DUMB SHOW, *tell your memories.*"

In ſhort, dumb ſhews ſometimes ſupplied deficiencies, and, at others, filled up the ſpace of time which was neceſſary to paſs while buſineſs was ſuppoſed to be tranſacted in foreign parts. With this method of preſerving one of the unities, our anceſtors appear to have been ſatisfied.

Ben Jonſon mentions the *groundlings* with equal contempt. " The underſtanding gentlemen of the *ground* here."

Again, in *The Caſe is Alter'd*, 1609:—" a rude barbarous crew, that have no brains, and yet *grounded* judgments; they will hiſs any thing that mounts above their *grounded* capacities."

In our early play-houſes the pit had neither floor nor benches. Hence the term of *groundlings* for thoſe who frequented it.

The *groundling*, in its primitive ſignification, means a fiſh which always keeps at the bottom of the water. STEEVENS.

[8] — *are* capable *of nothing but inexplicable dumb ſhews, and noiſe*:] i. e. have a *capacity* for nothing but dumb ſhews; *underſtand* nothing elſe. So, in Heywood's *Hiſtory of Women*, 1624: "I have therein imitated

such a fellow whipp'd for o'er-doing Termagant [9]; it out-herods Herod [1]: Pray you, avoid it.

1. *Play.* I warrant your honour.

*Ham.*

imitated our *historical* and comical poets, that write to the stage; who, lest the auditory should be dulled with serious discourses, in every act present some zany, with his mimick gesture to breed in the less *capable* mirth and laughter." See Vol. VI. p. 525, n. 7. MALONE.

— *inexplicable dumb shews,*] I believe the meaning is, *shews, without words to explain them.* JOHNSON.

Rather, I believe, shews which are too confusedly conducted to explain themselves.

I meet with one of these in Heywood's play of the *Four Prentices of London*, 1632, where the *Presenter* says,

" I must entreat your patience to forbear
" While we do feast your eye, and starve your ear.
" For in *dumb shews*, which were they writ at large
" Would ask a long and tedious circumstance,
" Their infant fortunes I will soon express:" &c.

Then follow the *dumb shews*, which well deserve the character Hamlet has already given of this species of entertainment, as may be seen from the following passage: " Enter Tancred, with Bella Franca richly attired: she *somewhat affecting him*, though she *makes no show of it.*" Surely this may be called an *inexplicable dumb shew.*" STEEVENS.

9 *Termagant*;] *Termagant* was a Saracen deity, very clamorous and violent in the old moralities. PERCY.

*Termagant* is mentioned by Spenser in his *Fairy Queen*, and by Chaucer in *The Tale of Sir Topas*; and by B. and Fletcher in *A King and no King*, as follows:

" This would make a saint swear like a soldier, and a soldier like *Termagant.*"

Again, in *Ram-Alley*, or *Merry Tricks*, 1611:

" — swears, God bless us,
" Like a very *Termagant.*"

Again, in *The Picture*, by Massinger:

" ——— a hundred thousand Turks
" Assail'd him, every one a *Termagaunt.*" STEEVENS.

1 — *out-herods Herod:*] The character of *Herod* in the ancient mysteries was always a violent one:

See the *Conventriæ Ludus* among the Cotton MSS. Vespasian D. VIII.

" Now I regne lyk a kyng arayd ful rych,
" Rollyd in rynggs and robys of array,
" Dukys with dentys I dryve into the dych;
" My dedys be ful dowty demyd be day,"

*Ham.* Be not too tame neither, but let your own diſcretion be your tutor: ſuit the action to the word, the word to the action; with this ſpecial obſervance, that you o'er-ſtep not the modeſty of nature: for any thing ſo overdone is from the purpoſe of playing, whoſe end,

Again, in the *Cheſter Whitſun Plays*, Mſs. Harl. 2013:

" I kynge of kynges, non ſoe keene,
" I ſovraigne ſir, as well is ſeene,
" I tyrant that maye bouth take and teene
" Caſtell tower, and towne;

" I welde this worlde withouten wene,
" I beate all thoſe unbuxome beene;
" I drive the devills alby dene
" Deepe in hell adowne.

" For I am kynge of all mankinde,
" I byd, I beate, I loſe, I bynde;
" I maſter the moone; take this in mynde
" That I am moſt of mighte.

" I ame the greateſt above degree,
" That is, that was, or ever ſhall be;
" The ſonne it dare not ſhine on me,
" And I byd him goe downe.

" No raine to fall ſhall now be free,
" Nor no lorde ſhall have that liberty
" That dare abyde and I byd fleey,
" But I ſhall crake his crowne."

See the *Vintner's Play*, p. 67.

Chaucer deſcribing a pariſh clerk, in his *Miller's Tale*, ſays,

" He playeth *Herode* on a ſkaffold high."

The pariſh clerks and other ſubordinate eccleſiaſticks appear to have been our firſt actors, and to have repreſented their characters on diſtinct pulpits or *ſcaffolds*. Thus, in one of the ſtage-directions to the 27th pageant in the Coventry collection already mentioned; " What tyme that proceſſion is entered into y^t^ place, and the Herowdys takyn his *ſchaffalde*, and Annas and Cayphas their *ſchaffaldys*," &c. STEEV.

To the inſtances given by Mr. Steevens of Herod's lofty language, may be added theſe lines from the Coventry plays among the Cotton Mſs. p. 92.

" Of bewte and of boldnes I ber evermor the belle,
" Of mayn and of myght I maſter every man;
" I dynge with my dowtineſs the devyl down to helle,
" For bothe of hevyn and of earth I am kynge certayn."

MALONE.

both

both at the firſt, and now, was, and is, to hold as 'twere the mirrour up to nature; to ſhew virtue her own feature, ſcorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time[2], his form and preſſure[3]. Now this, over-done, or come tardy off, though it make the unſkilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve; the cenſure of which one[4], muſt, in your allowance[5], o'er-weigh a whole theatre of others. O, there be players[6], that I have ſeen play,—and heard others praiſe,

[2] — age *and* body *of the* time,—] To exhibit the *form and preſſure* of the *age* of the *time*, is, to repreſent the manners of the time ſuitable to the period that is treated of, according as it may be ancient, or modern. STEEVENS.

Dr. Johnſon ſays, "*the age of the time* can hardly paſs." Mr. Steevens has endeavoured to explain it. But perhaps Shakſpeare did not mean to connect theſe words. It is the end of playing, ſays Hamlet, to ſhew the age in which we live, and the body of the time, its form and preſſure: to delineate exactly the manners of the age, and the particular humour of the day. MALONE.

[3] — *preſſure* —] Reſemblance, as in a *print*. JOHNSON.

[4] — *the cenſure of which one*, &c.] Ben Jonſon ſeems to have imitated this paſſage in his *Poetaſter*, 1601;

" —— I will try
" If tragedy have a more kind aſpect;
" Her favours in my next I will purſue;
" Where if I prove the *pleaſure but of one*,
" *If he judicious be, he ſhall be alone*
" *A theatre unto me*." MALONE.

[5] — *in your* allowance,] In your approbation. See Vol. VIII. p. 570, n. 8. MALONE.

[6] — *O, there be players*, &c.] I would read thus: "There be players, that I have ſeen play, and heard others praiſe, and that highly (not to ſpeak profanely) that neither having the accent nor the gait of chriſtian, pagan, nor *Muſſulman*, have ſo ſtrutted and bellowed, that I thought ſome of nature's journeymen had made *the men*, and not made them well," &c. FARMER.

I have no doubt that our authour wrote—"that I thought ſome of nature's journeymen had made *them*, and not made them well," &c. *Them* and *men* are frequently confounded in the old copies. See the *Comedy of Errors*, Act. II. ſc. ii. folio, 1623:—"becauſe it is a bleſſing that he beſtows on beaſts, and what he hath ſcanted *them* [r. *men*] in hair, he hath given them in wit."—In the preſent inſtance the compoſitor probably caught the word *men* from the laſt ſyllable of *journey*men. Shakſpeare could not mean to aſſert as a general truth, that nature's journeymen had made *men*, i. e. all mankind; for,

praiſe, and that highly,—not to ſpeak it profanely[7], that, neither having the accent of chriſtians, nor the gait of chriſtian, pagan, nor man, have ſo ſtrutted, and bellow'd, that I have thought ſome of nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanity ſo abominably.

1. *Play.* I hope, we have reform'd that indifferently with us.

*Ham.* O, reform it altogether. And let thoſe, that play your clowns, ſpeak no more than is ſet down for them[8]: for there be of them, that will themſelves laugh,

for, if that were the caſe, theſe ſtrutting players would have been on a footing with the reſt of the ſpecies. Nature herſelf, the poet means to ſay, made all mankind except theſe ſtrutting players, and they were made by Nature's *journeymen*.

A paſſage in *King Lear*, in which we meet with the ſame ſentiment, in my opinion, fully ſupports the emendation now propoſed:

" *Kent. Nature* diſclaims in THEE, a *tailor made* THEE.

" *Corn.* Thou art a ſtrange fellow: A tailor make a man!

" *Kent.* Ay, a tailor, ſir; a ſtone-cutter or a painter [*Nature's journeymen*] could not have made *him* ſo ill, though he had been but two hours at the trade." MALONE.

[7] — *not to ſpeak it profanely*—] *Profanely* ſeems to relate, not to the praiſe which he has mentioned, but to the cenſure which he is about to utter. Any groſs or indelicate language was called *profane*. JOHNSON.

So, in *Othello*:—" he is a moſt *profane* and liberal counſellor." MALONE.

[8] — *ſpeak no more than is ſet down for them*:] So, in *The Antipodes*, by Brome, 1638:

" — you, ſir, are incorrigible, and
" Take licence to yourſelf to add unto
" Your parts, your own free fancy," &c.
— " That is a way, my lord, has been allow'd
" On elder ſtages, to move mirth and laughter."
— " Yes, in the days of *Tarlton*, and of *Kempe*,
" Before the ſtage was purg'd from barbariſm," &c.

Stowe informs us, (p. 697, edit. 1615,) that among the twelve players who were ſworn the queen's ſervants in 1583, " were two rare men, viz. Thomas Wilſon, for a quicke delicate refined *extemporall witt*; and Richard Tarleton, for a wondrous plentifull, pleaſant *extemporall witt*," &c.

Again, in *Tarleton's Newes from Purgatory*: " — I abſented myſelf from all plaies, as wanting that merrye Roſcius of plaiers that famoſed all comedies ſo with his pleaſant and *extemporall invention*." STEEVENS.

The

laugh, to set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh too; though, in the mean time, some necessary question of the play be then to be considered: that's villainous; and shews a most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it. Go, make you ready.—

[*Exeunt Players.*

*Enter* POLONIUS, ROSENCRANTZ, *and* GUILDENSTERN.

How now, my lord? will the king hear this piece of work?

*Pol.* And the queen too, and that presently.

*Ham.* Bid the players make haste.— [*Exit* POLONIUS.
Will you two help to hasten them?

*Both.* Ay, my lord. [*Exeunt* ROS. *and* GUIL.

*Ham.* What, ho; Horatio!

*Enter* HORATIO.

*Hor.* Here, sweet lord, at your service.

*Ham.* Horatio, thou art e'en as just a man
As e'er my conversation cop'd withal.

*Hor.* O, my dear lord,—

*Ham.* Nay, do not think I flatter:
For what advancement may I hope from thee,
That no revenue hast, but thy good spirits,
To feed, and cloath thee? Why should the poor be flatter'd?
No, let the candy'd tongue lick absurd pomp;
And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee[9],
Where thrift may follow fawning. Dost thou hear?
Since my dear soul[1] was mistress of her choice,
And could of men distinguish her election,

The clown very often addressed the audience, in the middle of the play, and entered into a contest of raillery and sarcasm with such of the audience as chose to engage with him. It is to this absurd practice that Shakspeare alludes. See the *Historical Account of our old English Theatres.* Vol. I. Part II. MALONE.

[9] — *the* pregnant *hinges of the knee,*] I believe the sense of *pregnant* in this place is, *quick, ready, prompt.* JOHNSON.

[1] — *my* dear *soul* —] *Dear soul* is an expression equivalent to the φίλα γυναῖα, φίλον ἦτορ, of Homer. STEEVENS.

She

She hath ſeal'd thee for herſelf[2]: for thou haſt been
As one, in ſuffering all, that ſuffers nothing;
A man, that fortune's buffets and rewards
Haſt ta'n with equal thanks: and bleſt are thoſe,
Whoſe blood and judgment[3] are ſo well co-mingled[4],
That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger
To ſound what ſtop ſhe pleaſe: Give me that man
That is not paſſion's ſlave, and I will wear him
In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart,
As I do thee.—Something too much of this.—
There is a play to-night before the king;
One ſcene of it comes near the circumſtance,
Which I have told thee of my father's death.
I pr'ythee, when thou ſee'ſt that act a-foot,
Even with the very comment of thy ſoul
Obſerve my uncle: if his occulted guilt
Do not itſelf unkennel in one ſpeech,
It is a damned ghoſt that we have ſeen;
And my imaginations are as foul
As Vulcan's ſtithy[5]. Give him heedful note:
For I mine eyes will rivet to his face;
And, after, we will both our judgments join
In cenſure of his ſeeming.

*Hor.* Well, my lord:
If he ſteal aught, the whilſt this play is playing,
And ſcape detecting, I will pay the theft.

*Ham.* They are coming to the play; I muſt be idle:
Get you a place.

[2] She hath *ſeal'd thee for herſelf:*] Thus the quarto. The folio reads:
And could of men diſtinguiſh, her election
*Hath* ſeal'd thee for herſelf. MALONE.

[3] *Whoſe blood and judgment*—] According to the doctrine of the four humours, *deſire* and *confidence* were ſeated in the blood, and *judgment* in the phlegm, and the due mixture of the humours made a perfect character. JOHNSON.

[4] — *co-mingled,*] Thus the folio. The quarto reads—*comedled*; which had formerly the ſame meaning. MALONE.

[5] — *Vulcan's* ſtithy.] *Stithy* is a ſmith's *anvil*. JOHNSON.
So, in *Troilus and Creſſida:*
"Now by the *forge* that *ſtithied* Mars's helm."
So, in Greene's *Card of Fancy*, 1608:—"determined to ſtrike on the *ſtith* while the iron was hot." STEEVENS.

*Daniſh*

*Daniſh march. A flouriſh.* *Enter* King, Queen, POLONIUS, OPHELIA, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, *and Others.*

*King.* How fares our couſin Hamlet?

*Ham.* Excellent, i' faith; of the camelion's diſh: I eat the air, promiſe-cramm'd: You cannot feed capons ſo.

*King.* I have nothing with this anſwer, Hamlet; theſe words are not mine.

*Ham.* No, nor mine now[6]. My lord,—you play'd once in the univerſity[7], you ſay? [*to* Polonius.

*Pol.*

[6] — *nor mine now.*] A man's words, ſays the proverb, are his own no longer than he keeps them unſpoken. JOHNSON.

[7] — *you play'd once in the univerſity,*] The practice of acting Latin plays in the univerſities of Oxford and Cambridge, is very ancient, and continued to near the middle of the laſt century. They were performed occaſionally for the entertainment of princes and other great perſonages; and regularly at Chriſtmas, at which time a *Lord of miſrule* was appointed at Oxford, to regulate the exhibitions, and a ſimilar officer with the title of *Imperator*, at Cambridge. The moſt celebrated actors at Cambridge were the ſtudents of St. John's and King's colleges: at Oxford, thoſe of Chriſt-Church. In the hall of that college a Latin comedy called *Marcus Geminus*, and the Latin tragedy of *Progne*, were performed before Queen Elizabeth in the year 1566; and in 1564, the Latin tragedy of *Dido* was played before her majeſty, when ſhe viſited the univerſity of Cambridge. The exhibition was in the body or nave of the chapel of King's college, which was lighted by the royal guards, each of whom bore a ſtaff-torch in his hand. See Peck's *Deſider. Cur.* p. 36. n. x. The actors in this piece were all of that college. The authour of the tragedy, who in the Latin account of this royal viſit, in the Muſeum, [MSS. Baker, 7037, p. 203,] is ſaid to have been *Regalis Collegii olim ſocius*, was, I believe, John Rightwiſe, who was elected a fellow of King's college, in 1507, and according to Anthony Wood, "made the tragedy of *Dido* out of Virgil, and acted the ſame with the ſcholars of his ſchool, [St. Paul's, of which he was appointed maſter in 1522,] before Cardinal Wolſey with great applauſe." In 1583, the ſame play was performed at Oxford, in Chriſt-Church hall, before Albertus de Alaſco, a Poliſh prince Palatine, as was William Gager's Latin comedy, entitled *Rivales*. On Elizabeth's ſecond viſit to Oxford, in 1592, a few years before the writing of the preſent play, ſhe was entertained on the 24th and 26th of September, with the repreſentation

*Pol.* That did I, my lord: and was accounted a good actor.

*Ham.* And what did you enact?

*Pol.* I did enact Julius Cæsar[8]: I was kill'd i' the Capitol; Brutus kill'd me.

*Ham.* It was a brute part of him[9], to kill so capital a calf there.—Be the players ready?

*Ros.* Ay, my lord; they stay upon your patience[1].

*Queen.* Come hither, my dear Hamlet, sit by me.

*Ham.* No, good mother, here's metal more attractive.

*Pol.* O ho! do you mark that? [*to the king.*

*Ham.* Lady, shall I lie in your lap?

[*lying down at* Ophelia's *feet*[2].

*Oph.*

tion of the last mentioned play, and another Latin comedy, called *Bellum Grammaticale.* MALONE.

It should seem from the following passage in Vice Chancellor Hatchet's letter to Lord Burghley, on June 21, 1580, that the common players were likewise permitted to perform in the universities. "Whereas it hath pleased your honour to recommend my lord of Oxenford his players, that they might shew their cunning in several plays already practised by 'em before the Queen's Majesty;—(denied on account of the pestilence and commencement:)—"of late we denied the like to the right honourable the Lord of Leicester his servants." FARMER.

[8] *I did enact* Julius Cæsar:—] A Latin play on the subject of Cæsar's death was performed at Christ-Church in Oxford, in 1582; and several years before a Latin play on the same subject, written by Jaques Grevin, was acted in the college of Beauvais, at Paris. I suspect that there was likewise an English play on the story of Cæsar before the time of Shakspeare. See Vol. VII. p. 307, n. 1. and the *Essay on the order of Shakspeare's plays*, Vol. I. MALONE.

[9] — *It was a* brute part *of him,*—] Sir John Harrington, in his *Metamorphosis of Ajax*, 1596, has the same quibble: "O brave-minded *Brutus!* but this I must truly say, they were two *brutish parts* both of him and you; one to kill his sons for treason, the other to kill his father in treason." STEEVENS.

[1] — *they stay upon your patience.*] May it not be read more intelligibly, *They stay upon your* pleasure. In *Macbeth* it is:

"Noble Macbeth, we stay upon your *leisure.*" JOHNSON.

[2] — *at Ophelia's feet.*] To lie at the feet of a mistress during any dramatic representation, seems to have been a common act of gallantry. So, in the *Queen of Corinth*, by B. and Fletcher:

"Ushers her to her coach, *lies at her feet*

"*At solemn masques*, applauding what she laughs at."

*Oph.* No, my lord.

*Ham.* I mean, my head upon your lap[3]?

*Oph.* Ay, my lord.

*Ham.* Do you think, I meant country matters[4]?

*Oph.* I think nothing, my lord.

*Ham.* That's a fair thought to lie between maids' legs.

*Oph.* What is, my lord?

*Ham.* Nothing.

*Oph.* You are merry, my lord.

*Ham.* Who, I?

*Oph.* Ay, my lord.

*Ham.* O! your only jig-maker[5]. What ſhould a man do, but be merry? for, look you, how cheerfully

Again, in Gaſcoigne's *Greene Knight's farewell to Fancie*:

" To *lie along in ladies lappes*," &c.

This faſhion, which Shakſpeare probably deſigned to ridicule by appropriating it to Hamlet during his diſſembled madneſs, is likewiſe expoſed by Decker, in his *Guls Hornbook*, 1609.

See an extract from it among the prefaces. STEEVENS.

I do not conceive that this faſhion was intended to be ridiculed by Shakſpeare. Decker, in his *Guls Hornebooke*, inveighs in general againſt the cuſtom of ſitting on the ſtage, but makes no mention of lying in *ladies' laps*, nor did any woman, I believe, ſit on the publick ſtage, in our poet's time. MALONE.

[3] *I mean*, &c.] This ſpeech, and *Ophelia's* reply to it, are omitted in the quartos. STEEVENS.

[4] *Do you think, I meant* country matters?] Dr. Johnſon, from a caſual inadvertence, propoſed to read—country *manners*. The old reading is certainly right. What Shakſpeare meant to allude to, muſt be too obvious to every reader, to require any explanation. MALONE.

[5] — *your only* jig-maker.] A *jig*, as has been already obſerved, ſignified not only a dance, but alſo a ludicrous proſe or metrical compoſition, which in our authour's time was ſometimes repreſented or ſung after a play. So, in the prologue to Fletcher's *Fair Maid of the Inn*:

" —— when for approbation
" A *jig* ſhall be clapp'd at, and every *rhime*
" Prais'd and applauded by a clamorous chime."

See alſo p. 277, n. 7. and *The Hiſtorical Account of the old Engliſh theatres*, Vol. I. P. II. MALONE.

Many of theſe jiggs are entered in the books of the Stationers' Company:—" Philips his *Jigg* of the ſlyppers, 1595; Kempe's *Jigg* of the Kitchen-ſtuff-woman, 1595." STEEVENS.

my

my mother looks, and my father died within these two hours.

*Oph.* Nay, 'tis twice two months, my lord.

*Ham.* So long? Nay, then let the devil wear black, for I'll have a suit of sables[6]. O heavens! die two months ago, and not forgotten yet; Then there's hope, a great man's memory may out-live his life half a year: But, by'r-lady, he must build churches then: or else shall he suffer not thinking on, with the hobby-horse[7]; whose epitaph, is, *For, O, for, O, the hobby-horse is forgot*[8].

*Trumpets*

[6] *Nay, then let the devil wear black, for I'll have a suit of* sables.] Nay then, says Hamlet, if my father be so long dead as you say, let the devil wear black; as for me, so far from wearing a mourning dress, I'll wear the most costly and magnificent suit that can be procured; *a suit trimmed with sables.*

Our poet furnished Hamlet with a suit of sables on the present occasion, not, as I conceive, because such a dress was suited to "a country where it was bitter cold, and the air was nipping and eager," (as Dr. Johnson supposed,) nor because "a suit of sables was the richest dress that could be worn in *Denmark*," (as Mr. Steevens has suggested,) of which probably he had no knowledge, but because a suit trimmed with sables was in Shakspeare's time the richest dress worn by men in *England*. We have had again and again occasion to observe, that, wherever his scene might happen to be, the customs of his own country were still in his thoughts.

By the statute of apparel, 24 Henry VIII. c. 13, (article *furres*,) it is ordained, that none under the degree of an *earl* may use *sables*.

Bishop says in his *Blossoms*, 1577, speaking of the extravagance of those times, that a *thousand ducates* were sometimes given for "a *face of* sables."

That *a suit of sables* was the magnificent dress of our authour's time, appears from a passage in B. Jonson's *Discoveries*: "Would you not laugh to meet *a great counsellor of state*, in a flat cap, with his trunk-hose, and a hobby-horse cloak, and yond haberdasher in a velvet gown trimm'd with *sables*?" MALONE.

7 — *suffer not thinking on, with the hobby-horse*;—] Amongst the country may-games there was an hobby-horse, which, when the puritanical humour of those times opposed and discredited these games, was brought by the poets and ballad-makers as an instance of the ridiculous zeal of the sectaries: from these ballads Hamlet quotes a line or two. WARBURTON.

8 — *O, the hobby-horse is forgot.*] In *Love's Labour's Lost*, this line is also introduced.

*Trumpets ſound. The dumb ſhew follows.*

*Enter a king and a queen, very lovingly; the queen embracing him, and he her. She kneels, and makes ſhew of proteſtation unto him. He takes her up, and declines his head upon her neck: lays him down upon a bank of flowers; ſhe, ſeeing him aſleep, leaves him. Anon, comes in a fellow, takes off his crown, kiſſes it, and pours poiſon in the king's ears, and exit. The queen returns; finds the king dead, and makes paſſionate action. The poiſoner, with ſome two or three mutes, comes in again, ſeeming to lament with her. The dead body is carried away. The poiſoner wooes the queen with gifts; ſhe ſeems loath and unwilling a while, but in the end, accepts his love.* [*Exeunt.*

*Oph.* What means this, my lord?

*Ham.* Marry, this is miching mallecho[9]; it means miſchief.

*Oph.*

In TEXNOGAMIA, or *the Marriage of the Arts*, 1618, is the following ſtage-direction.

"Enter a *hobby-horſe*, dancing the morrice," &c.

Again, in B. and Fletcher's *Woman Pleaſed*:

*Soto.* "Shall the *hobby-horſe* be forgot then,

"The hopeful *hobby-horſe*, ſhall he lie founder'd?"

The ſcene in which this paſſage is, will very amply confirm all that Dr. Warburton has ſaid concerning the *hobby-horſe*.

Again, in Ben Jonſon's *Entertainment for the Queen and Prince at Althorpe*:

"But ſee, *the hobby-horſe* is forgot,

"Fool, it muſt be your lot,

"To ſupply his want with faces,

"And ſome other buffoon graces."

See figure 5 in the plate at the end of the Firſt Part of *K. Henry IV.* with Mr. Tollet's obſervations on it. STEEVENS.

[9] — *miching mallecho*;] A ſecret and wicked contrivance; a concealed wickedneſs. To *mich* is a provincial word, and was probably once general, ſignifying to lie hid, or play the truant. In Norfolk *michers* ſignify *pilferers*. The ſignification of *miching* in the preſent paſſage may be aſcertained by a paſſage in Decker's *Wonderful Yeare*, 4to, 1603: "Thoſe that could ſhift for a time,—went moſt bitterly *miching* and muffled, up and downe, with rue and wormwood ſtuft into their ears and noſtrills."

See

*Oph.* Belike, this ſhew imports the argument of the play.

*Enter* Prologue.

*Ham.* We ſhall know by this fellow: the players cannot keep counſel; they'll tell all.

*Oph.* Will he tell us what this ſhew meant?

*Ham.* Ay, or any ſhew that you'll ſhew him: Be not you aſhamed to ſhew [1], he'll not ſhame to tell you what it means.

*Oph.* You are naught, you are naught; I'll mark the play.

Pro. *For us, and for our tragedy,*
*Here ſtooping to your clemency,*
*We beg your hearing patiently.*

*Ham.* Is this a prologue, or the poſy of a ring?

*Oph.* 'Tis brief, my lord.

*Ham.* As woman's love.

*Enter a King, and a Queen.*

*P. King.* Full thirty times hath Phœbus cart [2] gone round
Neptune's ſalt waſh, and Tellus' orbed ground;
And thirty dozen moons, with borrow'd ſheen [3],
About the world have times twelve thirties been;

See alſo Florio's Italian Dictionary, 1598, in v. *Acciapinare.* "To *miche*, to ſhrug or *ſneak in ſome corner*, and with powting and lips to ſhew ſome anger." In a ſubſequent paſſage we find that the murderer before he poiſons the king makes *damnable faces*.

Where our poet met with the word *mallecho*, which in Minſheu's Spaniſh Dictionary, 1617, is defined *malefactum*, I am unable to aſcertain. In the folio, the word is ſpelt *malicho*. The quarto reads —*munching* Mallico. *Mallico* is printed in a diſtinct character, as a proper name. MALONE.

[1] — *Be not you aſham'd to ſhew*, &c.] The converſation of Hamlet with Ophelia, which cannot fail to diſguſt every modern reader, is probably ſuch as was peculiar to the young and faſhionable of the age of Shakſpeare, which was, by no means, an age of delicacy. The poet is, however, blameable; for extravagance of thought, not indecency of expreſſion, is the characteriſtic of madneſs, at leaſt of ſuch madneſs as ſhould be repreſented on the ſcene. STEEVENS.

[2] — *cart*—] A chariot was anciently ſo called. Thus Chaucer in the *Knight's Tale*, late edit. ver. 2024:

"The *carter* overridden with his *cart*." STEEVENS.

[3] — *ſheen*,] Splendour, luſtre. JOHNSON.

Since love our hearts, and Hymen did our hands,
Unite commutual in moſt ſacred bands.

*P. Queen.* So many journeys may the ſun and moon
Make us again count o'er, ere love be done!
But, woe is me, you are ſo ſick of late,
So far from cheer, and from your former ſtate,
That I diſtruſt you. Yet, though I diſtruſt,
Diſcomfort you, my lord, it nothing muſt:
For women fear too much, even as they love[4];
And women's fear and love hold quantity;
In neither aught, or in extremity.
Now, what my love is, proof hath made you know;
And as my love is ſiz'd, my fear is ſo.
Where love is great[5], the littleſt doubts are fear;
Where little fears grow great, great love grows there.

*P. King.* 'Faith, I muſt leave thee, love, and ſhortly too;
My operant powers[6] their functions leave to do:
And thou ſhalt live in this fair world behind,
Honour'd, belov'd; and, haply, one as kind
For huſband ſhalt thou—

4 — *even as they love*;] Here ſeems to be a line loſt, which ſhould have rhymed to *love*. JOHNSON.

This line is omitted in the folios. Perhaps a triplet was deſigned, and then inſtead of love, we ſhould read, *luſt*. The folio gives the next line thus:

"*For* women's fear and love *holds* quantity." STEEVENS.

Some trace of the loſt line is found in the quarto, which reads:

*Either none* in neither aught, &c.

Perhaps the words omitted might have been of this import:

Either none *they feel, or an exceſs approve*;
In neither aught, or in extremity.

In two preceding paſſages in the quarto, half a line was inadvertently omitted by the compoſitor. See p. 276, "*then ſenſeleſs Ilium*, ſeeming," &c. and p. 291, "thus conſcience does make cowards *of us all*:—the words in Italick characters are not found in the quarto. MALONE.

5 *Where love*, &c.] Theſe two lines are omitted in the folio. STEEVENS.

6 — operant *powers*—] *Operant* is active. Shakſpeare gives it in *Timon* as an epithet to *poiſon*. Heywood has likewiſe uſed it in his *Royal King and Loyal Subject*, 1637:

"——— may my *operant* parts
"Each one forget their office!"

The word is now obſolete. STEEVENS.

*P. Queen.*

*P. Queen.* O, confound the reſt!
Such love muſt needs be treaſon in my breaſt:
In ſecond huſband let me be accurſt!
None wed the ſecond, but who kill'd the firſt.

*Ham.* That's wormwood.

*P. Queen.* The inſtances[7], that ſecond marriage move
Are baſe reſpects of thrift, but none of love;
A ſecond time I kill my huſband dead,
When ſecond huſband kiſſes me in bed.

*P. King.* I do believe, you think what now you ſpeak;
But, what we do determine, oft we break.
Purpoſe is but the ſlave to memory;
Of violent birth, but poor validity:
Which now, like fruit unripe, ſticks on the tree;
But fall, unſhaken, when they mellow be.
Moſt neceſſary 'tis, that we forget
To pay ourſelves what to ourſelves is debt[8]:
What to ourſelves in paſſion we propoſe,
The paſſion ending, doth the purpoſe loſe.
The violence of either grief or joy
Their own enactures with themſelves deſtroy[9]:
Where joy moſt revels, grief doth moſt lament;
Grief joys, joy grieves, on ſlender accident.
This world is not for aye; nor 'tis not ſtrange,
That even our loves ſhould with our fortunes change;
For 'tis a queſtion left us yet to prove,
Whether love lead fortune, or elſe fortune love.
The great man down, you mark, his favourite flies;
The poor advanc'd makes friends of enemies.
And hitherto doth love on fortune tend:
For who not needs, ſhall never lack a friend;
And who in want a hollow friend doth try,
Directly ſeaſons him his enemy.

[7] *The inſtances,—*] The *motives.* JOHNSON.

[8] *— what to ourſelves is debt:*] The performance of a reſolution, in which only the *reſolver* is intereſted, is a debt only to himſelf, which he may therefore remit at pleaſure. JOHNSON.

[9] *The violence of either grief or joy*
*Their own* enactures *with themſelves deſtroy:*] What grief or joy *enact* or determine in their violence, is revoked in their abatement. *Enactures* is the word in the quarto; all the modern editors have *enactors.* JOHNSON.

But, orderly to end where I begun,—
Our wills, and fates, do ſo contráry run,
That our devices ſtill are overthrown;
Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our own:
So think thou wilt no ſecond huſband wed;
But die thy thoughts, when thy firſt lord is dead.

*P. Queen.* Nor earth to me give food [1], nor heaven light!
Sport and repoſe lock from me, day, and night!
To deſperation [2] turn my truſt and hope!
An anchor's cheer in priſon be my ſcope [3]!
Each oppoſite, that blanks the face of joy,
Meet what I would have well, and it deſtroy!
Both here, and hence, purſue me laſting ſtrife,
If, once a widow, ever I be wife!

*Ham.* If ſhe ſhould break it now,— [*to* Oph.

*P. King.* 'Tis deeply ſworn. Sweet, leave me here a while;
My ſpirits grow dull, and fain I would beguile
The tedious day with ſleep. [*ſleeps.*

*P. Queen.* Sleep rock thy brain;
And never come miſchance between us twain! [*Exit.*

[1] *Nor earth* to me give *food*,—] Thus the quarto, 1604. The folio and the late editors read:

Nor earth *to give me* food,—.

An imperative or optative verb was evidently intended here, as in the following line: "Sport and repoſe *lock* from me," &c. MALONE.

[2] *To deſperation*, &c.] This and the following line are omitted in the folio. STEEVENS.

[3] *An anchor's cheer in priſon be my ſcope!*] May my whole liberty and enjoyment be to live on hermit's fare in a priſon. *Anchor* is for *ancheret*. JOHNSON.

This abbreviation of the word *ancheret* is very ancient. I find it in the Romance of *Robert the Devil*, printed by *Wynkin de Worde*: "We have robbed and killed nonnes, holy *aunkers*, preeſtes, clerkes," &c.

Again, in The *Viſion of Pierce Plowman*:

"As *ankers* and hermits that hold them in her ſelles."

This and the foregoing line are not in the folio. I believe we ſhould read—anchor's *chair*. So, in the ſecond Satire of Hall's fourth book, edit. 1602, p. 18:

"*Sit* ſeven yeares pining in an *anchore's cheyre*,
"To win ſome parched ſhreds of minevere." STEEVENS.

The old copies read—*And* anchor's cheer. The correction was made by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

*Ham.*

*Ham.* Madam, how like you this play?

*Queen.* The lady doth proteſt too much, methinks.

*Ham.* O, but ſhe'll keep her word.

*King.* Have you heard the argument? Is there no offence in't?

*Ham.* No, no, they do but jeſt, poiſon in jeſt; no offence i' the world.

*King.* What do you call the play?

*Ham.* The mouſe-trap[4]. Marry, how? Tropically. This play is the image of a murder done in Vienna: Gonzago is the duke's name[5]; his wife, Baptiſta[6]: you ſhall ſee anon; 'tis a knaviſh piece of work: But what of that? your majeſty, and we that have free ſouls, it touches us not: Let the gall'd jade wince[7], our withers are unwrung.—

*Enter* LUCIANUS.

This is one Lucianus, nephew to the king[8].

*Oph.* You are as good as a chorus, my lord.

4 *The mouſe-trap.*] He calls it the *mouſe-trap*, becauſe it is

——— the thing

In which he'll *catch* the conſcience of the king. STEEVENS.

5 *Gonzago is the* duke's *name*;] Thus all the old copies: yet in the ſtage-direction for the dumb ſhew, and the ſubſequent entrance, we have "Enter a *king* and queen," &c. and in the latter part of this ſpeech both the quarto and folio read—Lucianus, nephew to the *king*. This ſeeming inconſiſtency however may be reconciled. Though the interlude is the *image* of the murder of a *duke* of Vienna, or in other words founded upon that ſtory, the poet might make the principal perſon of *his fable* a *king*. MALONE.

6 *Baptiſta*—] is, I think, in Italian, the name always of a man. JOHNSON.

7 *Let the gall'd jade wince*, &c.] This is a proverbial ſaying. So, in *Damon and Pythias*, 1582:

"I know the *gall'd horſe* will ſooneſt *wince*." STEEVENS.

8 —*nephew to the* king.]—i. e. to the king in the play then repreſented. The modern editors, following Mr. Theobald, read—"nephew to the *duke*," though they have not followed that editor in ſubſtituting *duke and dutcheſs*, for *king and queen*, in the dumb ſhew and ſubſequent entrance. There is no need of departing from the old copies. See n. 5. MALONE.

*Ham.*

*Ham.* I could interpret between you and your love, if I could ſee the puppets dallying [9].

*Oph.* You are keen, my lord, you are keen.

*Ham.* It would coſt you a groaning, to take off my edge.

*Oph.* Still better, and worſe [1].

*Ham.* So you miſtake your huſbands [2].—Begin, murderer;—leave thy damnable faces, and begin. Come:—
The croaking raven doth bellow for revenge.

*Luc.* Thoughts black, hands apt, drugs fit, and time agreeing;
Confederate ſeaſon, elſe no creature ſeeing;
Thou mixture rank, of midnight weeds collected,
With Hecat's ban thrice blaſted, thrice infected,
Thy natural magick and dire property,
On wholeſome life uſurp immediately.

[*pours the poiſon into the ſleeper's ears.*

*Ham.*

[9] *I could interpret*, &c.] This refers to the interpreter, who formerly ſat on the ſtage at all *motions* or *puppet-ſhews*, and interpreted to the audience. So, in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*:

"Oh excellent *motion!* oh exceeding *puppet!*
"Now will he *interpret* for her."

Again, in Greene's *Groatſworth of Wit*, 1621: "—It was I that penn'd the Moral of man's wit, the Dialogue of Dives, and for ſeven years' ſpace was abſolute *interpreter of the puppets*." STEEVENS.

[1] *Still better, and worſe.*] i. e. better in regard to the wit of your *double entendre*, but worſe in reſpect of the groſſneſs of your meaning. STEEVENS.

[2] *So you* miſtake *your huſbands.*] Read, *So you* muſt take *your huſbands*; that is, *for better, for worſe*. JOHNSON.

Theobald propoſed the ſame reading in his *Shakſpeare Reſtored*, however he loſt it afterwards. STEEVENS.

"So you miſtake your huſbands."

I believe this to be right: the word is ſometimes uſed in this ludicrous manner. "Your true trick raſcal (ſays Urſula in *Bartholomew Fair*) muſt be ever buſie, and *miſtake* away the bottles and cans, before they be half drunk off." FARMER.

Again, in Ben Jonſon's *Maſque of Augurs*: "—To *miſtake* ſix torches from the chandry, and give them one."

*Ham.* He poiſons him i' the garden for his eſtate. His name's Gonzago: the ſtory is extant, and written in very choice Italian: You ſhall ſee anon, how the murderer gets the love of Gonzago's wife.

*Oph.* The king riſes.

*Ham.* What! frighted with falſe fire[3]!

*Queen.* How fares my lord?

*Pol.* Give o'er the play.

*King.* Give me ſome light:—away!

*Pol.* Lights, lights, lights[4]!

[*Exeunt all but* HAMLET, *and* HORATIO.

*Ham.* Why, let the ſtrucken deer go weep,
The hart ungalled play:
For ſome muſt watch, while ſome muſt ſleep;
Thus runs the world away.—
Would not this, ſir, and a foreſt of feathers[5], (if the reſt of my fortunes turn Turk with me[6],) with two proven-

Again, in the *Elder Brother* of Fletcher:

"I fear he will perſuade me to *miſtake* him." STEEVENS.

I believe the meaning is—you do amiſs for yourſelves to take huſbands for the worſe. You ſhould take them only for the better.

TOLLET.

3 *What! frighted with falſe fire!*] This ſpeech is omitted in the quartos. STEEVENS.

4 Pol. *Lights, &c.*] Thus the quarto. In the folio *All* is prefixed to this ſpeech. MALONE.

5 *Would not this, ſir, and a foreſt of* feathers, &c.] It appears from Decker's *Guls Hornebooke*, that feathers were much worn on the ſtage in Shakſpeare's time. MALONE.

6 — turn Turk *with me*,] This expreſſion has occurred already in *Much Ado about Nothing*, and I have met with it in ſeveral old comedies. So, in Greene's *Tu Quoque*, 1599: "This it is to *turn Turk*, from an abſolute and moſt compleat gentleman, to a moſt abſurd, ridiculous, and fond lover." It means, I believe, no more than to change condition fantaſtically. Again, in Decker's *Honeſt Whore*, 1635:

"——'tis damnation,
"If you *turn Turk* again."

Perhaps the phraſe had its riſe from ſome popular ſtory like that of *Ward* and *Danſiker*, the two famous pirates; an account of whoſe overthrow was publiſhed by A. Barker 1609; and, in 1612, a play was written on the ſame ſubject called *A Chriſtian turn'd Turk*. STEEVENS.

cial.

cial roſes[7] on my razed ſhoes[8], get me a fellowſhip in a cry of players[9], ſir?

*Hor.* Half a ſhare.

*Ham.* A whole one, I[1].

For thou doſt know, O Damon dear[2],
This realm diſmantled was
Of Jove himſelf; and now reigns here
A very, very—peacock[3].

*Hor.* You might have rhymed.

*Ham.*

7 — *with two* Provencial *roſes*,—] The old copies have *provincial*, which as Mr. Warton has obſerved, was undoubtedly a miſpelling for *Provential*, or Provençal, i. e. roſes of Provence, "a beautiful ſpecies of roſe formerly much cultivated." Here, roſes of ribbands muſt be underſtood. MALONE.

When ſhoe-ſtrings were worn, they were covered where they met in the middle by a ribband, gathered in the form of a roſe. So, in an old ſong:

"Gilderoy was a bonny boy,
"Had roſes tull his ſhoon." JOHNSON.

8 — *on my* razed *ſhoes*,] The quartos has *raz'd*; the folio—*rac'd*. It is the ſame word differently ſpelt. *Razed ſhoes* are ſhoes *ſtreaked*. See Minſheu's DICT. in v. To *raſe*. "To theſe their nether-ſtockes, (ſays Stubbes in his *Anatomie of Abuſes*, 1583,) they [the people of England] have corked *ſhoes*, pinſnets, and pantoffles, which beare them up a finger or two from the ground; whereof ſome be of white leather, ſome of blacke, and ſome of red; ſome of black velvet, ſome of white, ſome of red, ſome of greene,—*raced*, carved, cut, and ſtiched all over *with ſilke*, and laied on with gold, ſilver, and ſuch like." MALONE.

9 — *a* cry *of players*—] A troop or company of players. So, in *Coriolanus*:

"— You have made good work,
"You, and your *cry*."

Again, in *A ſtrange Horſe-race*, by Thomas Decker, 1613: "The laſt race they ran, (for you muſt know they had many,) was from a *cry* of ſerjeants." MALONE.

1 *Hor. Half a* ſhare.
*Haml. A whole one*, I.] It ſhould be, I think,
A whole one;—*ay*,—
For &c.
The actors in our authour's time had not annual ſalaries as at preſent: The whole receipts of each theatre were divided into ſhares, of which the proprietors of the theatre, or *houſe-keepers*, as they were called, had ſome; and each actor had one or more ſhares, or part of a ſhare, according to his merit. See *The Account of the Ancient Theatres*, Vol. I. Part II. MALONE.

2 — *O* Damon *dear*,] Hamlet calls Horatio by this name, in alluſion to the celebrated friendſhip between *Damon* and *Pythias*. A play on

*Ham.* O good Horatio, I'll take the ghoſt's word for a thouſand pound. Didſt perceive?

*Hor.* Very well, my lord.

*Ham.* Upon the talk of the poiſoning,—

*Hor.* I did very well note him.

on this ſubject was written by Rich. Edwards, and publiſhed in 1582. STEEVENS.

The friendſhip of Damon and Pythias is alſo enlarged upon in a book that was probably very popular in Shakſpeare's youth, Sir Thomas Elliot's *Governour*, 1553. MALONE.

[3] *A very, very*—peacock.] This alludes to a fable of the birds chooſing a king; inſtead of the eagle, a peacock. POPE.

The old copies have it *paiock, paicocke*, and *pajocke*. I ſubſtitute *paddock*, as neareſt to the traces of the corrupted reading. I have, as Mr. Pope ſays, been willing to ſubſtitute any thing in the place of his *peacock*. He thinks a fable alluded to, of the birds chooſing a king; inſtead of the *eagle*, a *peacock*. I ſuppoſe, he muſt mean the fable of Barlandus, in which it is ſaid, the birds, being weary of their ſtate of anarchy, moved for the ſetting up of a king; and the *peacock* was elected on account of his gay feathers. But, with ſubmiſſion, in this paſſage of our Shakſpeare, there is not the leaſt mention made of the *eagle* in antitheſis to the *peacock*; and it muſt be by a very uncommon figure, that Jove himſelf ſtands in the place of his *bird*. I think, Hamlet is ſetting his father's and uncle's characters in contraſt to each other: and means to ſay, that by his father's death the ſtate was ſtripp'd of a godlike monarch, and that now in his ſtead reign'd the moſt deſpicable poiſonous animal that could be; a mere *paddock*, or *toad*. *PAD, bufo, rubeta major*; a toad. This word, I take to be of Hamlet's own ſubſtituting. The verſes, repeated, ſeem to be from ſome old ballad; in which, rhyme being neceſſary, I doubt not but the laſt verſe ran thus:

*A very, very*——aſs. THEOBALD.

*A peacock* ſeems proverbial for a fool. Thus *Gaſcoigne* in his *Weedes*:

"A theſe, a cowarde, and a *peacocke* foole." FARMER.

In the laſt ſcene of this act, Hamlet, ſpeaking of the king, uſes the expreſſion which Theobald would introduce:

"Would from a *paddock*, from a bat, a gib,
"Such dear concernments hide?"

The reading, *peacock*, which I believe to be the true one, was firſt introduced by Mr. Pope.

Mr. Theobald is unfaithful in his account of the old copies. No copy of authority reads—*paicocke*. The quarto, 1604, has *paiock*; the folio, 1623, *paiocke*.

Shakſpeare, I ſuppoſe, means, that the king ſtruts about with a falſe pomp, to which he has no right. See Florio's Italian Dictionary, 1598: "*Pavonnegiare*. To jet up and down, fondly gazing upon himſelf, as a peacock doth." MALONE.

*Ham.*

*Ham.* Ah, ha!—Come, ſome muſick; come, the recorders.—

For if the king like not the comedy,
Why then, belike [4],—he likes it not, perdy [5].—

*Enter* ROSENCRANTZ, *and* GUILDENSTERN.

Come, ſome muſick.

*Guil.* Good my lord, vouchſafe me a word with you.

*Ham.* Sir, a whole hiſtory.

*Guil.* The king, ſir,—

*Ham.* Ay, ſir, what of him?

*Guil.* Is, in his retirement, marvellous diſtemper'd.

*Ham.* With drink, ſir [6]?

*Guil.* No, my lord, with choler.

*Ham.* Your wiſdom ſhould ſhew itſelf more richer, to ſignify this to the doctor; for, for me to put him to his purgation, would, perhaps, plunge him into more choler.

*Guil.* Good my lord, put your diſcourſe into ſome frame, and ſtart not ſo wildly from my affair.

*Ham.* I am tame, ſir:—pronounce.

*Guil.* The queen, your mother, in moſt great affliction of ſpirit, hath ſent me to you.

*Ham.* You are welcome.

*Guil.* Nay, good my lord, this courteſy is not of the right breed. If it ſhall pleaſe you to make me a wholſome anſwer, I will do your mother's commandment: if not, your pardon, and my return, ſhall be the end of my buſineſs.

*Ham.* Sir, I cannot.

*Guil.* What, my lord?

*Ham.* Make you a wholſome anſwer; my wit's diſeaſed: But, ſir, ſuch anſwer as I can make, you ſhall

4 *Why, then, belike,*—] Hamlet was going on to draw the conſequence, when the courtiers entered. JOHNSON.

5 —*he likes it not,* perdy.] *Perdy* is a corruption of *par Dieu*, and is not uncommon in the old plays. So, in *The Play of the Four P's*, 1569:

"In that, you Palmer, as deputie,
"May cleerly diſcharge him *pardie*." STEEVENS.

6 *With drink, ſir?*] Hamlet takes particular care that his uncle's love of drink ſhall not be forgotten. JOHNSON.

command;

command; or, rather, as you ſay, my mother: therefore no more, but to the matter: My mother, you ſay,—

*Roſ.* Then thus ſhe ſays; Your behaviour hath ſtruck her into amazement and admiration.

*Ham.* O wonderful ſon, that can ſo aſtoniſh a mother! —But is there no ſequel at the heels of this mother's admiration? impart.

*Roſ.* She deſires to ſpeak with you in her cloſet, ere you go to bed.

*Ham.* We ſhall obey, where ſhe ten times our mother. Have you any further trade [7] with us?

*Roſ.* My lord, you once did love me.

*Ham.* And do ſtill, by theſe pickers and ſtealers [8].

*Roſ.* Good my lord, what is your cauſe of diſtemper? you do, ſurely, bar the door upon your own liberty, if you deny your griefs to your friend.

*Ham.* Sir, I lack advancement.

*Roſ.* How can that be, when you have the voice of the king himſelf for your ſucceſſion in Denmark [9]?

*Ham.* Ay, ſir, but, *While the graſs grows*,—the proverb is ſomething muſty [1].

*Enter the Players, with Recorders* [2].

O, the recorders:—let me ſee one.—To withdraw with you:

[7] —*further trade*—] Further buſineſs; further dealing. JOHNSON.

[8] —*by theſe pickers*, &c.] By theſe hands. JOHNSON.

Alluding to the *Church Catechiſm*:—"to keep my hands from *picking* and ſtealing," &c. MALONE.

[9] —*when you have the voice of the king himſelf for your ſucceſſion in Denmark.*] See p. 201, n. 9. MALONE.

[1] *Ay, ſir, but*, While the graſs grows,—*the proverb is ſomething muſty.*] The remainder of this old proverb is preſerved in Whetſtone's *Promos and Caſſandra*, 1578:

"Whylſt graſs doth growe, *oft ſterves the ſeely ſteede.*"

Again, in *The Paradiſe of Daintie Deviſes*, 1578:

"To whom of old this proverbe well it ſerves,
"*While graſs doth growe, the ſilly horſe he ſterves.*"

Hamlet means to intimate, that whilſt he is waiting for the ſucceſſion to the throne of Denmark, he may himſelf be taken off by death. MALONE.

[2] — *Recorders.*] i. e. a kind of large flute.

To *record* anciently ſignified to ſing or modulate. STEEVENS.

See Vol. I. p. 180, n. 5. MALONE.

you:—[*taking* Guil. *aside.*] Why do you go about to recover the wind of me [3], as if you would drive me into a toil?

*Guil.* O, my lord, if my duty be too bold, my love is too unmannerly [4].

*Ham.* I do not well understand that. Will you play upon this pipe?

*Guil.* My lord, I cannot.

*Ham.* I pray you.

*Guil.* Believe me, I cannot.

*Ham.* I do beseech you.

*Guil.* I know no touch of it, my lord.

*Ham.* 'Tis as easy as lying: govern these ventages [5] with your fingers and thumb [6], give it breath with your mouth,

[3] —*to recover the wind of me,*] So, in an ancient Ms. play entitled *The second Maidens Tragedy:*

" ——— Is that next?

" Why then I have your ladyship in *the wind.*" STEEVENS.

[4] *O, my lord, if my duty be too bold, my love is too unmannerly.*] i. e. if my duty to the *king* makes me press you a little, my love to *you* makes me still more importunate. If that makes me *bold*, this makes me even *unmannerly*. WARBURTON.

I believe we should read—*my love is* not *unmannerly*. My conception of this passage is, that, in consequence of Hamlet's moving to take the recorder, Guildenstern also shifts his ground, in order to place himself *beneath* the prince in his new position. This Hamlet ludicrously calls " *going about to recover the wind,*" &c. and Guildenstern may answer properly enough, I think, and like a courtier; " *if my duty* to the king makes me *too bold* in pressing you upon a disagreeable subject, *my love* to you will make me *not unmannerly*, in shewing you all possible marks of respect and attention." TYRWHITT.

[5] —*ventages*—] The holes of a flute. JOHNSON.

[6] —*and thumb,*] The first quarto reads—with your fingers and the *umber*. This may probably be the ancient name for that piece of moveable brass at the end of a flute, which is either raised or depressed by the finger. The word *umber* is used by Stowe the chronicler, who, describing a single combat between two knights—says, " he brast up his *umber* three times." Here, the *umber* means the visor of the helmet. So, in Spenser's *Faery Queene*, b. 3. c. 1. st. 42:

" But the brave maid would not disarmed be,

" But only vented up her *umbriere*,

" And so did let her goodly visage to appere." STEEVENS.

If a *recorder* had a brass key like the *German Flute*, we are to follow the reading of the quarto; for then the thumb is not concerned in the government of the ventages or stops. If a *recorder* was like a *tabourer's pipe*,

mouth, and it will diſcourſe moſt eloquent muſick. Look you, theſe are the ſtops[7].

*Guil.* But theſe cannot I command to any utterance of harmony; I have not the ſkill.

*Ham.* Why, look you now, how unworthy a thing you make of me? You would play upon me; you would ſeem to know my ſtops; you would pluck out the heart of my myſtery; you would ſound me from my loweſt note to the top of my compaſs: and there is much muſick, excellent voice, in this little organ; yet cannot you make it ſpeak. 'Sblood, do you think, I am eaſier to be play'd on than a pipe? Call me what inſtrument you will, though you can fret me, you cannot play upon me.

*Enter* POLONIUS.

God bleſs you, ſir!

*Pol.* My lord, the queen would ſpeak with you, and preſently.

*Ham.* Do you ſee yonder cloud, that's almoſt in ſhape of a camel?

*Pol.* By the maſs, and 'tis like a camel, indeed.

*Ham.* Methinks, it is like a weazel.

*Pol.* It is back'd like a weazel[8].

*Ham.*

*pipe*, which has no braſs key, but has a ſtop for the thumb, we are to read—Govern theſe ventages with your finger and thumb. In *Cotgrave's Dictionary*, *ombre*, *ombraire*, *ombriere*, and *ombrelle*, are all from the Latin *umbra*, and ſignify a ſhadow, an umbrella, or any thing that ſhades or hides the face from the ſun; and hence they may have been applied to any thing that hides or covers another; as for example, they may have been applied to the braſs key that covers the hole in the German flute. So Spenſer uſed *umbriere* for the viſor of the helmet, as Rous's hiſtory of the Kings of England uſes *umbrella* in the ſame ſenſe. TOLLET.

[7] — *the* ſtops.] The ſounds formed by occaſionally ſtopping the holes; while the inſtrument is played upon. So, in the Prologue to *K. Henry V.*

" Rumour is a *pipe*—

" And of ſo eaſy and ſo plain a *ſtop*," &c. MALONE.

[8] *Methinks, it is like a weazel.*

*Pol. It is* back'd *like a weazel.*] Thus the quarto, 1604, and the folio. The weazel, Mr. Steevens obſerves, is remarkable for the length of its back. In a more modern quarto, that of 1611, *back'd*, the original reading, was corrupted into *black*.

*Ham.* Or, like a whale?

*Pol.* Very like a whale.

*Ham.* Then will I come to my mother by and by.—They fool me to the top of my bent[9].—I will come by and by.

*Pol.* I will say so. [*Exit* POLONIUS.

*Ham.* By and by is easily said.—Leave me, friends.

[*Exeunt* ROS. GUIL. HOR. &c.

'Tis now the very witching time of night;
When church-yards yawn, and hell itself breathes out
Contagion to this world: Now could I drink hot blood,
And do such business as the bitter day[1]
Would quake to look on. Soft; now to my mother.—
O, heart, lose not thy nature; let not ever

Perhaps in the original edition the words *camel* and *weazel* were shuffled out of their places. The poet might have intended the dialogue to proceed thus:

*Ham.* Do you see yonder cloud, that's almost in the shape of a *weazel?*

*Pol.* By the mass, and 'tis like a weazel, indeed.

*Ham.* Methinks, it is like a *camel.*

*Pol.* It is back'd like a *camel.*

The protuberant back of a camel seems more to resemble a cloud, than the back of a weazel does. MALONE.

Mr. Tollet observes, that we might read—"it is *beck'd* like a weasel," *i. e.* weasel-snouted. So, in Holinshed's *Description of England*, p. 172: "if he be *wesell-becked.*" Quarles uses this term of reproach in his *Virgin Widow*: "Go, you *weazel-snouted*, addle pated," &c. Mr. Tollett adds, that Milton, in his *Lycidas*, calls a promontory *beaked*, i. e. prominent like the *beak* of a bird. STEEVENS.

[9] *They fool me to the top of my bent.*—] They compel me to play the fool, till I can endure it no longer. JOHNSON.

See p. 246, n. 5. MALONE.

[1] *And do such business as* the bitter day—] Thus the quarto. The folio reads:

And do such *bitter business* as the day, &c. MALONE.

The expression *bitter business* is still in use, and though at present a vulgar phrase, might not have been such in the age of Shakspeare. The *bitter* day is the day rendered hateful or *bitter* by the commission of some act of mischief.

Watts, in his *Logic*, says: "*Bitter* is an equivocal word: there is *bitter* wormwood, there are *bitter* words, there are *bitter* enemies, and a *bitter* cold morning." It is, in short, any thing unpleasing or hurtful. STEEVENS.

The

The ſoul of Nero enter this firm boſom:
Let me be cruel, not unnatural:
I will ſpeak daggers to her [2], but uſe none;
My tongue and ſoul in this be hypocrites:
How in my words ſoever ſhe be ſhent [3],
To give them ſeals [4] never, my ſoul, conſent! [*Exit.*

## SCENE III.

*A Room in the ſame.*

*Enter* King, ROSENCRANTZ, *and* GUILDENSTERN.

*King.* I like him not; nor ſtands it ſafe with us,
To let his madneſs range. Therefore, prepare you;
I your commiſſion will forthwith diſpatch,
And he to England ſhall along with you [5]:
The terms of our eſtate may not endure
Hazard ſo near us, as doth hourly grow

2 *I will ſpeak* daggers *to her,*] A ſimilar expreſſion occurs in *The Return from Parnaſſus:* "They are peſtilent fellows, they ſpeak nothing but *bodkins.*" It has been already obſerved, that a *bodkin* anciently ſignified *a ſhort dagger.* STEEVENS.

3 — be *ſhent,*] To *ſhend,* is to reprove harſhly, to treat with injurious language. So, in *The Coxcomb* of B. and Fletcher:
"— We ſhall be *ſhent* ſoundly." STEEVENS.
See Vol. VII. p. 286, n. 3. MALONE.

4 *To give them ſeals*—] i. e. put them in execution. WARBURTON.

5 *I like him not; nor ſtands it ſafe with us,*
*To let his madneſs range. Therefore, prepare you;*
*I your commiſſion will forthwith diſpatch,*
*And he to England ſhall along with you:*] In *The Hyſtory of Hamblett,* bl. let. the king does not adopt this ſcheme of ſending Hamlet to England till after the death of Polonius; and though he is deſcribed as doubtful whether Polonius was ſlain by Hamlet, his apprehenſion leſt he might himſelf meet the ſame fate as the old courtier, is aſſigned as the motive for his wiſhing the prince out of the kingdom. This at firſt inclined me to think that this ſhort ſcene, either from the negligence of the copyiſt or the printer, might have been misplaced; but it is certainly printed as the authour intended, for in the next ſcene Hamlet ſays to his mother, "I muſt to England; you know that?" before the king could have heard of the death of Polonius. MALONE.

Out of his lunes [6].

*Guil.* We will ourſelves provide:
Moſt holy and religious fear it is,
To keep thoſe many many bodies ſafe,
That live, and feed, upon your majeſty.

*Roſ.* The ſingle and peculiar life is bound,
With all the ſtrength and armour of the mind,
To keep itſelf from 'noyance; but much more,
That ſpirit upon whoſe weal [7] depend and reſt
The lives of many. The ceaſe of majeſty
Dies not alone; but, like a gulf, doth draw
What's near it, with it: it is a maſſy wheel [8],
Fix'd on the ſummit of the higheſt mount,
To whoſe huge ſpokes ten thouſand leſſer things
Are mortis'd and adjoin'd; which, when it falls,
Each ſmall annexment, petty conſequence,
Attends the boiſt'rous ruin. Never alone

[6] *Out of his* lunes.] The quarto reads—out of his *brows*; the folio —out of his *lunacies*. *Lunes* was introduced by Mr. Theobald. Shakſpeare probably had here the following paſſage in *The Hiſtory of Hamblett*, bl. l. in his thoughts: "*Fengon* could not content himſelfe, but ſtill his mind gave him that the *foole* [*Hamlet*] would play him *ſome tricke of legerdemaine*. And in that conceit ſeeking to be rid of him, determined to find the meanes to doe it, by the aid of a ſtranger; making the king of England miniſter of his maſſacrous reſolution, to whom he purpoſed to ſend him." MALONE.

I take *brows* to be, properly read, *frows*, which, I think, is a provincial word for *perverſe humours*; which being, I ſuppoſe not underſtood, was changed to *lunacies*. But of this I am not confident. JOHNSON.

I would receive Theobald's emendation, becauſe Shakſpeare uſes the word *lunes* in the ſame ſenſe in *The Merry Wives of Windſor*, and *The Winter's Tale*. From the redundancy of the meaſure nothing can be inferred.

Since this part of my note was written, I have met with an inſtance in ſupport of Dr. Johnſon's conjecture:

" — were you but as favourable as you are *frowiſh*,—."
*Tully's Love*, by Greene, 1616.

Perhaps, however, Shakſpeare deſigned a metaphor from horned cattle, whoſe powers of being dangerous encreaſe with the *growth of their brows*. STEEVENS.

[7] *That ſpirit upon whoſe* weal—] So the quarto. The folio gives,
That ſpirit, upon whoſe *ſpirit*,—. STEEVENS.

[8] — *it is a maſſy wheel*,] Thus the folio. The quarto reads—*Or it is*, &c. MALONE.

Did

Did the king ſigh, but with a general groan.

*King.* Arm you, I pray you, to this ſpeedy voyage;
For we will fetters put upon this fear,
Which now goes too free-footed.

*Roſ. Guil.* We will haſte us. [*Exeunt* Ros. *and* Guil.

*Enter* Polonius.

*Pol.* My lord, he's going to his mother's cloſet;
Behind the arras I'll convey myſelf[9],
To hear the proceſs; I'll warrant, ſhe'll tax him home;
And, as you ſaid, and wiſely was it ſaid,
'Tis meet, that ſome more audience, than a mother,
Since nature makes them partial[1], ſhould o'er-hear
The ſpeech of vantage[2]. Fare you well, my liege:
I'll call upon you ere you go to bed,
And tell you what I know.

*King.* Thanks, dear my lord. [*Exit* Polonius.
O, my offence is rank, it ſmells to heaven;
It hath the primal eldeſt curſe upon't,

9 *Behind the arras I'll convey myſelf,*] The arras-hangings, in Shakſpeare's time, were hung at ſuch a diſtance from the walls, that a perſon might eaſily ſtand behind them unperceived. The principal witneſs againſt the Counteſs of Exeter, who was unjuſtly charged in the year 1616, with a deſign to poiſon lady Lake and lady Roſſe, was Sarah Wharton, a chambermaid, who ſwore that ſhe ſtood *behind the hangings* at the entrance of the great chamber at Wimbleton, and heard the counteſs confeſs her guilt. The plot againſt this innocent lady was diſcovered by king James, who went to Wimbleton, and found that the hangings, which had not been changed for thirty years, were two feet from the ground, ſo that the chambermaid muſt have been diſcovered, had ſhe been there. His majeſty obſerving a great diſtance between the window, near which the counteſs was ſuppoſed to have ſtood, and the lower end of the room, where the maid was ſaid to have ſtood, placed himſelf behind the hangings, and finding that he could not hear the lords at the window, though they purpoſely ſpoke loud, obtained evidence of the falſhood of this charge. Malone.

1 *Since nature makes them partial,* &c.]

" —— Matres omnes filiis
" In peccato adjutrices, auxilii in paterna injuria
" Solent eſſe." *Ter. Heaut.* Act. 5. Sc. 2.
Steevens.

2 — *of vantage.*] By ſome opportunity of ſecret obſervation.
Johnson.

A brother's murder!—Pray can I not,
Though inclination be as ſharp as will[3];
My ſtronger guilt defeats my ſtrong intent;
And, like a man to double buſineſs bound,
I ſtand in pauſe where I ſhall firſt begin,
And both neglect. What if this curſed hand
Were thicker than itſelf with brother's blood?
Is there not rain enough in the ſweet heavens,
To waſh it white as ſnow? Whereto ſerves mercy,
But to confront the viſage of offence?
And what's in prayer, but this two-fold force,—
To be fore-ſtalled, ere we come to fall,
Or pardon'd, being down? Then I'll look up;
My fault is paſt. But O, what form of prayer
Can ſerve my turn? Forgive me my foul murder!—
That cannot be; ſince I am ſtill poſſeſs'd
Of thoſe effects for which I did the murder,
My crown, mine own ambition, and my queen.
May one be pardon'd, and retain the offence[4]?
In the corrupted currents of this world,
Offence's gilded hand may ſhove by juſtice;
And oft 'tis ſeen, the wicked prize itſelf
Buys out the law: But 'tis not ſo above:
There is no ſhuffling, there the action lies
In his true nature; and we ourſelves compell'd,
Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
To give in evidence. What then? what reſts?
Try what repentance can: What can it not?
Yet what can it, when one can not repent[5]?

[3] *Though inclination be as ſharp as* will;] *Will* is *command, direction.* Thus, *Eccleſiaſticus*, xliii. 16. "— and at his *will* the ſouth wind bloweth." The king ſays, his mind is in too great confuſion to pray, even though his *inclination* were as ſtrong as the *command* which requires that duty. STEEVENS.

[4] *May one be pardon'd, and retain the* offence?] He that does not amend what can be amended, *retains* his *offence.* The king kept the crown from the right heir. JOHNSON.

[5] *Yet what can it, when one* can not *repent?*] *What can* repentance *do for a man that cannot be* penitent? for a man who has only a part of penitence, diſtreſs of conſcience, without the other part, reſolution of amendment? JOHNSON.

O wretched

O wretched ſtate! O boſom, black as death!
O limed ſoul [6]; that, ſtruggling to be free,
Art more engag'd! Help, angels, make aſſay!
Bow, ſtubborn knees! and, heart, with ſtrings of ſteel,
Be ſoft as ſinews of the new-born babe;
All may be well! [*retires, and kneels.*

*Enter* HAMLET.

*Ham.* Now might I do it, pat, now he is praying [7];
And now I'll do't;—And ſo he goes to heaven:
And ſo am I reveng'd? That would be ſcann'd [8]:
A villain kills my father; and, for that,
I, his ſole ſon, do this ſame villain ſend [9]
To heaven.
Why, this is hire and ſalary [1], not revenge.
He took my father groſsly, full of bread;
With all his crimes broad blown [2], as fluſh as May;
And, how his audit ſtands, who knows, ſave heaven?
But, in our circumſtance and courſe of thought,
'Tis heavy with him: And am I then reveng'd,
To take him in the purging of his ſoul,
When he is fit and ſeaſon'd for his paſſage?
No.

[6] *O, limed* ſoul;—] This alludes to *bird-lime*. Shakſpeare uſes the ſame word again, *K. Henry VI.* P. II.

"Madam, myſelf have *lim'd* a buſh for her." STEEVENS.

[7] — pat, *now he is praying*;] Thus the folio. The quartos read — *but* now, &c. STEEVENS.

[8] — *That would be ſcann'd:*] i. e. That ſhould be conſidered, eſtimated. STEEVENS.

[9] *I, his* ſole *ſon, do this ſame villain ſend*—] The folio reads, *foule* ſon, a reading apparently corrupted from the quarto. The meaning is plain. *I, his* only ſon, who am bound to puniſh his murderer. JOHNSON.

[1] — hire *and* ſalary,] Thus the folio. The quartos read—*baſe* and *filly*. STEEVENS.

[2] *He took my father groſsly*, full of bread;
*With all his crimes broad blown*,—] The uncommon expreſſion, *full of bread*, our poet borrowed from the ſacred writings: "Behold, this was the iniquity of thy ſiſter Sodom; pride, *fullneſs of bread*, and abundance of idleneſs was in her and in her daughters, neither did ſhe ſtrengthen the hand of the poor and needy." Ezekiel, xvi. 49. MALONE.

Up, ſword; and know thou a more horrid hent[3]:
When he is drunk, aſleep, or in his rage;
Or in the inceſtuous pleaſures of his bed[4];
At gaming, ſwearing *; or about ſome act
That has no reliſh of ſalvation in't:
Then trip him, that his heels may kick at heaven[5];
And that his ſoul may be as damn'd, and black,
As hell, whereto it goes[6]. My mother ſtays:
This phyſick but prolongs thy ſickly days. [*Exit.*

*The*

[3] *Up, ſword, and know thou a more horrid* hent:] To *hent* is uſed by Shakſpeare for, to *ſeize*, to *catch*, to *lay hold on*. *Hent* is, therefore, *hold*, or *ſeizure*. *Lay hold on* him, ſword, at a more horrid time. JOHNSON.

See Vol. II. p. 108, n. 2. MALONE.

[4] *When he is drunk, aſleep, or in his rage;*

*Or in the inceſtuous pleaſures of his bed*;] So, in Marſton's *Inſatiate Counteſs*, 1603:

" —Did'ſt thou not kill him drunk?

" Thou ſhould'ſt, or in th' embraces of his luſt." STEEVENS.

* *At gaming, ſwearing*;—] Thus the folio. The quarto, 1604, reads—At *game, a* ſwearing, &c. MALONE.

[5] — *that his heels may kick at heaven*;] So, in Heywood's *Silver Age*, 1613:

" Whoſe *heels tript* up, *kick'd 'gainſt the firmament*." STEEV.

[6] *As hell, whereto it goes.*—] This ſpeech, in which Hamlet, repreſented as a virtuous character, is not content with taking blood for blood, but contrives damnation for the man that he would puniſh, is too horrible to be read or to be uttered. JOHNSON.

The ſame fiend-like diſpoſition is ſhewn by *Lodowick*, in Webſter's *Vittoria Corombona*, 1612:

" ——— to have poiſon'd

" The handle of his racket. O, that, that!—

" That while he had been bandying at tennis,

" He might have ſworn himſelf to hell, and ſtruck

" *His ſoul* into the hazard!"

Again, in *The Honeſt Lawyer*, 1616:

" I then ſhould ſtrike his body with his *ſoul*,

" And ſink them both together."

Again, in the third of Beaumont and Fletcher's *Four Plays in one*:

" No, take him dead drunk now *without repentance*." STEEV.

This horrid thought has been adopted by Lewis Machin, in the *Dumb Knight*, 1633:

" Nay, but be patient; ſmooth your brow a little,

" And you ſhall take them as they clip each other;

" Even

*The* King *rises, and advances.*

*King.* My words fly up, my thoughts remain below:
Words, without thoughts, never to heaven go. [*Exit.*

## SCENE IV.

*Another Room in the ſame.*

*Enter* Queen, *and* POLONIUS.

*Pol.* He will come ſtraight. Look, you lay home to him:
Tell him, his pranks have been too broad to bear with;
And that your grace hath ſcreen'd and ſtood between
Much heat and him. I'll ſilence me e'en here[7].
Pray you, be round with him.

*Queen.* I'll warrant you; fear me not.
Withdraw, I hear him coming. [Polonius *hides himſelf*[8].

*Enter*

" Even in the height of ſin; then damn them both,
" And let them ſtink before they aſk God pardon,
" That *your revenge may ſtretch unto their ſouls.*" MALONE.

[6] I think it not improbable, that when Shakſpeare put this horrid ſentiment into the mouth of Hamlet, he might have recollected the following ſtory: " One of theſe monſters meeting his enemie unarmed, threatened to kill him, if he denied not God, his power, and eſſential properties, viz. his mercy, ſuffrance, &c. the which when the other, deſiring life, pronounced with great horrour, kneeling upon his knees; the bravo cried out, *nowe will I kill thy body and ſoule*, and at that inſtant thruſt him through with his rapier." *Brief Diſcourſe of the Spaniſh State, with a Dialogue annexed, intitled Philobaſilis*, 4to, 1590, p. 21. REED.

A ſimilar ſtory is told in *The Turkiſh Spy*, Vol. III. p. 243. MALONE.

[7] — *I'll* ſilence me e'en *here:*] *I'll ſilence me e'en here*, is, *I'll uſe no more words.* JOHNSON.

[8] Polonius *hides himſelf.*] The concealment of Polonius in the queen's chamber, during the converſation between Hamlet and his mother, and the manner of his death, were ſuggeſted by the following paſſage in *The Hyſtory of Hamblet*, bl. let. ſig. D 1: " The counſellour entered ſecretly into the queene's chamber, and there *hid himſelfe behind the arras*, and long before the queene and Hamlet came thither; who being craftie and pollitique, as ſoone as hee was within the chamber, doubting ſome treaſon, and fearing if he ſhould ſpeake ſeverely and wiſely to his mother, touching his ſecret practiſes, hee ſhould be underſtood

*Enter* HAMLET.

*Ham.* Now, mother; what's the matter?
*Queen.* Hamlet, thou haſt thy father much offended.
*Ham.* Mother, you have my father much offended.
*Queen.* Come, come, you anſwer with an idle tongue.
*Ham.* Go, go, you queſtion with a wicked tongue.
*Queen.* Why, how now, Hamlet?
*Ham.* What's the matter now?
*Queen.* Have you forgot me?
*Ham.* No, by the rood, not ſo:
You are the queen, your huſband's brother's wife;
And,—'would it were not ſo!—you are my mother.
*Queen.* Nay, then I'll ſet thoſe to you that can ſpeak.
*Ham.* Come, come, and ſit you down; you ſhall not budge;
You go not, till I ſet you up a glaſs
Where you may ſee the inmoſt part of you.
*Queen.* What wilt thou do? thou wilt not murder me?
Help, help, ho!
*Pol.* [*behind.*] What, ho! help!
*Ham.* How now! a rat? [*draws.*
Dead, for a ducat, dead.
[Hamlet *makes a paſs through the arras.*
*Pol.* [*behind.*] O, I am ſlain. [*falls, and dies.*
*Queen.* O me, what haſt thou done?
*Ham.* Nay, I know not:
Is it the king?
[*lifts up the arras, and draws forth* Polonius.
*Queen.* O, what a raſh and bloody deed is this!
*Ham.* A bloody deed;—almoſt as bad, good mother,
As kill a king, and marry with his brother.

underſtood, and by that means intercepted, uſed his ordinary manner of diſſimulation, and began to come [r. *crew*] like a cocke, beating with his arms (in ſuch manner as cockes uſe to ſtrike with their wings) upon the hangings of the chamber; whereby feeling ſomething ſtirring under them, he cried, *a rat, a rat*, and preſently drawing his ſworde, thruſt it into the hangings; which done, pulled the counſellour (half-deade) out by the heeles, made an end of killing him; and, being ſlaine, cut his body in pieces, which he cauſed to be boyled, and then caſt it into an open vault or privie." MALONE.

*Queen.*

*Queen.* As kill a king[9]!

*Ham.* Ay, lady, 'twas my word.—
Thou wretched, raſh, intruding fool, farewel!
[*to* Polonius.
I took

9 Queen. *As kill a king!*] It has been doubted, whether Shakſpeare intended to repreſent the queen as acceſſary to the murder of her huſband. The ſurprize ſhe here expreſſes at the charge ſeems to tend to her exculpation. Where the variation is not particularly marked, we may preſume, I think, that the poet intended to tell his ſtory as it had been told before. The following extract therefore from *The Hyſtory of Hamblet*, bl. let. relative to this point, will probably not be unacceptable to the reader: "Fengon [the king in the preſent play] boldened and encouraged by ſuch impunitie, durſt venture to couple himſelf in marriage with her, whom he uſed as his concubine during good Horvendille's life; in that ſort ſpotting his name with a double vice, inceſtuous adulterie, and paracide murther.—This adulterer and infamous murtherer ſlaundered his dead brother, that he would have ſlaine his wife, and that hee by chance finding him on the point ready to do it, in defence of the lady, had ſlaine him.—The unfortunate and wicked woman that had received the honour to be the wife of one of the valianteſt and wiſeſt princes in the North, imbaſed herſelfe in ſuch vile ſort as to falſifie her faith unto him, and, which is worſe, to marrie him that had bin the tyrannous murtherer of her lawful huſband; *which made diverſe men think that ſhe had beene the cauſer of the murther*, thereby to live in her adulterie without controle." *Hyſt. of Hamb.* ſig. C 1. 2.

In the conference however with her ſon, on which the preſent ſcene is founded, ſhe ſtrongly aſſerts her innocence with reſpect to this fact:

"I know well, my ſonne, that I have done thee great wrong in marrying with Fengon, the cruel tyrant and murtherer of thy father, and my loyal ſpouſe; but when thou ſhalt conſider the ſmall meanes of reſiſtance, and the treaſon of the palace, with the little cauſe of confidence we are to expect, or hope for, of the courtiers, all wrought to his will; as alſo the power he made ready if I ſhould have refuſed to like him; thou wouldſt rather excuſe, than accuſe mee of laſciviouſneſs or inconſtancy, much leſs offer me that wrong *to ſuſpect that ever thy mother* Geruth *once conſented to the death and murther of her huſband:* ſwearing unto thee by the majeſtie of the gods, that if it had layne in me to have reſiſted the tyrant, although it had beene with the loſſe of my blood, yea and of my life, I would ſurely have ſaved the life of my lord and huſband." Ibid. ſig. D 4.

It is obſervable, that in the drama neither the king or queen make ſo good a defence. Shakſpeare wiſhed to render them as odious as he could, and therefore has not in any part of the play furniſhed them with even the ſemblance of an excuſe for their conduct.

Though the inference already mentioned may be drawn from the

I took thee for thy better; take thy fortune:
Thou find'ſt, to be too buſy, is ſome danger.—
Leave wringing of your hands: Peace; ſit you down,
And let me wring your heart: for ſo I ſhall,
If it be made of penetrable ſtuff;
If damned cuſtom have not braz'd it ſo,
That it be proof and bulwark againſt ſenſe.

*Queen.* What have I done, that thou dar'ſt wag thy tongue
In noiſe ſo rude againſt me?

*Ham.* Such an act,
That blurs the grace and bluſh of modeſty;
Calls virtue, hypocrite; takes off the roſe[1]
From the fair forehead of an innocent love,

And

ſurprize which our poet has here made the queen expreſs at being charged with the murder of her huſband, it is obſervable that when the player-queen in the preceding ſcene ſays,

"In ſecond huſband let me be accurſt!
"None wed the ſecond, *but who kill'd the firſt*,"

he has made Hamlet exclaim—"*that's wormwood.*" The prince, therefore, both from that expreſſion and the words addreſſed to his mother in the preſent ſcene, muſt be ſuppoſed to think her guilty.—Perhaps after all this inveſtigation, the truth is, that Shakſpeare himſelf meant to leave the matter in doubt. MALONE.

I know not in what part of this tragedy the king and queen could have been expected to enter into a vindication of their mutual conduct. The former indeed is rendered contemptible as well as guilty; but for the latter our poet ſeems to have felt all that tenderneſs which the ghoſt recommends to the imitation of her ſon. STEEVENS.

Had Shakſpeare thought fit to have introduced the topicks I have ſuggeſted, can there be a doubt concerning his ability to introduce them? The king's juſtification, if to juſtify him had been the poet's object, (which it certainly was not,) might have been made in a ſoliloquy; the queen's, in the preſent interview with her ſon. MALONE.

[1] — *takes off the* roſe, &c.] Some have underſtood theſe words to be only a metaphorical enlargement of the ſentiment contained in the preceding line:

—blurs the grace and *bluſh* of modeſty:

but as the *forehead* is no proper ſituation for a *bluſh* to be diſplayed in, we may have recourſe to another explanation.

It was once the cuſtom for thoſe who were betrothed, to wear ſome flower as an external and conſpicuous mark of their mutual engagement. So, in *Spenſer's Shepherd's Calendar for April*:

"Bring *coronations* and *ſops in wine*,
"*Worn of paramours.*"

Lyte, in his Herbal, 1578, enumerates *ſops in wine* among the ſmaller kind of ſingle gilliflowers or pinks.

Figure

And ſets a bliſter there; makes marriage vows
As falſe as dicers' oaths: O, ſuch a deed,
As from the body of contraction [2] plucks
The very ſoul; and ſweet religion makes
A rhapſody of words: Heaven's face doth glow;
Yea, this ſolidity and compound maſs,
With triſtful viſage, as againſt the doom,
Is thought-ſick at the act [3].

*Queen.* Ah me, what act,

That

Figure 4, in the *Morrice-dance*, (a plate of which is annexed to the Firſt Part of *K. Henry IV.*) has a flower fixed on his *forehead*, and ſeems to be meant for the *paramour* of the female character. The flower might be deſigned for a *roſe*, as the colour of it is red in the painted glaſs, though its form is expreſſed with as little adherence to nature as that of the marygold in the hand of the lady. It may, however, conduct us to affix a new meaning to the lines in queſtion. This flower, as I have ſince diſcovered, is exactly ſhaped like the *ſops in wine*, now called the *Deptford Pink*.

Sets a *bliſter* there, has the ſame meaning as in *Meaſure for Meaſure*:

" Who falling in the flaws of her own youth,
" Hath *bliſter'd* her report."

See a note on this paſſage, Act II. Sc. 3. STEEVENS.

I believe, by the *roſe* was only meant the *roſeate hue*. The forehead certainly appears to us an odd place for the hue of innocence to dwell on, but Shakſpeare might place it there with as much propriety as a *ſmile*. In *Troilus and Creſſida* we find theſe lines:

" So rich advantage of a promis'd glory,
" As *ſmiles* upon the *forehead* of this action."

That part of the forehead which is ſituated between the eye-brows, ſeems to have been conſidered by our poet as the ſeat of innocence and modeſty. So, in a ſubſequent ſcene:

" ——— brands the harlot,
" Even here, between the *chaſte* unſmirched *brow*
" Of my true mother." MALONE.

[2] — *from the body of* contraction—] *Contraction* for *marriage contract*. WARBURTON.

[3] — *Heaven's face doth glow*;
*Yea, this ſolidity and compound maſs,*
*With triſtful viſage, as againſt the doom,*
*Is thought-ſick at the act.*] If any ſenſe can be found here, it is this. The ſun glows, [and does it not always?] and the very ſolid maſs of earth has a triſtful viſage, and is thought-ſick. All this is ſad ſtuff. The old quarto reads much nearer to the poet's ſenſe:

*Heaven's* face *does glow,*
O'er *this ſolidity and compound maſs,*
*With* heated *viſage, as againſt the doom,*
*Is thought-ſick at the act.*

From

That roars so loud, and thunders in the index[4]?

*Ham.* Look here, upon this picture, and on this[5];

The

From whence it appears, that Shakspeare wrote:

*Heaven's face doth glow,*
*O'er this solidity and compound mass,*
*With tristful visage*; and, *as 'gainst the doom,*
*Is thought-sick at the act.*

This makes a fine sense, and to this effect. The sun looks upon our globe, the scene of this murder, with an angry and mournful countenance, half hid in eclipse, as at the day of doom. WARBURTON.

The word *heated*, though it agrees well enough with *glow*, is, I think, not so striking as *tristful*, which was, I suppose, chosen at the revisal. I believe the whole passage now stands as the author gave it. Dr. Warburton's reading restores two improprieties, which Shakspeare, by his alteration, had removed. In the first, and in the new reading, *Heaven's* face *glows with tristful* visage; and, *Heaven's face is* thought-sick. To the common reading there is no objection. JOHNS.

I am strongly inclined to think that the reading of the quarto, 1604, is the true one. In Shakspeare's licentious diction, the meaning may be, The face of heaven doth glow with heated visage, over the earth: *and heaven*, as against the day of judgment, is thought-sick at the act.

Had not our poet St. Luke's description of the last day in his thoughts?—"And there shall be signs in the sun and in the moon, and in the stars; and upon the earth distress of nations, with perplexity, the sea and the waves roaring: men's hearts failing them for fear, and for looking on those things which are coming on the earth; for the powers of heaven shall be shaken," &c. MALONE.

[4] *That roars so loud*, &c.] The meaning is, *What is* this act, of which the *discovery*, or mention, cannot be made, but with this violence of clamour? JOHNSON.

— *and thunders in the* index?] Mr. Edwards observes, that the *indexes* of many old books were at that time inserted at the beginning, instead of the end, as is now the custom. This observation I have often seen confirmed.

So, in *Othello*, Act II. sc. vii —"an *index* and obscure *prologue* to the history of lust and foul thoughts." STEEVENS.

See Vol. VIII. p. 180, n. 6. Bullokar in his *Expositor*, 8vo. 1616, defines an *Index* by "A *table* in a booke." The *table* was almost always *prefixed* to the books of our poet's age. Indexes, in the sense in which we now understand the word, were very uncommon. MALONE.

[5] *Look here, upon this picture, and on this*;] It is evident from the following words,

*A station*, like the herald Mercury, &c.

that these pictures, which are introduced as miniatures on the stage, were meant for whole lengths, being part of the furniture of the queen's closet.

—— *like Maia's son he stood,*
*And shook his plumes.*—Milton, B. V. STEEVENS.

The

The counterfeit preſentment of two brothers.
See, what a grace was ſeated on this brow:
Hyperion's curls[6]; the front of Jove himſelf;
An eye like Mars, to threaten and command;
A ſtation like the herald Mercury,
New-lighted on a heaven-kiſſing hill[7];
A combination, and a form, indeed,
Where every god did ſeem to ſet his ſeal,

The introduction of miniatures in this place appears to be a modern innovation. A print prefixed to Rowe's edition of *Hamlet*, publiſhed in 1709, proves this. There, the two royal portraits are exhibited as half-lengths, hanging in the Queen's cloſet; and either thus, or as whole lengths, they probably were exhibited from the time of the original performance of this tragedy to the death of Betterton. To half-lengths, however, the ſame objection lies, as to miniatures. MALONE.

6 *Hyperion's curls*;—] It is obſervable that *Hyperion* is uſed by Spenſer with the ſame error in *quantity*. FARMER.

I have never met with an earlier edition of Marſton's *Infatiate Counteſs* than that in 1603. In this the following lines occur, which bear a cloſe reſemblance to Hamlet's deſcription of his father:

" A donative he hath of every god;
" *Apollo* gave him *locks*, *Jove* his high *front*." STEEVENS.

7 *A ſtation like the herald* Mercury,
*New-lighted on a* heaven-kiſſing hill;] I think it not improbable that Shakſpeare caught this image from Phaer's tranſlation of Virgil, (Fourth Æneid,) a book that without doubt he had read:

" And now approaching neere, the top he ſeeth and mighty lims
" Of *Atlas*, *mountain tough*, that *heaven* on boyſt'rous *ſhoulders beares*;—
" There *firſt* on ground with wings of might doth *Mercury* arrive,
" Then down from thence right over ſeas himſelfe doth headlong drive."

In the margin are theſe words: " The deſcription of *Mercury's* journey from *heaven*, along the *mountain* Atlas in Afrike, *bigheſt* on earth. MALONE.

*Station* in this inſtance does not mean *the ſpot where any one is placed*, but *the act of ſtanding*. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act III. ſc. iii.

" Her motion and her *ſtation* are as one."

On turning to Theobald's firſt edition, I find that he had made the ſame remark, and ſupported it by the ſame inſtance. The obſervation is neceſſary, for otherwiſe the compliment deſigned to the attitude of the king, would be beſtowed on the place where Mercury is repreſented as ſtanding. STEEVENS.

In the firſt ſcene of *Timon of Athens*, the poet, admiring a picture, introduces the ſame image:

" ——— How this *grace*
" Speaks his own *ſtanding!*" MALONE.

To

To give the world assurance of a man:
This was your husband.—Look you now, what follows:
Here is your husband; like a mildew'd ear [8],
Blasting his wholesome brother. Have you eyes?
Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed,
And batten [9] on this moor? Ha! have you eyes?
You cannot call it, love: for, at your age,
The hey-day in the blood [1] is tame, it's humble,
And waits upon the judgment; And what judgment
Would step from this to this? Sense, sure, you have,
Else, could you not have motion [2]: But, sure, that sense
Is apoplex'd: for madness would not err;
Nor sense to ecstasy was ne'er so thrall'd,
But it reserv'd some quantity of choice,

[8] — *like a* mildew'd ear,
Blasting *his wholesome brother.*] This alludes to *Pharaoh's dream* in the 41st chapter of *Genesis*. STEEVENS.

[9] —*batten*—] i. e. to grow fat. So, in *Claudius Tiberius Nero*, 1607.
" —— and for milk
" I *batten'd* was with blood."
*Bat* is an ancient word for *increase*. Hence the adjective *batful*, so often used by Drayton in his *Polyolbion*. STEEVENS.

[1] *The* hey-day *in the blood*—] This expression occurs in Ford's *'Tis Pity she's a Whore*, 1633:
" ——— —— must
" The *hey-day* of your luxury be fed
" Up to a surfeit?" STEEVENS.

[2] — Sense, *sure, you have,*
*Else, could you not have* motion:] These words, and the following lines to the word *difference*, are found in the quarto, but not in the folio. *Sense* is sometimes used by Shakspeare for sensation or *sensual appetite*; as *motion* is for the effect produced by the impulse of nature. Such, I think, is the signification of these words here. So, in *Measure for Measure:*
" — she speaks, and 'tis
" Such sense, that my *sense* breeds with it."
Again, more appositely in the same play, where both the words occur:
" ——— One who never feels
" The wanton stings and *motions* of the *sense*."
So, in Braithwaite's *Survey of Histories*, 1614: These *continent* relations will reduce the straggling *motions* to a more settled and retired harbour."
*Sense* has already been used in this scene, for *sensation:*
" That it be proof and bulwark against *sense*."
Dr. Warburton for *motion* substituted *notion*, i. e. intellect. MALONE.

To

To ſerve in ſuch a difference. What devil was't,
That thus hath cozen'd you at hoodman-blind[3]?
Eyes without feeling[4], feeling without ſight,
Ears without hand or eyes, ſmelling ſans all,
Or but a ſickly part of one true ſenſe
Could not ſo mope[5].
O ſhame! where is thy bluſh? Rebellious hell,
If thou canſt mutine in a matron's bones[6],
To flaming youth let virtue be as wax,
And melt in her own fire: proclaim no ſhame,
When the compulſive ardour gives the charge;
Since froſt itſelf as actively doth burn,
And reaſon panders will[7].

*Queen.* O Hamlet, ſpeak no more:
Thou turn'ſt mine eyes into my very ſoul;

3 — *at hoodman-blind?*] This is, I ſuppoſe, the ſame as *blindman's-buff*. So, in *Two lamentable Tragedies in One, the One a murder of Maſter Beech*, &c. 1601;

" Pick out men's eyes, and tell them that's the ſport
" Of *hood-man blind.*" STEEVENS.

4 *Eyes without feeling*, &c.] This and the three following lines are omitted in the folio. STEEVENS.

5 *Could not ſo* mope.] i. e. could not exhibit ſuch marks of ſtupidity. The ſame word is uſed in the *Tempeſt*, Sc. ult.

" And were brought *moping* hither." STEEVENS.

6 — Rebellious hell,
*If thou canſt* mutine *in a matron's bones,*] So, in *Othello*:

" This hand is moiſt, my lady;—
" Hot, hot, and moiſt: this hand of yours requires
" A ſequeſter from liberty, faſting and prayer,
" Much caſtigation, exerciſe devout;
" For here's a young and ſweating *devil* here,
" That commonly *rebels.*"

To *mutine*, for which the modern editors have ſubſtituted *mutiny*, was the ancient term, ſignifying to riſe in mutiny. So, in Knolles's *Hiſtory of the Turks*, 1603: " The Janiſaries—became wonderfully diſcontented, and began to *mutine* in diverſe places of the citie." MALONE.

7 — *reaſon* panders *will.*] So the folio, I think rightly; but the reading of the quarto is defenſible:

— *reaſon* pardons *will.* JOHNSON.

*Panders* was certainly Shakſpeare's word. So, in *Venus and Adonis*:

" When *reaſon* is the *bawd* to *luſt's abuſe.*" MALONE.

And there I see such black and grained [8] spots,
As will not leave their tinct [9].

*Ham.* Nay, but to live
In the rank sweat of an enseamed bed [1];
Stew'd in corruption; honeying, and making love
Over the nasty stye;—

*Queen.* O, speak to me no more;
These words like daggers enter in mine ears;
No more, sweet Hamlet.

*Ham.* A murderer, and a villain:
A slave, that is not twentieth part the tythe
Of your precedent lord:—a vice of kings [2]:
A cutpurse of the empire and the rule;
That from a shelf the precious diadem stole [3],
And put it in his pocket!

*Queen.* No more.

*Enter* Ghost.

*Ham.* A king of shreds and patches [4]:—
Save me, and hover o'er me with your wings,
You heavenly guards!—What would your gracious figure?

*Queen.* Alas, he's mad.

*Ham.* Do you not come your tardy son to chide,
That, laps'd in time and passion [5], lets go by

[8] —*grained*—] Dyed in grain. JOHNSON.

[9] *As will not leave their tinct.*] The quartos read:
"As will *leave there* their tinct." STEEVENS.

[1] —*an* enseamed *bed*;] Thus the quarto, 1604, and the folio. A later quarto of no authority reads—*incestuous* bed. *Enseamed bed*, as Dr. Johnson has observed, is *greasy bed*. *Seam* signifies *bogslard*. MALONE.

In the *Book of Haukyng*, &c. bl. l. no date, we are told that "*Ensayme* of a hauke is *the grece*." STEEVENS.

[2] —*vice of kings*:] A low mimick of kings. The vice is the fool of a farce; from whom the modern *punch* is descended. JOHNSON.

[3] *That from a shelf*, &c.] This is said not unmeaningly, but to shew, that the usurper came not to the crown by any glorious villainy that carried danger with it, but by the low cowardly theft of a common pilferer. WARBURTON.

[4] *A king of shreds and patches*:] This is said, pursuing the idea of the *vice of kings*. The *vice* was dressed as a fool, in a coat of party-coloured patches. JOHNSON.

[5] —*laps'd in time and passion*,—] That, having suffered *time* to *slip*, and *passion* to *cool*, *lets go*, &c. JOHNSON.

The

The important acting of your dread command?
O, ſay!

*Ghoſt.* Do not forget: This viſitation
Is but to whet thy almoſt blunted purpoſe.
But, look! amazement on thy mother ſits:
O, ſtep between her and her fighting ſoul;
Conceit in weakeſt bodies ſtrongeſt works[6];
Speak to her, Hamlet.

*Ham.* How is it with you, lady?

*Queen.* Alas, how is't with you?
That you do bend your eye on vacancy,
And with the incorporal air do hold diſcourſe?
Forth at your eyes your ſpirits wildly peep;
And, as the ſleeping ſoldiers in the alarm,
Your bedded hair, like life in excrements[7],
Starts up, and ſtands on end. O gentle ſon,
Upon the heat and flame of thy diſtemper
Sprinkle cool patience. Whereon do you look?

*Ham.* On him! on him!—Look you, how pale he glares!
His form and cauſe conjoin'd, preaching to ſtones,
Would make them capable[8].—Do not look upon me;

[6] Conceit *in weakeſt bodies ſtrongeſt works*;] *Conceit* for *imagination*. So, in the *Rape of Lucrece*:

"And the *conceited* painter was ſo nice,—."

See alſo Vol. VI. p. 536, n. 8. MALONE.

[7] — *like life in* excrements,] The hairs are excrementitious, that is, without life or ſenſation; yet thoſe very hairs, as if they had life, ſtart up, &c. POPE.

So, in *Macbeth*:

"The time has been——
"——— my fell of *hair*,
"Would at a diſmal treatiſe *rouſe and ſtir*,
"*As life were in't.*" MALONE.

[8] *His form and cauſe conjoin'd, preaching to ſtones,*
*Would make them* capable.] *Capable* here ſignifies *intelligent*; endued with underſtanding. So, in *King Richard III*:

"——— O, 'tis a parlous boy,
"Bold, quick, ingenious, forward, *capable*."

We yet uſe *capacity* in this ſenſe. See Vol. VII. p. 122, n. 8. MALONE.

Leſt, with this piteous action, you convert
My ſtern effects[9]: then what I have to do
Will want true colour; tears, perchance, for blood.

*Queen.* To whom do you ſpeak this?

*Ham.* Do you ſee nothing there?

*Queen.* Nothing at all; yet all, that is, I ſee.

*Ham.* Nor did you nothing hear?

*Queen.* No, nothing, but ourſelves.

*Ham.* Why, look you there! look, how it ſteals away!
My father, in his habit as he liv'd[1]!
Look, where he goes, even now, out at the portal!

[*Exit* Ghoſt.

*Queen.* This is the very coinage of your brain:
This bodileſs creation ecſtaſy
Is very cunning in[2].

*Ham.* Ecſtaſy!
My pulſe, as yours, doth temperately keep time,
And makes as healthful muſick: It is not madneſs,
That I have utter'd: bring me to the teſt,
And I the matter will re-word; which madneſs
Would gambol from. Mother, for love of grace,
Lay not that flattering unction to your ſoul,
That not your treſpaſs, but my madneſs, ſpeaks:
It will but ſkin and film the ulcerous place;
Whiles rank corruption, mining all within,
Infects unſeen. Confeſs yourſelf to heaven;

9 *My ſtern* effects:] *Effects* for actions; deeds *effected.* MALONE.

1 *My father, in his habit as he liv'd!*] If the poet means by this expreſſion, that his father appeared in his own *familiar habit*, he has either forgot that he had originally introduced him in *armour*, or muſt have meant to vary his dreſs at this his laſt appearance. The difficulty might perhaps be a little obviated by pointing the line thus:

*My father—in his habit—as he liv'd.* STEEVENS.

2 *This is the very* coinage *of your* brain:
*This* bodileſs creation *ecſtaſy*
*Is very cunning in.*] So, in *The Rape of Lucrece*:
" Such *ſhadows* are the weak *brain's forgeries.*" MALONE.

*Ecſtaſy* in this place, and many others, means a temporary alienation of mind, a fit. So, in *Elicſto Libidinoſe*, a novel, by *John Hinde*, 1606: " — that burſting out of an *ecſtaſy* wherein ſhe had long ſtood, like one beholding Meduſa's head, lamenting," &c. STEEVENS.

See Vol. IV. p. 361, n. 9. MALONE.

Repent

Repent what's paſt; avoid what is to come;
And do not ſpread the compoſt on the weeds [3],
To make them ranker. Forgive me this my virtue:
For, in the fatneſs of theſe purſy times,
Virtue itſelf of vice muſt pardon beg;
Yea, curb [4] and woo, for leave to do him good.

*Queen.* O Hamlet! thou haſt cleft my heart in twain.

*Ham.* O, throw away the worſer part of it,
And live the purer with the other half.
Good night: but go not to my uncle's bed;
Aſſume a virtue, if you have it not.
That monſter, cuſtom, who all ſenſe doth eat
Of habit's devil, is angel yet in this [5];
That to the uſe of actions fair and good
He likewiſe gives a frock, or livery,
That aptly is put on: Refrain to-night;
And that ſhall lend a kind of eaſineſs
To the next abſtinence: the next more eaſy [6]:
For uſe almoſt can change the ſtamp of nature,
And either curb the devil [7], or throw him out

[3] — *do not ſpread the compoſt*, &c.] Do not, by any new indulgence, heighten your former offences. JOHNSON.

[4] — *curb* —] That is, *bend* and *truckle*. Fr. *courber*. So, in *Pierce Plowman:*

"Then I *courbid* on my knees;" &c. STEEVENS.

[5] *That monſter, cuſtom, who all ſenſe doth eat*
*Of habit's* devil, *is angel yet in this*;] Dr. Thirlby conjectured that Shakſpeare wrote—of habits *evil*. I incline to think with him; though I have left the text undiſturbed. From *That monſter* to *put on*, is not in the folio. MALONE.

I think Thirlby's conjecture wrong, though the ſucceeding editors have followed it; *angel* and *devil* are evidently oppoſed. JOHNSON.

[6] — *the next more eaſy:* &c.] This paſſage, as far as *potency*, is omitted in the folio. STEEVENS.

[7] *And either* curb *the devil*, &c.] In the quarto, where alone this paſſage is found, ſome word was accidentally omitted at the preſs in the line before us. The quarto, 1604, reads:

And *either the devil*, or throw him out, &c.

For the inſertion of the word *curb* I am anſwerable. The printer or corrector of a later quarto, finding the line nonſenſe, omitted the word *either*, and ſubſtituted *maſter* in its place. The modern editors have accepted the ſubſtituted word, and yet retain *either*; by which the metre is deſtroyed. The word omitted in the firſt copy was undoubtedly a monoſyllable. MALONE.

With wondrous potency. Once more, good night!
And when you are desirous to be blest,
I'll blessing beg of you.—For this same lord,
[*pointing to* Polonius.
I do repent; But heaven hath pleas'd it so,—
To punish me with this, and this with me [8],—
That I must be their scourge and minister.
I will bestow him, and will answer well
The death I gave him. So, again, good night!—
I must be cruel, only to be kind:
Thus bad begins, and worse remains behind.—
One word more, good lady [9].

*Queen.* What shall I do?

*Ham.* Not this, by no means, that I bid you do:
Let the bloat king [1] tempt you again to bed;
Pinch wanton on your cheek; call you, his mouse [2];
And let him, for a pair of reechy kisses [3],

Or

[8] *To punish me with this, and this with me,*] To punish me by making me the instrument of this man's death, and to punish this man by my hand. For this, the reading of both the quarto and folio, Sir T. Hanmer and the subsequent editors have substituted,

To punish *him with me*, and *me with this*. MALONE.

[9] *One word more*, &c.] This passage I have restored from the quartos. STEEVENS.

[1] *Let the* bloat *king*—] i. e. the swollen king. *Bloat* is the reading of the quarto, 1604. The folio reads—the *blunt* king. MALONE.

This again hints at his intemperance. He had drunk himself into a dropsy. BLACKSTONE.

[2] —*his* mouse;] *Mouse* was once a term of endearment. So, in Warner's *Albion's England*, 1602, b. 2. chap. 10:

"God bless thee, *mouse*, the bridegroom said," &c.

Again, in the *Menæchmi*, 1595: "Shall I tell thee, sweet *mouse*? I never look upon thee, but I am quite out of love with my wife." STEEVENS.

This term of endearment is very ancient, being found in *A new and merry Enterlude, called the Trial of Treasure*, 1567:

"*My mouse*, my nobs, my cony sweete;
"My hope and joye, my whole delight." MALONE.

[3] —*reechy* kisses,] *Reechy* is smoky. The author meant to convey a coarse idea, and was not very scrupulous in his choice of an epithet. The same, however, is applied with greater propriety to the

Or padling in your neck with his damn'd fingers,
Make you to ravel all this matter out,
That I eſſentially am not in madneſs,
But mad in craft[4]. 'Twere good, you let him know:

the neck of a cook-maid in *Coriolanus*. Again, in *Hans Beer-Pot's Inviſible Comedy*, 1618;

" ——— ——— bade him go
" And waſh his face, he look'd ſo *reechily*,
" Like bacon hanging on the chimney's roof." STEEVENS.

*Reechy* includes, I believe, *beat* as well as ſmoke. The verb to *reech*, which was once common, was certainly a corruption of—to *reek*. In a former paſſage Hamlet has remonſtrated with his mother, on her living

" In the *rank ſweat* of an enſeamed bed." MALONE.

[4] *That I eſſentially am not in madneſs,*
*But mad in craft.*—] The reader will be pleaſed to ſee Dr. Farmer's extract from the old quarto *Hiſtorie of Hamblet*, of which he had a fragment only in his poſſeſſion.—" It was not without cauſe, " and juſt occaſion, that my geſtures, countenances, and words, " ſeeme to proceed from a madman, and that I deſire to haue all " men eſteeme mee wholy depriued of ſenſe and reaſonable under- " ſtanding, bycauſe I am well aſſured, that he that hath made no " conſcience to kill his owne brother, (accuſtomed to murthers, and " allured with deſire of gouernement without controll in his treaſons) " will not ſpare to ſaue himſelfe with the like crueltie, in the blood " and fleſh of the loyns of his brother, by him maſſacred: and there- " fore it is better for me to fayne madneſſe, then to uſe my right " ſences as nature hath beſtowed them upon me. The bright ſhining " clearnes thereof I am forced to hide vnder this ſhadow of diſſimu- " lation, as the ſun doth hir beams under ſome great cloud, when " the wether in ſummer-time ouercaſteth: the face of a madman " ſerueth to couer my gallant countenance, and the geſtures of a fool " are fit for me, to the end that, guiding myſelf wiſely therin, I " may preſerue my life for the Danes and the memory of my late " deceaſed father; for that the deſire of reuenging his death is ſo in- " graven in my heart, that if I dye not ſhortly, I hope to take ſuch " and ſo great vengeance, that theſe countryes ſhall for euer ſpeake " thereof. Neuertheleſſe I muſt ſtay the time, meanes, and occaſion, " leſt by making ouer-great haſt, I be now the cauſe of mine own " ſodaine ruine and ouerthrow, and by that meanes end, before I be- " ginne to effect my hearts deſire: hee that hath to doe with a wicked, " diſloyall, cruell, and diſcourteous man, muſt vſe craft, and politike " inuentions, ſuch as a fine witte can beſt imagine, not to diſcouer " his interpriſe; for ſeeing that by force I cannot effect my deſire, " reaſon alloweth me by diſſimulation, ſubtiltie, and ſecret practiſes " to proceed therein." STEEVENS.

For who, that's but a queen, fair, ſober, wiſe,
Would from a paddock, from a bat, a gib[5],
Such dear concernings hide? who would do ſo?
No, in deſpight of ſenſe, and ſecrecy,
Unpeg the baſket on the houſe's top,
Let the birds fly[6]; and, like the famous ape,
To try concluſions[7], in the baſket creep,
And break your own neck down.

*Queen.* Be thou aſſur'd, if words be made of breath,
And breath of life, I have no life to breathe
What thou haſt ſaid to me.

*Ham.* I muſt to England[8]; you know that?

*Queen.* Alack, I had forgot; 'tis ſo concluded on.

*Ham.* There's letters ſeal'd[9]: and my two ſchool-fellows,—

[5] — a *gib*,] So, in Drayton's Epiſtle from *Elinor Cobham* to *Duke Humphrey*:

"And call me beldam, *gib*, witch, night-mare, trot."

*Gib* was a common name for a cat. STEEVENS.

See Vol. V. p. 123, n. 5. MALONE.

[6] *Unpeg the baſket on the houſe's top,*
*Let the birds fly*;] Sir John Suckling, in one of his letters, may poſſibly allude to the ſame ſtory: "It is the ſtory of the *jackanapes* and the partridges; thou ſtareſt after a beauty till it is loſt to thee, and then let'ſt out another, and ſtareſt after that till it is gone too." WARNER.

[7] *To* try concluſions,] i. e. experiments. STEEVENS.

See Vol. VIII. p. 334, n. 3. MALONE.

[8] *I muſt to England*;] Shakſpeare does not inform us, how Hamlet came to know that he was to be ſent to England. Roſencrantz and Guildenſtern were made acquainted with the king's intentions for the firſt time in the very laſt ſcene; and they do not appear to have had any communication with the prince ſince that time. Add to this, that in a ſubſequent ſcene, when the king, after the death of Polonius, informs Hamlet he was to go to England, he expreſſes great ſurpriſe, as if he had not heard any thing of it before.—This laſt, however, may perhaps be accounted for, as contributing to his deſign of paſſing for a madman. MALONE.

[9] *There's letters ſeal'd*: &c.] The nine following verſes are added out of the old edition. POPE.

Whom

Whom I will truſt, as I will adders fang'd [1],—
They bear the mandate; they muſt ſweep my way,
And marſhal me to knavery: Let it work;
For 'tis the ſport, to have the engineer
Hoiſt [2] with his own petar: and it ſhall go hard,
But I will delve one yard below their mines,
And blow them at the moon: O, 'tis moſt ſweet,
When in one line two crafts directly meet *.—
This man ſhall ſet me packing.
I'll lug the guts [3] into the neighbour room:—
Mother, good night.—Indeed, this counſellor
Is now moſt ſtill, moſt ſecret, and moſt grave,
Who was in life a fooliſh prating knave.
Come, ſir, to draw toward an end with with you [4]:—
Good night, mother.

[*Exeunt ſeverally*; Hamlet *dragging in* Polonius.

[1] — *adders fang'd*,] That is, adders with their *fangs*, or *poiſonous teeth*, undrawn. It has been the practice of mountebanks to boaſt the efficacy of their antidotes by playing with vipers, but they firſt diſabled their fangs. JOHNSON.

[2] *Hoiſt*, &c.] *Hoiſt* for *hoiſed*; as *paſt* for *paſſed*. STEEVENS.

* *When in* one line *two crafts directly meet.*] Still alluding to a *countermine*. MALONE.

[3] — *the* guts —] The word *guts* was not anciently ſo offenſive to delicacy as it is at preſent; but was uſed by *Lylly* (who made the *firſt* attempt to poliſh our language) in his ſerious compoſitions. So, in his *Mydas*, 1592: "Could not the treaſure of Phrygia, nor the tributes of Greece, nor mountains in the Eaſt, whoſe *guts* are gold, ſatisfy thy mind?" In ſhort, *guts* was uſed where we now uſe *entrails*. *Stanyhurſt* often has it in his tranſlation of Virgil, 1582:

Pectoribus inhians ſpirantia conſulit *exta*.

"She weens her fortune by *guts* hoate ſmoakye to conſter."
STEEVENS.

[4] *Come, ſir, to draw toward an end with you:*] Shakſpeare has been unfortunate in his management of the ſtory of this play, the moſt ſtriking circumſtances of which ariſe ſo early in its formation, as not to leave him room for a concluſion ſuitable to the importance of its beginning. After this laſt interview with the *Ghoſt*, the character of Hamlet has loſt all its conſequence. STEEVENS.

## ACT IV[5]. SCENE I.

*The ſame.*

*Enter* King, Queen, ROSENCRANTZ, *and* GUILDENSTERN.

*King.* There's matter in theſe ſighs; theſe profound heaves
You muſt tranſlate: 'tis fit we underſtand them:
Where is your ſon?

*Queen.* Beſtow this place on us a little while[6].—
[*to* Roſ. *and* Guil. *who go out.*
Ah, my good lord[7], what have I ſeen to-night?

*King.* What, Gertrude? How does Hamlet?

*Queen.* Mad as the ſea, and wind, when both contend
Which is the mightier *: In his lawleſs fit,
Behind the arras hearing ſomething ſtir,
He whips his rapier out, and cries, *A rat! a rat!*
And, in this brainiſh apprehenſion, kills
The unſeen good old man.

*King.* O heavy deed!
It had been ſo with us, had we been there:
His liberty is full of threats to all;
To you yourſelf, to us, to every one.
Alas! how ſhall this bloody deed be anſwer'd?
It will be laid to us; whoſe providence
Should have kept ſhort, reſtrain'd, and out of haunt[8],
This

[5] *Act IV.*] This play is printed in the old editions without any ſeparation of the acts. The diviſion is modern and arbitrary; and is here not very happy, for the pauſe is made at a time when there is more continuity of action than in almoſt any other of the ſcenes. JOHNS.

[6] *Beſtow this place on us a little while.*] This line is wanting in the folio. STEEVENS.

[7] — *my good lord,*] The quartos read—*mine own* lord. STEEVENS.

* *Mad as the ſea, and wind, when both contend,* &c.] We have preciſely the ſame image in *K. Lear*, expreſſed with more brevity:

" ——— he was met even now,
" *As mad as the* VEX'D *ſea.*" MALONE.

[8] — *out of* haunt,] *Out of haunt*, means *out of company*. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

" Dido and her Sichæus ſhall want troops,
" And all the *haunt* be ours."

Again,

This mad young man: but, ſo much was our love,
We would not underſtand what was moſt fit;
But, like the owner of a foul diſeaſe,
To keep it from divulging, let it feed
Even on the pith of life. Where is he gone?

*Queen.* To draw apart the body he hath kill'd:
O'er whom his very madneſs, like ſome ore[9],
Among a mineral of metals baſe,
Shews itſelf pure; he weeps for what is done.

*King.* O, Gertrude, come away!
The ſun no ſooner ſhall the mountains touch,
But we will ſhip him hence: and this vile deed
We muſt, with all our majeſty and ſkill,
Both countenance and excuſe.—Ho! Guildenſtern!

*Enter* ROSENCRANTZ, *and* GUILDENSTERN.

Friends both, go join you with ſome further aid:
Hamlet in madneſs hath Polonius ſlain,
And from his mother's cloſet hath he dragg'd him:
Go, ſeek him out; ſpeak fair, and bring the body
Into the chapel. I pray you, haſte in this.

[*Exeunt* Roſ. *and* Guil.

Come, Gertrude, we'll call up our wiſeſt friends;

Again, in Warner's *Albion's England*, 1602, book v. chap. 26:
"And from the ſmith of heaven's wife allure the amorous *haunt*."
The place where men aſſemble, is often poetically called the *haunt of men*. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:
"We talk here in the public *haunt* of men." STEEVENS.

9 — *like ſome* ore,] Shakſpeare ſeems to think *ore* to be *or*, that is, gold. Baſe metals have *ore* no leſs than precious. JOHNSON.
He has perhaps uſed *ore* in the ſame ſenſe in his *Rape of Lucrece*:
"When beauty boaſted bluſhes, in deſpite
"Virtue would ſtain that *ore* with ſilver white."
See Vol. X. p. 90, n. 6.
A *mineral* Minſheu defines in his Dictionary, 1617, "Any thing that grows in mines, and *contains metals*." Shakſpeare ſeems to have uſed the word in this ſenſe,—for *a rude maſs of metals*. In Bullokar's *Engliſh Expoſitor*, 8vo, 1616, *Mineral* is defined, "*mettall, or any thing digged out of the earth*." MALONE.
*Minerals* are *mines*. So, in *The Golden Remains* of Hales of Eton, 1693, p. 34. Controverſies of the times, "like ſpirits in the *minerals*, with all their labour, nothing is done." STEEVENS.

And

And let them know, both what we mean to do,
And what's untimely done: ſo viperous ſlander[1],—
Whoſe whiſper o'er the world's diameter,
As level as the cannon to his blank,
Tranſports his poiſon'd ſhot,—may miſs our name,
And hit the woundleſs air[2].—O, come away!
My ſoul is full of diſcord, and diſmay. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.

*Another Room in the ſame.*

*Enter* HAMLET.

*Ham.*—Safely ſtow'd,—[*Roſ. &c. within.* Hamlet! lord Hamlet!] But ſoft[3],—what noiſe? who calls on Hamlet? O, here they come.

*Enter*

[1] — *ſo viperous ſlander*, &c.] Neither theſe words, nor the following three lines and an half, are in the folio. In the quarto, 1604, and all the ſubſequent quartos, the paſſage ſtands thus:

—And what's untimely done.
Whoſe whiſper o'er the world's diameter, &c.

the compoſitor having omitted the latter part of the firſt line, as in a former ſcene; (ſee p. 310, n. 4.) a circumſtance which gives additional ſtrength to an obſervation made in Vol. VII. p. 575, n. 8. Mr. Theobald ſupplied the *lacuna* by reading—*For baply* ſlander, &c. *So* appears to me to ſuit the context better; for theſe lines are rather in appoſition with thoſe immediately preceding, than an illation from them. Mr. Maſon, I find, has made the ſame obſervation.

Shakſpeare, as Theobald has obſerved, again expatiates on the diffuſive power of ſlander, in *Cymbeline*:

" ——— No, 'tis *ſlander*;
" Whoſe edge is ſharper than the ſword, whoſe tongue
" Out-*venoms* all the worms of Nile, whoſe breath
" Rides on the poſting winds, and doth bely
" All corners of the world." MALONE.

[2] — *the* woundleſs air.] So, in a former ſcene:
" It is as *the air invulnerable*." MALONE.

[3] — *But ſoft*,] I have added theſe two words from the quartos. STEEVENS.

The folio reads:
*Ham.* Safely ſtow'd.
*Roſ.* &c. *within.* Hamlet! lord Hamlet.
*Ham.* What noiſe, &c.

In

*Enter* ROSENCRANTZ, *and* GUILDENSTERN.

*Roſ.* What have you done, my lord, with the dead body?

*Ham.* Compounded it with duſt[4], whereto 'tis kin.

*Roſ.* Tell us where 'tis; that we may take it thence, And bear it to the chapel.

*Ham.* Do not believe it.

*Roſ.* Believe what?

*Ham.* That I can keep your counſel, and not mine own. Beſides, to be demanded of a ſpunge!—what replication ſhould be made by the ſon of a king?

*Roſ.* Take you me for a ſpunge, my lord?

*Ham.* Ay, ſir; that ſoaks up the king's countenance, his rewards, his authorities. But ſuch officers do the king beſt ſervice in the end: He keeps them, like an ape[5], in the corner of his jaw; firſt mouth'd, to be laſt

In the quarto, 1604, the ſpeech ſtands thus:

*Ham.* Safely ſtow'd; but ſoft, what noiſe? who calls on Hamlet? &c.

I have therefore printed Hamlet's ſpeech unbroken, and inſerted that of Roſencrantz, &c. from the folio, before the words, *but ſoft*, &c. In the modern editions Hamlet is made to take notice of the noiſe made by the courtiers, before he has heard it. MALONE.

4 *Compounded it with duſt*,—] So in *K. Henry IV.* P. II.

"Only *compound* me *with* forgotten *duſt*."

Again, in our poet's 71ſt Sonnet;

"When I perhaps *compounded* am *with clay*." MALONE.

5 — *like an* ape,] The quarto has *apple*, which is generally followed. The folio has *ape*, which Hanmer has received, and illuſtrated with the following note.

"It is the way of monkeys in eating, to throw that part of their "food, which they take up firſt, into a pouch they are provided with "on the ſide of their jaw, and there they keep it, till they have done "with the reſt." JOHNSON.

Surely this ſhould be "like an *ape* an *apple*." FARMER.

The reading of the folio, *like an ape*, I believe to be the true one, becauſe Shakſpeare has the ſame phraſeology in many other places. The word *ape* refers to the king, not to his courtiers. *He keeps them, like an ape, in the corner of his jaw*, &c. means, he keeps them, *as* an ape *keeps food*, in the corner of his jaw, &c. So, in *K. Henry IV.* P. I. "—your chamber-lie breeds fleas *like a loach*;" i. e. as faſt *as* a loach *breeds loaches*. Again, in *K. Lear*: "They flatter'd me *like a dog*;" i. e. *as* a dog *fawns upon and flatters his maſter*.

That the particular food in Shakſpeare's contemplation was an *apple*, may be inferred from the following paſſage in *The Captain*, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

"And

laſt ſwallow'd: When he needs what you have glean'd, it is but ſqueezing you, and, ſpunge, you ſhall be dry again.

*Roſ.* I underſtand you not, my lord.

*Ham.* I am glad of it: A knaviſh ſpeech ſleeps in a fooliſh ear [6].

*Roſ.* My lord, you muſt tell us where the body is, and go with us to the king.

*Ham.* The body is with the king [7], but the king is not with the body. The king is a thing—

*Guil.* A thing, my lord?

*Ham.* Of nothing [8]: bring me to him. Hide fox, and all after [9]. [*Exit.*

SCENE

" And lie, and kiſs my hand unto my miſtreſs,
" As often as *an ape does for an apple.*"

I cannot approve of Dr. Farmer's reading. Had our poet meant to introduce both the ape and the apple, he would, I think, have written not *like*, but " *as* an ape an apple."

The two inſtances above quoted ſhew that any emendation is unneceſſary. The reading of the quarto is, however, defenſible. MALONE.

[6] *A knaviſh ſpeech ſleeps in a fooliſh ear.*] This, if I miſtake not, is a proverbial ſentence. MALONE.

[7] *The body is with the king,*—] This anſwer I do not comprehend. Perhaps it ſhould be, *The body is* not *with the king*, for *the king is not with the body.* JOHNSON.

Perhaps it may mean this. The body is in the king's houſe, (*i. e.* the preſent king's,) yet the king (*i. e.* he who ſhould have been king) is not with the body. Intimating that the uſurper is here, the true king in a better place. Or it may mean,—*the guilt of the murder lies with the king*, but the king is *not where the body lies.* The affected obſcurity of Hamlet muſt excuſe ſo many attempts to procure ſomething like a meaning. STEEVENS.

[8] *Of nothing:*—] So, in *The Spaniſh Tragedy:*

" In troth, my lord, it is a *thing of nothing.*"

And, in one of *Harvey's* letters, " a ſilly bug-beare, a ſorry puffe of winde, *a thing of nothing.*" FARMER.

So, in Decker's *Match me in London*, 1631:

" At what doſt thou laugh?
" At *a thing of nothing*; at thee."

Again, in Ben Jonſon's *Magnetic Lady:*

" A toy, *a thing of nothing.*" STEEVENS.

Mr. Steevens has given here many paralleliſms; but the origin of all is to be look'd for, I believe, in the 144th Pſalm, ver. 5; " Man is like *a thing*

## SCENE III.

*Another Room in the ſame.*

*Enter* King, *attended.*

*King.* I have ſent to ſeek him, and to find the body.
How dangerous is it, that this man goes looſe?
Yet muſt not we put the ſtrong law on him:
He's lov'd of the diſtracted multitude,
Who like not in their judgment, but their eyes;
And, where 'tis ſo, the offender's ſcourge is weigh'd,
But never the offence. To bear all ſmooth and even,
This ſudden ſending him away muſt ſeem
Deliberate pauſe: Diſeaſes, deſperate grown,
By deſperate appliance are reliev'd,

*Enter* ROSENCRANTZ.

Or not at all.—How now? what hath befallen?
*Roſ.* Where the dead body is beſtow'd, my lord,
We cannot get from him.
*King.* But where is he?
*Roſ.* Without, my lord; guarded, to know your pleaſure.
*King.* Bring him before us.
*Roſ.* Ho, Guildenſtern! bring in my lord.

*Enter* HAMLET, *and* GUILDERSTERN.

*King.* Now, Hamlet, where's Polonius?
*Ham.* At ſupper.
*King.* At ſupper? Where?
*Ham.* Not where he eats, but where he is eaten: a

*a thing of nought.*" The book of Common Prayer, and the tranſlation of the bible into Engliſh, furniſhed our old writers with many forms of expreſſion, ſome of which are ſtill in uſe. WHALLEY.

9 *Hide fox*, &c.] There is a play among children called, *Hide fox, and all after.* HANMER.

The ſame ſport is alluded to in *Decker's Satiromaſtix:* "—our unhandſome-faced poet does play at bo-peep with your grace, and cries —*All hid, as boys do.*"

This paſſage is not in the quarto. STEEVENS.

certain

certain convocation of politick worms are e'en at him. Your worm is your only emperor for diet: we fat all creatures elſe, to fat us; and we fat ourſelves for maggots: Your fat king, and your lean beggar, is but variable ſervice; two diſhes, but to one table; that's the end.

*King.* Alas, alas[1]!

*Ham.* A man may fiſh with the worm that hath eat of a king; and eat of the fiſh that hath fed of that worm.

*King.* What doſt thou mean by this?

*Ham.* Nothing, but to ſhew you how a king may go a progreſs through the guts of a beggar.

*King.* Where is Polonius?

*Ham.* In heaven; ſend thither to ſee: if your meſſenger find him not there, ſeek him i' the other place yourſelf. But, indeed, if you find him not within this month, you ſhall noſe him as you go up the ſtairs into the lobby.

*King.* Go ſeek him there. [*to ſome Attendants.*

*Ham.* He will ſtay till you come. [*Exeunt Attendants.*

*King.* Hamlet, this deed, for thine eſpecial ſafety,—
Which we do tender, as we dearly grieve
For that which thou haſt done,—muſt ſend thee hence
With firy quickneſs[2]: Therefore, prepare thyſelf;
The bark is ready, and the wind at help[3],
The aſſociates tend, and every thing is bent
For England.

*Ham.* For England?

*King.* Ay, Hamlet.

*Ham.* Good.

*King.* So is it, if thou knew'ſt our purpoſes.

*Ham.* I ſee a cherub, that ſees them.—But, come; for England!—Farewel, dear mother.

*King.* Thy loving father, Hamlet.

*Ham.* My mother: Father and mother is man and wife;

[1] *Alas, alas!*] This ſpeech, and the following, are omitted in the folio. STEEVENS.

[2] *With firy quickneſs:*] Theſe words are not in the quartos. STEEVENS.

[3] — *the wind at* help,] I ſuppoſe it ſhould be read,
*The bark is ready, and the wind at* helm. JOHNSON.

man and wife is one fleſh; and ſo, my mother. Come,
for England. [*Exit.*

*King.* Follow him at foot; tempt him with ſpeed aboard;
Delay it not, I'll have him hence to-night:
Away; for every thing is ſeal'd and done
That elſe leans on the affair: Pray you, make haſte.
[*Exeunt* Roſ. *and* Guil.
And, England, if my love thou hold'ſt at aught,
(As my great power thereof may give thee ſenſe;
Since yet thy cicatrice looks raw and red
After the Daniſh ſword, and thy free awe
Pays homage to us,) thou may'ſt not coldly ſet
Our ſovereign proceſs[4]; which imports at full,
By letters cónjuring to that effect[5],
The

[4] — *thou may'ſt not coldly* ſet
*Our ſovereign proceſs*;] Mr. Steevens ſays, he adheres to this reading, which is found both in the folio and quarto, becauſe—to *ſet* is an expreſſion uſed at the gaming-table. To *ſet* a ſum of money at hazard, is to ſtake it, or to offer it as a *wager*; but I do not ſee how that throws any light on the preſent paſſage.

To *ſet at nought* is a phraſe yet in uſe, and occurs in one of our poet's plays:

" To have a ſon *ſet* your decrees *at nought*."

To *ſet* the king's proceſs *coldly*, may therefore perhaps mean, to value or rate it low; to *ſet it at nought*. MALONE.

[5] *By letters* cónjuring—] Thus the folio. The quarto reads,

" By letters *congruing*. STEEVENS.

The reading of the folio may derive ſome ſupport from the following paſſage in *The Hyſtory of Hamblet*, bl. let. —" making the king of England miniſter of his maſſacring reſolution; to whom he purpoſed to ſend him, [Hamlet,] and by letters *deſire* him to put him to death." So alſo, by a ſubſequent line:

" *Ham.* Wilt thou know the effect of what I wrote?
" *Hor.* Ay, good my lord.
" *Ham.* An earneſt *conjuration* from the king," &c.

The circumſtances mentioned as inducing the king to ſend the prince to England, rather than elſewhere, are likewiſe found in *The Hyſtory of Hamblet*.

*Effect* was formerly uſed for *act* or *deed*, ſimply, and is ſo uſed in the line before us. So, in Leo's *Hiſtorie of Africa*, tranſlated by Pory, folio, 1600, p. 253: " Three daies after this *effect*, there came to us a Zuum, that is, a captaine," &c. See alſo *ſupra*, p. 340, n. 9.

The verb to *conjure* (in the ſenſe of to *ſupplicate*,) was formerly accented on the firſt ſyllable. So, in *Macbeth*:

" I cónjure you, by that which you profeſs,
" Howe'er you come to know it, anſwer me:"

The preſent death of Hamlet. Do it, England;
For like the hectick in my blood he rages [6],
And thou muſt cure me: Till I know 'tis done,
Howe'er my haps, my joys will ne'er begin [7].

## SCENE IV.

*A Plain in* Denmark.

*Enter* FORTINBRAS, *and Forces, marching.*

*For.* Go, captain, from me greet the Daniſh king;
Tell him, that, by his licence, Fortinbras
Craves [8] the conveyance of a promis'd march
Over his kingdom. You know the rendezvous.
If that his majeſty would aught with us,
We ſhall expreſs our duty in his eye,
And let him know ſo.

*Cap.* I will do't, my lord.

*For.* Go ſoftly on. [*Exeunt* FORTINBRAS *and Forces.*

*Enter* HAMLET, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, *&c.*

*Ham.* Good ſir [9], whoſe powers are theſe?

*Cap.* They are of Norway, ſir.

Again, in *King John*:

" I cónjure thee but ſlowly; run more faſt."

Again, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

" I cónjure thee, by Roſaline's bright eyes",—.

Again, in *Meaſure for Meaſure*:

" O Prince, I cónjure thee, as thou believ'ſt," &c. MALONE.

6 — *like the hectick, in my blood he rages,*] So, in *Love's Labour's Loſt*:

" I would forget her, but a *fever*, ſhe,
" *Reigns in my blood.*" MALONE.

7 *Howe'er my haps, my joys* will *ne'er* begin.] i. e. (as Dr. Johnſon obſerves,) " till I know 'tis done, I ſhall be miſerable, whatever befall me."

This is the reading of the quarto. The folio, for the ſake of rhyme, reads:

" Howe'er my haps, my joys *were* ne'er *begun.*"

But this, I think, the poet could not have written. The king is ſpeaking of the future time. To ſay, till I *ſhall be* informed that a certain act *has been* done, whatever may befall me, my joys never *had* a beginning, is ſurely nonſenſe. MALONE.

8 *Craves*] Thus the quartos. The folio—*claims*. STEEVENS.

9 *Good ſir*, &c.] The remaining part of this ſcene is omitted in the folios. STEEVENS.

*Ham.*

*Ham.* How purpos'd, ſir, I pray you?
*Cap.* Againſt ſome part of Poland.
*Ham.* Who commands them, ſir?
*Cap.* The nephew to old Norway, Fortinbras.
*Ham.* Goes it againſt the main of Poland, ſir,
Or for ſome frontier?
*Cap.* Truly to ſpeak, and with no addition,
We go to gain a little patch of ground,
That hath in it no profit but the name.
To pay five ducats, five, I would not farm it;
Nor will it yield to Norway, or the Pole,
A ranker rate, ſhould it be ſold in fee.
*Ham.* Why, then the Polack never will defend it.
*Cap.* Yes, 'tis already garriſon'd.
*Ham.* Two thouſand ſouls, and twenty thouſand ducats,
Will not debate the queſtion of this ſtraw:
This is the impoſthume of much wealth, and peace;
That inward breaks, and ſhews no cauſe without
Why the man dies.—I humbly thank you, ſir.
*Cap.* God be wi'you, ſir. [*Exit* Captain.
*Roſ.* Will't pleaſe you go, my lord?
*Ham.* I will be with you ſtraight. Go a little before.
[*Exeunt* Roſ. *and the reſt.*
How all occaſions do inform againſt me,
And ſpur my dull revenge! What is a man,
If his chief good, and market of his time[1],
Be but to ſleep, and feed? a beaſt, no more.
Sure, he, that made us with ſuch large diſcourſe[2],
Looking before, and after, gave us not
That capability and god-like reaſon
To fuſt in us unus'd. Now, whether it be
Beſtial oblivion, or ſome craven ſcruple[3]
Of thinking too preciſely on the event,—
A thought, which, quarter'd, hath but one part wiſdom,

[1] — *chief good, and market of his time*, &c.] If his higheſt good, and *that for which he ſells his time*, be to ſleep and feed. JOHNSON.
*Market*, I think, here means *profit*. MALONE.
[2] — *large* diſcourſe,] Such latitude of comprehenſion, ſuch power of reviewing the paſt, and anticipating the future. JOHNSON.
[3] —*ſome* craven *ſcruple*—] Some cowardly ſcruple. See Vol. III. p. 287, n. 2. MALONE.

And, ever, three parts coward,—I do not know
Why yet I live to ſay, *This thing's to do*;
Sith I have cauſe, and will, and ſtrength, and means,
To do't. Examples, groſs as earth, exhort me:
Witneſs, this army, of ſuch maſs, and charge,
Led by a delicate and tender prince;
Whoſe ſpirit, with divine ambition puff'd,
Makes mouths at the inviſible event;
Expoſing what is mortal, and unſure,
To all that fortune, death, and danger, dare,
Even for an egg-ſhell. Rightly to be great,
Is, not to ſtir without great argument[4];
But greatly to find quarrel in a ſtraw,
When honour's at the ſtake. How ſtand I then,
That have a father kill'd, a mother ſtain'd,
Excitements of my reaſon, and my blood[5],
And let all ſleep? while, to my ſhame, I ſee
The imminent death of twenty thouſand men,
That, for a fantaſy, and trick of fame,
Go to their graves like beds; fight for a plot
Whereon the numbers cannot try the cauſe,
Which is not tomb enough, and continent[6],
To hide the ſlain?—O, from this time forth,
My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth! [*Exit.*

4 — *Rightly to be great,*
*Is, not to ſtir without, &c.*] The ſentiment of Shakſpeare is partly juſt, and partly romantick.

—— *Rightly to be great,*
*Is not to ſtir without great argument;*

is exactly philoſophical.

*But greatly to find quarrel in a ſtraw,*
*When honour's at the ſtake,*

is the idea of a modern hero. *But then*, ſays he, *honour is an argument, or ſubject of debate, ſufficiently* great, *and* when honour is at ſtake, we muſt *find cauſe of quarrel in a ſtraw.* JOHNSON.

5 *Excitements of my reaſon, and my blood,*] Provocations which excite both my reaſon and my paſſions to vengeance. JOHNSON.

6 — *continent,*] *Continent*, in our author, means that which comprehends or encloſes. So, in *King Lear:*

" Rive your concealing *continents.*" STEEVENS.

SCENE

## SCENE V.

Elſinore. *A Room in the Caſtle.*

*Enter* Queen, *and* HORATIO.

*Queen.* ——I will not ſpeak with her.

*Hor.* She is importunate: indeed, diſtract;
Her mood will needs be pity'd.

*Queen.* What would ſhe have?

*Hor.* She ſpeaks much of her father; ſays, ſhe hears,
There's tricks i' the world; and hems, and beats her heart;
Spurns enviouſly at ſtraws[7]; ſpeaks things in doubt,
That carry but half ſenſe: her ſpeech is nothing,
Yet the unſhaped uſe of it doth move
The hearers to collection[8]; they aim at it[9],
And botch the words up fit to their own thoughts;
Which, as her winks, and nods, and geſtures yield them,
Indeed would make one think, there might be thought,
Though nothing ſure, yet much unhappily[1].

*Queen.*

7 *Spurns* enviouſly *at ſtraws*;] *Envy* is much oftener put by our poet (and thoſe of his time) for direct *averſion*, than for *malignity conceived at the ſight of another's excellence or happineſs.*

So, in *King Henry VIII.*

"You turn the good we offer into *envy*."

Again, in *God's Revenge againſt Murder*, 1621, *Hiſt.* VI.— "She loves the memory of Sypontus, and *envies* and deteſts that of her two huſbands." STEEVENS.

See Vol. VII. p. 42, n. 1, and Vol. VI. p. 75, n. 6. MALONE.

8 —*to* collection;] i. e. to deduce conſequences from ſuch premiſes. So, in *Cymbeline*, Scene the laſt:

"——— whoſe containing
"Is ſo from ſenſe to hardneſs, that I can
"Make no *collection* of it."

See the note on this paſſage. STEEVENS.

9 —*they* aim *at it*,] The quartos read—they *yawn* at it. To *aim* is to gueſs. STEEVENS.

1 *Though nothing ſure, yet much* unhappily.] i. e. though her meaning cannot be certainly collected, yet there is enough to put a miſchievous interpretation to it. WARBURTON.

See Vol. II. p. 234, n. 2; Vol. III. p. 456, n. 6; and Vol. VII. p. 37, n. 2. MALONE.

*Queen.* 'Twere good, ſhe were ſpoken with [2]; for ſhe may ſtrew
Dangerous conjectures in ill-breeding minds:
Let her come in. [*Exit* Horatio.
To my ſick ſoul, as ſin's true nature is,
Each toy ſeems prologue to ſome great amiſs [3]:
So full of artleſs jealouſy is guilt,
It ſpills itſelf, in fearing to be ſpilt.

*Re-enter* Horatio, *with* Ophelia.

*Oph.* Where is the beauteous majeſty of Denmark?
*Queen.* How now, Ophelia?
Oph. *How ſhould I your true love know* [4]
*From another one?*
*By his cockle hat, and ſtaff,*
*And his ſandal ſhoon* [5]. [Singing.

*Queen.*

That *unhappy* once ſignified *miſchievous*, may be known from P. Holland's tranſlation of *Pliny's Nat. Hiſt.* b. 19. ch. 7. "— the ſhrewd and *unhappie* foules, which lie upon the lands, and eat up the ſeed new-ſowne." We ſtill uſe *unlucky* in the ſame ſenſe. Steevens.

[2] *'Twere good, ſhe were ſpoken with;*—] Theſe lines are given to the Queen in the folio, and to Horatio in the quarto. Johnson.

I think the two firſt lines of Horatio's ſpeech, ['Twere good, &c.] belong to him; the reſt to the queen. Blackstone.

In the quarto, the Queen, Horatio, and a *Gentleman*, enter at the beginning of this ſcene. The two ſpeeches, "She is importunate," &c. and "She ſpeaks much of her father," &c. are there given to the *Gentleman*, and the line now before us, as well as the two following, to *Horatio*: the remainder of this ſpeech to the queen. I think it probable that the regulation propoſed by Sir W. Blackſtone was that intended by Shakſpeare. Malone.

[3] —*to ſome great* amiſs;] Shakſpeare is not ſingular in his uſe of this word as a ſubſtantive. So, in the *Arraignment of Paris*, 1584:

"Gracious forbearers of this world's *amiſs*."

Again, in Lilly's *Woman in the Moon*, 1597:

"Pale be my looks, to witneſs my *amiſs*." Steevens.

See Vol. X. p. 315. Each *toy* is, each trifle. Malone.

[4] *How ſhould I your true love*, &c.] There is no part of this play, in its repreſentation on the ſtage, more pathetick than this ſcene; which, I ſuppoſe, proceeds from the utter inſenſibility Ophelia has to her own misfortunes.

A great

*Queen.* Alas, ſweet lady, what imports this ſong?

*Oph.* Say you? nay, pray you, mark.

*He is dead and gone, lady,* [ſings.

*He is dead and gone;*

*At his head a graſs-green turf,*

*At his heels a ſtone.*

O, ho!

*Queen.* Nay, but Ophelia,—

*Oph.* Pray you, mark.

*White his ſhroud as the mountain ſnow,* [ſings.

*Enter* King.

*Queen.* Alas, look here, my lord.

Oph. *Larded all with ſweet flowers*[6];

*Which bewept to the grave did not go,*

*With true-love ſhowers.*

*King.* How do you, pretty lady?

*Oph.* Well, God 'ield you[7]! They ſay, the owl was a baker's

A great ſenſibility, or none at all, ſeems to produce the ſame effect. In the latter the audience ſupply what ſhe wants, and with the former they ſympathize. Sir J. Reynolds.

[5] *By his cockle hat, and ſtaff,*

*And his ſandal ſhoon.*] This is the deſcription of a pilgrim. While this kind of devotion was in favour, love-intrigues were carried on under that maſk. Hence the old ballads and novels made pilgrimages the ſubjects of their plots. The cockle-ſhell hat was one of the eſſential badges of this vocation: for the chief places of devotion being beyond ſea, or on the coaſts, the pilgrims were accuſtomed to put cockle-ſhells upon their hats, to denote the intention or performance of their devotion. Warburton.

So, in *Greene's Never too late*, 1616:

" A hat of ſtraw like to a ſwain,

" Shelter for the ſun and rain,

" With a *ſcallop-ſhell* before," &c.

Again, in *The Old Wives Tale*, by George Peele, 1595: " I will give thee a Palmer's *ſtaffe* of yvorie, and a *ſcallop-ſhell* of beaten gold." Steevens.

[6] Larded *all with ſweet flowers*;] The expreſſion is taken from cookery. Johnson.

[7] *Well*, God'ield *you!*] i. e. Heaven reward you! So, in *Antony and Cleopatra:*

" Tend me to-night two hours, I aſk no more,

" And the *Gods yield you* for't!"

baker's daughter[8]. Lord, we know what we are, but know not what we may be. God be at your table!

*King.* Conceit upon her father.

*Oph.* Pray, let us have no words of this; but when they ask you, what it means, say you this:

*To-morrow is Saint Valentine's day*[9],
*All in the morning betime,*
*And I a maid at your window,*
*To be your Valentine:*
*Then up he rose, and donn'd his cloaths*[1],
*And dupp'd the chamber door*[2];
*Let in the maid, that out a maid*
*Never departed more.*

*King.*

So Sir John Grey, in a letter in Ashmole's Appendix to his Account of the Garter, Numb. 46: "The king of his gracious lordshipe, *God yeld* him, hafe chosen me to be owne of his brethrene of the knyghts of the garter." THEOBALD.

See Vol. IV. p. 302, n. 9. MALONE.

8 — *the owl was a baker's daughter.*] This was a metamorphosis of the common people, arising from the mealy appearance of the owl's feathers, and her guarding the *bread* from mice. WARBURTON.

To *guard the* bread *from mice*, is rather the office of a *cat* than an *owl*. In *barns* and *granaries*, indeed, the services of the *owl* are still acknowledged. This was, however, no *metamorphosis of the common people*, but a legendary story, which both Dr. Johnson and myself have read, yet in what book at least I cannot recollect.—Our Saviour being refused bread by the *daughter of a baker*, is described as punishing her by turning her into an *owl*. STEEVENS.

9 *Saint* Valentine's *day*,] There is a rural tradition that about this time of year birds choose their mates. Bourne in his *Antiquities of the Common People*, observes, that "it is a ceremony never omitted among the vulgar, to draw lots, which they term *Valentines*, on the *eve* before Valentine-day. The names of a select number of one sex are by an equal number of the other put into some vessel; and after that every one draws a name, which for the present is called their *Valentine*, and is also look'd upon as a good omen of their being man and wife afterwards." Mr. Brand adds, that he has "searched the Legend of St. Valentine, but thinks there is no occurrence in his life, that could have given rise to this ceremony." MALONE.

1 — donn'd *his cloaths*,] To *don*, is to *do on*, to put on, as *doff* is to *do off*, put off. STEEVENS.

2 *And* dupp'd *the chamber-door*;] To *dup*, is to *do up*; to lift the latch. It were easy to write, *And* op'd —. JOHNSON.

To *dup*, was a common contraction of to *do up*. So, in *Damon and Pythias*,

*King.* Pretty Ophelia!

*Oph.* Indeed, without an oath, I'll make an end on't.

*By Gis, and by Saint Charity*[3],
*Alack, and fie for ſhame!*
*Young men will do't, if they come to't;*
*By cock*[4], *they are to blame.*
*Quoth ſhe, before you tumbled me,*
*You promis'd me to wed:*
[He anſwers[5].]
*So would I ha' done, by yonder ſun,*
*An thou hadſt not come to my bed.*

*King.* How long hath ſhe been thus?

*Oph.* I hope, all will be well. We muſt be patient: but I cannot chooſe but weep, to think, they ſhould lay

*Pythias*, 1582: "— the porters are drunk; will they not *dup* the gate to-day?"

Lord Surrey, in his tranſlation of the ſecond Æneid, renders *Panduntur portæ*, "The gates *caſt up*, we iſſued out to play." The phraſe ſeems to have been adopted either from *doing up* the *latch*, or drawing up the *portcullis*.

It appears from *Martin Mark-all's Apologie to the Bel-man of London*, 1610, that in the cant of gypſies, &c. *Dup the gigger*, ſignified *to open the doore*. STEEVENS.

[3] *By* Gis, *and by* Saint Charity,] *Saint Charity* is a known ſaint among the Roman Catholics. Spenſer mentions her, Eclog. V. 255:

"Ah dear lord, and ſweet *Saint Charity!*"

I find, by *Giſſe*, uſed as an adjuration, both by Gaſcoigne in his Poems, by Preſton in his *Cambyſes*, and in *K. Edward III.* 1599:

"By *Gis*, fair lords, ere many daies be paſt," &c. STEEVENS.

In the ſcene between the baſtard Faulconbridge and the friers and nunne in the firſt part of *The troubleſome Raigne of King John*, (edit. 1779, p. 256, &c.) the nunne ſwears *by Gis*, and the friers pray to *Saint Withold*, (another obſolete ſaint mentioned in *K. Lear*, Act III.) and adjure him by *Saint Charitie* to hear them. BLACKSTONE.

*By Gis*—There is not the leaſt mention of any ſaint whoſe name correſponds with this, either in the *Roman Calendar*, the ſervice *in Uſum Sarum*, or in the Benedictionary of Biſhop Athelwold. I believe the word to be only a corrupted abbreviation of *Jeſus*, the letters J. H. S. being anciently all that was ſet down to denote that ſacred name, on altars, the covers of books, &c. RIDLEY.

[4] *By cock*,—] This is likewiſe a corruption of the ſacred name. Many inſtances of it are given in a note at the beginning of the fifth Act of the Second Part of *K. Henry IV.* STEEVENS.

[5] *He anſwers.*] Theſe words I have added from the quartos. STEEVENS.

him

him i' the cold ground: My brother ſhall know of it, and ſo I thank you for your good counſel. Come, my coach! Good night, ladies [6]; good night, ſweet ladies: good night, good night. [*Exit.*

*King.* Follow her cloſe; give her good watch, I pray you. [*Exit* Horatio.

O! this is the poiſon of deep grief; it ſprings
All from her father's death: And now behold, O Gertrude, Gertrude,
When ſorrows come, they come not ſingle ſpies,
But in battalions! Firſt, her father ſlain;
Next, your ſon gone; and he moſt violent author
Of his own juſt remove: The people muddy'd,
Thick and unwholeſome in their thoughts, and whiſpers,
For good Polonius' death; and we have done but greenly[7],
In hugger-mugger to enter him [8]: Poor Ophelia
Divided from herſelf, and her fair judgment;
Without the which we are pictures, or mere beaſts.
Laſt, and as much containing as all theſe,

Her

[6] Come, my coach! *Good night, ladies*;] In Marlowe's *Tamburlaine*, 1590, Zabina in her frenzy uſes the ſame expreſſion: "Hell, *make ready my coach*, my chair, my jewels. I *come*, I *come*." MALONE.

[7] — *but* greenly,] But *unſkilfully*; with *greenneſs*; that is, without *maturity* of judgment. JOHNSON.

[8] *In* hugger-mugger *to enter him*:—] All the modern editions that I have conſulted, give it,

*In* private *to enter him*;——

That the words now replaced are better, I do not undertake to prove; it is ſufficient that they are Shakſpeare's: if phraſeology is to be changed as words grow uncouth by diſuſe, or groſs by vulgarity, the hiſtory of every language will be loſt; we ſhall no longer have the words of any author; and, as theſe alterations will be often unſkilfully made, we ſhall in time have very little of his meaning. JOHNSON.

On this juſt obſervation I ground the reſtoration of a groſs and unpleaſing word in a preceding paſſage, for which Mr. Pope ſubſtituted *groan*. See p. 290, n. 3. The alteration in the preſent inſtance was made by the ſame editor. MALONE.

Shakſpeare probably took the expreſſion from the following paſſage in Sir T. North's tranſlation of Plutarch.—"Antonius thinking that his body ſhould be honourably buried, and not in *bugger-mugger*."

It is uſed in Harrington's *Arioſto*:

"So that it might be done in *bugger-mugger*."

It appears from Greene's *Groundwork of Coneycatching*, 1592, that *to bugger*, was to lurk about. STEEVENS.

The

Her brother is in ſecret come from France:
Feeds on his wonder[9], keeps himſelf in clouds,
And wants not buzzers to infect his ear
With peſtilent ſpeeches of his father's death;
Wherein neceſſity, of matter beggar'd[1],
Will nothing ſtick our perſon to arraign
In ear and ear. O my dear Gertrude, this,
Like to a murdering-piece[2], in many places
Gives me ſuperfluous death! [*A noiſe within.*

*Queen.* Alack! what noiſe is this[3]?

*Enter a* Gentleman.

*King.* Attend. Where are my Switzers *? Let them guard the door:
What is the matter?

The meaning of the expreſſion is aſcertained by Florio's Italian Dictionary, 1598: "*Dinaſcoſo*, Secretly, hiddenly, *in bugger-mugger*." MALONE

9 Feeds *on his wonder*,—] The folio reads—Keeps *on his wonder*,—. The quarto,—Feeds *on* this *wonder*.—Thus the true reading is picked out from between them. Hanmer reads unneceſſarily,—Feeds *on his* anger. JOHNSON.

1 *Wherein neceſſity*, &c.] *Wherein*, that is, *in which peſtilent ſpeeches, neceſſity*, or, *the obligation of an accuſer to ſupport his charge, will nothing ſtick*, &c. JOHNSON.

2 *Like to a* murdering-piece, &c.] Dr. Warburton thought that by a *murdering-piece* was meant "ſuch a piece as aſſaſſins uſe, with many barrels"; and Mr. Steevens conceived, that this explanation was juſtified by the following paſſage in *The Double Marriage* of B. and Fletcher:

"And, like a *murdering piece*, aims not at one,
"But all that ſtand within the dangerous level."

But Dr. Warburton was certainly miſtaken. A *murdering-piece* was the ſpecifick term in Shakſpeare's time, for a piece of ordnance, or ſmall cannon. The word is found in Coles's Latin Dictionary, 1679, and rendered, "*tormentum murale*."

The ſmall cannon, which are, or were, uſed in the forecaſtle, half-deck, or ſteerage of a ſhip of war, were within this century called *murdering-pieces*. MALONE.

3 *Alack!* &c.] This ſpeech of the Queen is omitted in the quartos. STEEVENS.

* *Where are my* Switzers?] I have obſerved in many of our old plays, that the guards attendant on kings are called *Switzers*, and that without any regard to the country where the ſcene is laid. REED.

The reaſon is, becauſe the Swiſs in the time of our poet, as at preſent, were hired to fight the battles of other nations. So, in Naſhe's *Chriſt's Teares over Jeruſalem*, 4to, 1594: "Law, logicke, and the *Switzers*, may be hired to fight for any body." MALONE.

*Gen.*

*Gen.* Save yourself, my lord;
The ocean, over-peering of his list[4],
Eats not the flats with more impetuous haste,
Than young Laertes, in a riotous head,
O'er-bears your officers! The rabble call him, lord;
And, as the world were now but to begin,
Antiquity forgot, custom not known,
The ratifiers and props of every word[5],
They cry, *Choose we*; *Laertes shall be king!*
Caps, hands, and tongues, applaud it to the clouds,
*Laertes shall be king, Laertes king!*

*Queen.* How cheerfully on the false trail they cry!
O, this is counter, you false Danish dogs[6].

[4] *The ocean over-peering of his* list,] *List*, in this place, signifies *boundary*, i. e. the shore. So, in *K. Henry IV.* P. I.:

" The very *list*, the very utmost bound
" Of all our fortunes."

The *selvage* of cloth was in both places, I believe, in our author's thoughts. MALONE.

[5] *The ratifiers and props of every* word,] Sir T. Hanmer would transpose this line and the next. Dr. Warburton proposes to read, *wa d*, and Dr. Johnson, *weal*, instead of *word*. I should be rather for reading, *work*. TYRWHITT.

In the first folio there is only a comma at the end of the above line; and will not the passage bear this construction?—The rabble call him lord; and, as if the world were now but to begin, and as if the ancient custom of hereditary succession were unknown, they, the ratifiers and props of every word *he utters*, cry, Let us make choice, that Laertes shall be king. TOLLET.

This *construction* might certainly be admitted, and *the ratifiers and props of every word* might be understood to be applied to the *rabble* mentioned in a preceding line, without Hanmer's transposition of this and the following line; but there is no authority for what Mr. Tollet adds, " of every word *he* [i. e. Laertes] *utters*," for the poet has not described Laertes as having uttered a word. If therefore the rabble are called *the ratifiers and props of every word*, we must understand, " of every word *uttered by themselves*:" which is so tame, that it would be unjust to our poet to suppose that to have been his meaning. *Ratifiers, &c.* refer not to the people, but to *custom* and *antiquity*, which the speaker says are the true ratifiers and props of every word. The last word however of the line may well be suspected to be corrupt; and Mr. Tyrwhitt has probably suggested the true reading. MALONE.

[6] *O, this is counter, you false Danish dogs.*] Hounds run *counter* when they trace the trail backwards. JOHNSON.

*King.*

*King.* The doors are broke. [*Noiſe within.*

*Enter* LAERTES, *arm'd*; Danes *following.*

*Laer.* Where is this king?—Sirs, ſtand you all without.

*Dan.* No, let's come in.

*Laer.* I pray you, give me leave.

*Dan.* We will, we will. [*They retire without the door.*

*Laer.* I thank you:—keep the door.—O thou vile king,
Give me my father.

*Queen.* Calmly, good Laertes.

*Laer.* That drop of blood, that's calm, proclaims me baſtard;
Cries, cuckold, to my father; brands the harlot
Even here, between the chaſte unſmirched brow[7]
Of my true mother.

*King.* What is the cauſe, Laertes,
That thy rebellion looks ſo giant-like?—
Let him go, Gertrude; do not fear our perſon;
There's ſuch divinity doth hedge a king,
That treaſon can but peep to what it would,
Acts little of his will.—Tell me, Laertes,
Why thou art thus incens'd;—Let him go, Gertrude;—
Speak, man.

*Laer.* Where is my father?

*King.* Dead.

*Queen.* But not by him.

*King.* Let him demand his fill.

*Laer.* How came he dead? I'll not be juggled with:
To hell, allegiance! vows, to the blackeſt devil!
Conſcience, and grace, to the profoundeſt pit!
I dare damnation: To this point I ſtand,—
That both the worlds I give to negligence,
Let come what comes; only I'll be reveng'd
Moſt throughly for my father.

*King.* Who ſhall ſtay you?

[7] — *unſmirched brow*—] i. e. clean, not defiled. To *beſmirch*, our author uſes Act I. ſc. v.

This ſeems to be an alluſion to a proverb often introduced in the old comedies. Thus, in the *London Prodigal*, 1605: "— as true as the ſkin between any man's *brows*." STEEVENS.

*Laer.*

*Laer.* My will, not all the world's:
And, for my means, I'll husband them so well,
They shall go far with little.

*King.* Good Laertes,
If you desire to know the certainty
Of your dear father's death, is't writ in your revenge,
That, sweep-stake, you will draw both friend and foe,
Winner and loser?

*Laer.* None but his enemies.

*King.* Will you know them then?

*Laer.* To his good friends thus wide I'll ope my arms;
And, like the kind life-rend'ring pelican [8],
Repast them with my blood.

*King.* Why, now you speak
Like a good child, and a true gentleman.
That I am guiltless of your father's death,
And am most sensibly [9] in grief for it,
It shall as level to your judgment 'pear [1],
As day does to your eye.

*Danes.* [*within.*] Let her come in.

*Laer.* How now! what noise is that?

*Enter* OPHELIA, *fantastically dress'd with straws and flowers.*

O heat, dry up my brains! tears, seven times salt,

[8] — *life-rend'ring pelican,*] So, in the ancient *Interlude of Nature*, bl. l. no date:

"Who taught the cok hys watche-howres to observe,
"And syng of corage wyth shryll throte on hye?
"Who taught the *pellycan* her tender hart to carve?—
"For she nolde suffer her byrdys to dye?"

It is almost needless to add that this account of the bird is entirely fabulous. STEEVENS.

[9] — *most* sensibly—] Thus the quarto, 1604. The folio, following the errour of a later quarto, reads—most *sensible.* MALONE.

[1] — *to your judgment* 'pear,] So the quarto. The folio, and all the later editions, read,—*to your judgment* pierce, less intelligibly. JOHNSON.

This elision of the verb to *appear*, is common to Beaumont and Fletcher. So, in *The Maid of the Mill*:

"And where they *'pear* so excellent in little,
"They will but flame in great." STEEVENS.

Burn

Burn out the ſenſe and virtue of mine eye!—
By heaven, thy madneſs ſhall be pay'd with weight,
Till our ſcale turn the beam. O roſe of May!
Dear maid, kind ſiſter, ſweet Ophelia!—
O heavens! is't poſſible, a young maid's wits
Should be as mortal as an old man's life?
Nature is fine in love: and, where 'tis fine,
It ſends ſome precious inſtance of itſelf
After the thing it loves[2].

Oph. *They bore him bare-fac'd on the bier*[3];
*Hey no nonny, nonny hey nonny*[4]:
*And in his grave rain'd many a tear*;—
Fare you well, my dove!

*Laer.* Hadſt thou thy wits, and didſt perſuade revenge,
It could not move thus.

Oph. You muſt ſing, *Down a-down*[5], *an you call him a-down-a.*

[2] *Nature is* fine *in love: and, where 'tis fine,*
*It ſends ſome precious inſtance of itſelf*
*After the thing it loves.*] Theſe lines are not in the quarto, and might have been omitted in the folio without great loſs, for they are obſcure and affected; but, I think, they require no emendation. *Love* (ſays Laertes) is the paſſion by which *nature is moſt* exalted and *refined*; and as ſubſtances, *refined* and ſubtiliſed, eaſily obey any impulſe, or follow any attraction, ſome part of nature, ſo purified and *refined*, flies off after the attracting object, after the thing it loves.

*As into air the purer ſpirits flow,*
*And ſeparate from their kindred dregs below,*
*So flew her ſoul.*—— JOHNSON.

The meaning of the paſſage may be—that her wits, like the ſpirit of fine eſſences, flew off or evaporated. STEEVENS.

[3] *They bore him bare-fac'd on the bier,* &c.] So, in Chaucer's *Knighte's Tale,* late edit. ver. 2879:

"He laid him bare the viſage on the bere,
"Therwith he wept that pitee was to here." STEEVENS.

[4] *Hey no nonny,* &c.] Theſe words, which were the burthen of a ſong, are found only in the folio. See Vol. VIII. p. 592, n. 6. MALONE.

[5] —*ſing, Down a-down,*] Perhaps Shakſpeare alludes to *Phœbe's Sonnet,* by Tho. Lodge, which the reader may find in *England's Helicon,* 1614:

"*Down a-down,* &c.
"Thus Phillis ſung,
"By fancy once diſtreſſed: &c.
"And ſo ſing I, with *downe a-downe,*" &c.

*Down a-down*

*a-down-a.* O, how the wheel becomes it[6]! It is the falſe ſteward, that ſtole his maſter's daughter.

*Laer.* This nothing's more than matter.

*Oph.* There's roſemary, that's for remembrance; pray you,

*Down a-down* is likewiſe the burthen of a ſong in the *Three Ladies of London*, 1584, and perhaps common to many others. STEEVENS.

See Florio's Italian Dictionary, 1598: "*Filibuſtacchina*, The burden of a countrie ſong; as we ſay *Hay doune a doune, douna.*" MALONE.

[6] *O, how the* wheel *becomes it!*] The ſtory alluded to I do not know; but perhaps the lady ſtolen by the ſteward was reduced to *ſpin.* JOHNSON.

The *wheel* may mean no more than *the burthen of the ſong*, which ſhe had juſt repeated, and as ſuch was formerly uſed. I met with the following obſervation in an old quarto black-letter book, publiſhed before the time of Shakſpeare:

"The ſong was accounted a good one, though it was not moche graced by the *wheele*, which in no wiſe accorded with the ſubject matter thereof."

I quote this from memory, and from a book, of which I cannot recollect the exact title or date; but the paſſage was in a preface to ſome ſongs or ſonnets. I well remember to have met with the word in the ſame ſenſe in other old books.

The ballad, alluded to by Ophelia, is perhaps entered on the books of the Stationers' Company. "October 1580. Four ballades of the Lord of Lorn and the *Falſe Steward*," &c. STEEVENS.

I am inclined to think that *wheel* is here uſed in its ordinary ſenſe, and that theſe words allude to the occupation of the girl who is ſuppoſed to ſing the ſong alluded to by Ophelia.—The following lines in Hall's *Virgidemiarum*, 1597, appear to me to add ſome ſupport to this interpretation:

"Some drunken rimer thinks his time well ſpent,
"If he can live to ſee his name in print;
"Who when he is once fleſhed to the preſſe,
"And ſees his handſelle have ſuch faire ſucceſſe,
"*Sung to the wheele*, and ſung unto the payle,
"He ſends forth thraves of *ballads* to the ſale."

So, in Sir Thomas Overbury's *Characters*, 1614: "She makes her hands hard with labour, and her heart ſoft with pittie; and when winter evenings fall early, ſitting at her merry *wheele*, ſhe ſings a defiance to the giddy wheele of fortune."

Our authour likewiſe furniſhes an authority to the ſame purpoſe. *Twelfth Night*, Act II. ſc. iv.

"——Come, the *ſong* we had laſt night:
"The *ſpinſters*, and the knitters in the ſun,
"Do uſe to *chaunt* it."

A muſical

you, love, remember: and there is panſies, that's for thoughts [7].

*Laer.* A document in madneſs; thoughts and remembrance fitted.

*Oph.* There's fennel for you, and columbines [8]:—there's rue

A muſical antiquary may perhaps contend, that the controverted words of the text allude to an ancient inſtrument mentioned by Chaucer, and called by him a *rote*, by others a *vielle*; which was played upon by the friction of a *wheel*. MALONE.

[7] *There's roſemary, that's for remembrance;—and there is panſies, that's for thoughts.*] There is probably ſome mythology in the choice of theſe herbs, but I cannot explain it. *Panſies* is for *thoughts*, becauſe of its name, *Penſées*; but why *roſemary* indicates *remembrance*, except that it is an ever-green, and carried at funerals, I have not diſcovered. JOHNSON.

So, in *All Fools*, a comedy, by Chapman, 1605:

"What flowers are theſe?—
"The *Panſie* this.
"O, that's for lovers' *thoughts!*"

*Roſemary* was anciently ſuppoſed to ſtrengthen the memory. It was not only carried at funerals, but worn at weddings, as appears from a paſſage in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Elder Brother*, Act III. ſc. i.

So, in *A Dialogue between Nature and the Phœnix*, by R. Cheſter, 1601:

"There's *roſemarie*; the Arabians juſtifie
"(Phyſitions of exceeding perfect ſkill)
"It comforteth the braine and *memorie*," &c. STEEVENS.

*Roſemary* being ſuppoſed to ſtrengthen the memory, was the emblem of fidelity in lovers. So, in *A Handfull of Pleaſant Delites, containing ſundrie new Sonets*, 16mo, 1584:

"*Roſemary* is *for remembrance*
"Betweene us daie and night;
"Wiſhing that I might alwaies have
"You preſent in my ſight."

The poem in which theſe lines are found, is entitled *A Noſegaie alwaies ſweet for Lovers to ſend for Tokens of love*, &c. MALONE.

[8] *There's* fennel *for you, and* columbines:] Greene, in his *Quip for an Upſtart Courtier*, 1620, calls *fennel, women's weeds:* "fit generally for that ſex, ſith while they are maidens, they wiſh wantonly."

I know not of what *columbines* were ſuppoſed to be emblematical. They are again mentioned in *All Fools*, by Chapman, 1605:

"What's that?—a *columbine?*
"No: that *thankleſs* flower grows not in my garden."

rue for you;—and here's ſome for me:—we may call it, herb of grace o'ſundays [9]:—you may wear your rue with a difference [1].—There's a daiſy [2]:—I would give you ſome

Gerard, however, and other herbaliſts, impute few, if any, virtues to them; and they may therefore be ſtiled *thankleſs*, becauſe they appear to make no grateful return for their creation.

Again, in the 15th Song of Drayton's *Polyolbion*:

"The *columbine* amongſt, they ſparingly do ſet."

From the *Caltha Poetarum*, 1599, it ſhould ſeem as if this flower was the emblem of cuckoldom:

"——— the blew *cornuted* columbine,
"Like to the crooked horns of Acheloy." STEEVENS.

*Columbine* was an emblem of cuckoldom on account of the horns of its nectaria, which are remarkable in this plant. See *Aquilegia* in Linnæus's Genera, 684. S. W.

Ophelia gives her fennel and columbines to the *king*. In the collection of Sonnets quoted above, the former is thus mentioned:

"*Fennel* is *for flatterers*,
"An evil thing 'tis ſure;
"But I have alwaies meant truely,
"With conſtant heart moſt pure."

See alſo Florio's Italian Dictionary, 1598: "*Darefinocchio*, to give *fennel*,—to flatter, to diſſemble." MALONE.

[9] *There's* rue *for you*;—*and here's ſome for me:—we may call it* herb of grace o' ſundays:] I believe there is a quibble meant in this paſſage; *rue* anciently ſignifying the ſame as *ruth*, i. e. ſorrow. Ophelia gives the queen ſome, and keeps a proportion of it for herſelf. There is the ſame kind of play with the ſame word in *King Richard the Second*.

*Herb of grace* is one of the titles which *Tucca* gives to *William Rufus*, in *Decker's Satiromaſtix*. I ſuppoſe the firſt ſyllable of the ſurname *Rufus* introduced the quibble. STEEVENS.

[1] *You may wear your rue* with a difference.] This ſeems to refer to the rules of heraldry, where the younger brothers of a family bear the ſame arms *with a difference*, or mark of diſtinction. So, in Holinſhed's *Reign of King Richard II.* p. 443: "—becauſe he was the youngeſt of the Spenſers, he bare a border gules for a *difference*."

There may, however, be ſomewhat more implied here, than is expreſſed. *You, madam*, (ſays Ophelia to the Queen,) *may call your* RUE *by its Sunday name*, HERB OF GRACE, *and ſo wear it with a difference to diſtinguiſh it from mine, which can never be any thing but merely* RUE, i. e. *ſorrow*. STEEVENS.

*Herb of grace* was not the *ſunday name*, but the *every day* name of *rue*. In the common dictionaries of Shakſpeare's time it is called *herb of grace*. See Florio's Italian Dictionary, 1598, in v. *ruta*, and Cotgrave's French Dictionary, 1611, in v. *rue*. There is no ground therefore for ſuppoſing, with Dr. Warburton, that *ue* was called herb of

ſome violets; but they wither'd all, when my father died[3]:—They ſay, he made a good end,—

*For bonny ſweet Robin is all my joy*[4],— [ſings.

*Laer.* Thought and affliction[5], paſſion, hell itſelf,
She turns to favour, and to prettineſs.

Oph. *And will he not come again?* [ſings.
*And will he not come again?*
*No, no, he is dead,*
*Go to thy death-bed,*
*He never will come again.*

of grace, from its being uſed in exorciſms performed in churches on ſundays.

Ophelia only means, I think, that the queen may with peculiar propriety on *ſundays*, when ſhe ſolicits pardon for that crime which ſhe has ſo much occaſion to *rue* and repent of, call her rue, *herb of grace*. So, in *King Richard II.*

"Here did ſhe drop a tear; here in this place
"I'll ſet a bank of *rue*, ſour *herb of grace*.
"*Rue*, even for *ruth*, here ſhortly ſhall be ſeen,
"In the remembrance of a weeping queen."

Ophelia, after having given the queen *rue*, to remind her of the *ſorrow* and *contrition* ſhe ought to feel for her inceſtuous marriage, tells her, ſhe may wear it with *a difference*, to diſtinguiſh it from that worn by Ophelia herſelf; becauſe her tears flowed from the loſs of a father, thoſe of the queen ought to flow for her guilt. MALONE.

[2] *There's a* daiſy:] Greene in his *Quip for an upſtart Courtier*, has explained the ſignificance of this flower: "—Next them grew the DISSEMBLING DAISIE, to warne ſuch light-of-love wenches not to truſt every faire promiſe that ſuch amorous bachelors make them." HENLEY.

[3] *I would give you ſome* violets, *but they wither'd all, when my father died:*] The violet is thus characterized in the old collection of Sonnets above quoted, printed in 1584:

"*Violet* is for *faithfulneſſe*,
"Which in me ſhall abide;
"Hoping likewiſe that from your heart
"You will not let it ſlide." MALONE.

[4] *For bonny ſweet Robin is all my joy*,—] This is part of an old ſong, mentioned likewiſe by Beaumont and Fletcher. *Two Noble Kinſmen*, Act IV. ſc. i:

"——I can ſing the broom,
"And *Bonny Robin*."

In the books of the Stationers' Company, 26 April, 1594, is entered "A ballad, intituled, A doleful adewe to the laſt Erle of Darbie, to the tune of *Bonny ſweet Robin*." STEEVENS.

*His beard was as white as snow*[6],
*All flaxen was his poll:*
*He is gone, he is gone,*
*And we cast away moan;*
*God 'a mercy on his soul!*

And of all christian souls[7]! I pray God. God be wi'you! [*Exit* OPHELIA.

*Laer.* Do you see this, O God?

*King.* Laertes, I must commune with your grief,
Or you deny me right. Go but apart,
Make choice of whom your wisest friends you will,
And they shall hear and judge 'twixt you and me:
If by direct or by collateral hand
They find us touch'd, we will our kingdom give,
Our crown, our life, and all that we call ours,
To you in satisfaction; but, if not,
Be you content to lend your patience to us,
And we shall jointly labour with your soul
To give it due content.

*Laer.* Let this be so;
His means of death, his obscure funeral,—

5 Thought *and affliction,*—] *Thought* here, as in many other places, signifies melancholy. See Vol. VII. p. 528, n. 2. MALONE.

6 *His beard was as white as snow,* &c.] This, and several circumstances in the character of Ophelia, seem to have been ridiculed in *Eastward Hoe*, a comedy written by Ben Jonson, Chapman, and Marston, printed 1605, Act III.:

" *His head as white as milk,*
" *All flaxen was his hair;*
" *But now he's dead,*
" *And laid in his bed,*
" *And never will come again.*
" God be at your labour!" STEEVENS.

7 *God 'a mercy on his soul!*
*And of all christian souls!*] This is the common conclusion to many of the ancient monumental inscriptions. See Weever's *Funeral Monuments*, p. 657, 658. Barthelette, the publisher of Gower's *Confessio Amantis*, 1554, speaking first of the funeral of Chaucer, and then of Gower, says, " — he lieth buried in the monasterie of Seynt Peter's at Westminster, &c. *on whose soules and all christen, Jesu have mercie.*" STEEVENS.

No

No trophy, ſword, nor hatchment, o'er his bones[8],
No noble rite, nor formal oſtentation,—
Cry to be heard, as 'twere from heaven to earth,
That I muſt call't in queſtion.

*King.* So you ſhall;
And, where the offence is, let the great axe fall.
I pray you, go with me. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE VI.

*Another Room in the ſame.*

*Enter* HORATIO, *and a* Servant.

*Hor.* What are they, that would ſpeak with me?

*Serv.* Sailors, ſir;
They ſay, they have letters for you.

*Hor.* Let them come in.— [*Exit* Servant.
I do not know from what part of the world
I ſhould be greeted, if not from lord Hamlet.

*Enter* Sailors.

1. *Sail.* God bleſs you, ſir.

*Hor.* Let him bleſs thee too.

1. *Sail.* He ſhall, ſir, an't pleaſe him. There's a letter for you, ſir; it comes from the ambaſſador that was bound for England; if your name be Horatio, as I am let to know it is.

*Hor.* [reads.] Horatio, *when thou ſhalt have overlook'd this, give theſe fellows ſome means to the king; they have letters for him. Ere we were two days old at ſea, a pirate of very warlike appointment gave us chace: Finding ourſelves too ſlow of ſail, we put on a compell'd valour; and in the grapple I boarded them: on the inſtant, they got clear of our ſhip; ſo I alone became their priſoner. They*

[8] *No trophy, ſword, nor hatchment, o'er his bones,*] It was the cuſtom, in the times of our author, to hang a ſword over the grave of a knight. JOHNSON.

This practice is uniformly kept up to this day. Not only the ſword, but the helmet, gauntlet, ſpurs, and tabard, (*i. e.* a coat whereon the armorial enſigns were anciently depicted, from whence the term *coat of armour*) are hung over the grave of every knight.

Sir J. HAWKINS.

*have dealt with me, like thieves of mercy; but they knew what they did; I am to do a good turn for them. Let the king have the letters I have sent; and repair thou to me with as much haſte as thou would'ſt fly death. I have words to ſpeak in thine ear, will make thee dumb; yet are they much too light for the bore of the matter*[9]. *Theſe good fellows will bring thee where I am.* Roſencrantz *and* Guildenſtern *hold their courſe for England: of them I have much to tell thee. Farewel.*

*He that thou knoweſt thine,* Hamlet.

Come, I will give you way for theſe your letters;
And do't the ſpeedier, that you may direct me
To him from whom you brought them. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE VII.

*Another Room in the ſame.*

*Enter* KING, *and* LAERTES.

*King.* Now muſt your conſcience my acquittance ſeal,
And you muſt put me in your heart for friend;
Sith you have heard, and with a knowing ear,
That he, which hath your noble father ſlain,
Purſu'd my life.

*Laer.* It well appears:—But tell me,
Why you proceeded not againſt theſe feats,
So crimeful and ſo capital in nature,
As by your ſafety, greatneſs, wiſdom, all things elſe,
You mainly were ſtirr'd up?

*King.* O, for two ſpecial reaſons;
Which may to you, perhaps, ſeem much unſinew'd,
But yet to me they are ſtrong. The queen, his mother,
Lives almoſt by his looks; and for myſelf,
(My virtue, or my plague, be it either which,)
She is ſo conjunctive to my life and ſoul,
That, as the ſtar moves not but in his ſphere,
I could not but by her. The other motive,

9 —*for the* bore *of the matter.*] The *bore* is the caliber of a gun, or the capacity of the barrel. *The matter* (ſays Hamlet) *would carry heavier words.* JOHNSON.

Why

Why to a publick count I might not go,
Is, the great love the general gender [1] bear him:
Who, dipping all his faults in their affection,
Work like the ſpring [2] that turneth wood to ſtone,
Convert his gyves to graces; ſo that my arrows,
Too ſlightly timber'd for ſo loud a wind [3],
Would have reverted to my bow again,
And not where I had aim'd them.

*Laer.* And ſo have I a noble father loſt;
A ſiſter driven into deſperate terms;
Whoſe worth, if praiſes may go back again [4],
Stood challenger on mount of all the age
For her perfections:—But my revenge will come.

*King.* Break not your ſleeps for that: you muſt not think,
That we are made of ſtuff ſo flat and dull,
That we can let our beard be ſhook with danger [5],
And think it paſtime. You ſhortly ſhall hear more:
I lov'd your father, and we love ourſelf;
And that, I hope, will teach you to imagine,—
How now? what news [6]?

*Enter a* Meſſenger.

*Meſſ.* Letters, my lord, from Hamlet [7]:

[1] — *the general gender*—] The *common race* of the people. JOHNSON.

[2] Work *like the ſpring*—] This ſimile is neither very ſeaſonable in the deep intereſt of this converſation, nor very accurately applied. If the *ſpring* had changed baſe metals to gold, the thought had been more proper. JOHNSON.

The folio, inſtead of—*work*, reads—*would*. STEEVENS.

[3] —*for ſo loud a wind*,] Thus the folio. The quarto 1604, has—for ſo *loued arm'd*: as extraordinary a corruption as any that is found in theſe plays. MALONE.

[4] —*if praiſes may go back again*,] If I may praiſe what has been, but is now to be found no more. JOHNSON.

[5] *That we can let our beard be ſhook with danger*,] It is wonderful that none of the advocates for the learning of Shakſpeare have told us that this line is imitated from Perſius, Sat. 2:

*Idcirco ſolidam præbet tibi vellere barbam*
*Jupiter?* STEEVENS.

[6] *How now*, &c.] Omitted in the quartos. THEOBALD.

[7] *Letters*, &c.] Omitted in the quartos. STEEVENS.

This to your majesty; this to the queen.

*King.* From Hamlet! Who brought them?

*Mess.* Sailors, my lord, they say: I saw them not; They were given me by Claudio, he received them Of him that brought them [8].

*King.* Laertes, you shall hear them:— Leave us. [*Exit* Mess.

[reads.] *High and mighty, you shall know, I am set naked on your kingdom. To-morrow shall I beg leave to see your kingly eyes: when I shall, first asking your pardon thereunto, recount the occasion of my sudden and more strange return.* Hamlet.

What should this mean? Are all the rest come back? Or is it some abuse, and no such thing?

*Laer.* Know you the hand?

*King.* 'Tis Hamlet's character. *Naked*,— And, in a postscript here, he says, *alone:* Can you advise me?

*Laer.* I am lost in it, my lord. But let him come; It warms the very sickness in my heart, That I shall live and tell him to his teeth, *Thus diddest thou.*

*King.* If it be so, Laertes,— As how should it be so?—how otherwise?— Will you be rul'd by me?

*Laer.* Ay, my lord; So you will not o'er-rule me to a peace.

*King.* To thine own peace. If he be now return'd,— As checking at his voyage [9], and that he means

[8] *Of him that brought them.*] I have restored this hemistich from the quartos. STEEVENS.

[9] *As* checking *at his voyage,*] Thus the folio. The quarto, 1604, exhibits a corruption similar to that mentioned in n. 3. It reads: *As the king* at his voyage. MALONE.

The phrase is from falconry; and may be justified from the following passage in *Hinde's Elisio Libidinoso*, 1606: "—For who knows not, quoth she, that this hawk, which comes now so fair to the fist, may to-morrow *check at* the lure?"

Again, in G. Whetstone's *Castle of Delight*, 1576:

"But as the hawke, to gad which knowes the way,
"Will hardly leave to *checke at* carren crowes," &c. STEEVENS.

No

No more to undertake it,—I will work him
To an exploit, now ripe in my device,
Under the which he ſhall not chooſe but fall:
And for his death no wind of blame ſhall breathe;
But even his mother ſhall uncharge the practice,
And call it, accident.

*Laer*[1]. My lord, I will be rul'd;
The rather, if you could deviſe it ſo,
That I might be the organ.

*King*. It falls right.
You have been talk'd of ſince your travel much,
And that in Hamlet's hearing, for a quality
Wherein, they ſay, you ſhine: your ſum of parts
Did not together pluck ſuch envy from him,
As did that one; and that, in my regard,
Of the unworthieſt ſiege[2].

*Laer*. What part is that, my lord?

*King*. A very ribband in the cap of youth,
Yet needful too; for youth no leſs becomes
The light and careleſs livery that it wears,
Than ſettled age his ſables, and his weeds,
Importing health, and graveneſs[3].—Two months ſince,
Here was a gentleman of Normandy,—
I have ſeen myſelf, and ſerv'd againſt, the French,
And they can well on horſeback: but this gallant
Had witchcraft in't; he grew unto his ſeat;
And to ſuch wond'rous doing brought his horſe,
As he had been incorps'd and demy-natur'd
With the brave beaſt: ſo far he topp'd my thought,
That I, in forgery of ſhapes and tricks[4],

[1] *Laer.*] The next ſixteen lines are omitted in the folio. STEEV.

[2] *Of the unworthieſt* ſiege.] Of the loweſt rank. *Siege*, for *ſeat, place*. JOHNSON.

So, in *Othello*:

" ——I fetch my birth
" From men of royal *ſiege*." STEEVENS.

[3] *Importing* health, *and graveneſs*.—] *Importing* here may be, not *inferring* by logical conſequence, but *producing* by phyſical effect. A young man regards ſhow in his dreſs; an old man, *health*. JOHNSON.

*Importing health*, I apprehend, means, *denoting an attention to health*. MALONE.

[4] — *in forgery of ſhapes and tricks*,] I could not contrive ſo many proofs of dexterity as he could perform. JOHNSON.

Come

Come ſhort of what he did.

*Laer.* A Norman, was't?

*King.* A Norman.

*Laer.* Upon my life, Lamord *.

*King.* The very ſame.

*Laer.* I know him well: he is the brooch, indeed,
And gem of all the nation.

*King.* He made confeſſion of you;
And gave you ſuch a maſterly report,
For art and exerciſe in your defence [5],
And for your rapier moſt eſpecial,
That he cried out, 'twould be a ſight indeed,
If one could match you: the ſcrimers [6] of their nation,
He ſwore, had neither motion, guard, nor eye,
If you oppos'd them: Sir, this report of his
Did Hamlet ſo envenom with his envy,
That he could nothing do, but wiſh and beg
Your ſudden coming o'er, to play with you.
Now, out of this,—

*Laer.* What out of this, my lord?

*King.* Laertes, was your father dear to you?
Or are you like the painting of a ſorrow,
A face without a heart?

*Laer.* Why aſk you this?

*King.* Not that I think, you did not love your father;
But that I know, love is begun by time [7];
And that I ſee, in paſſages of proof [8],
Time qualifies the ſpark and fire of it.

* —*Lamord.*] Thus the quarto, 1604. Shakſpeare, I ſuſpect, wrote *Lamode*. See the next ſpeech but one. The folio has—*Lamound.* MALONE.

5 —*in your defence,*] That is, in the *ſcience of* defence. JOHNSON.

6 —*the ſcrimers*—] The *fencers*. JOHNSON.

From *eſcrimeur*, Fr. a fencer. From here to the word *them* inclusively, is not in the folio. MALONE.

7 —*love is begun by time;*] This is obſcure. The meaning may be, *love* is not innate in us, and co-eſſential to our nature, but begins at a certain time from ſome external cauſe, and being always ſubject to the operations of time, ſuffers change and diminution. JOHNS.

8 —*in paſſages of proof,*] In tranſactions of daily experience. JOHNS.

There

There lives within the very flame of love [9]
A kind of wick, or ſnuff, that will abate it;
And nothing is at a like goodneſs ſtill;
For goodneſs, growing to a plurify [1],
Dies in his own too-much: That we would do,
We ſhould do when we would; for this *would* changes,
And hath abatements and delays as many,
As there are tongues, are hands, are accidents;
And then this *ſhould* is like a ſpendthrift ſigh,
That hurts by eaſing [2]. But, to the quick o' the ulcer:
Hamlet

9 *There lives*, &c.] The next ten lines are not in the folio. STEEV.

[1] *For goodneſs, growing to a plurify.*] I would believe, for the honour of Shakſpeare, that he wrote *plethory*. But I obſerve the dramatic writers of that time frequently call a fulneſs of blood a *pleurify*, as if it came, not from πλευρὰ, but from *plus, pluris*. WARBURTON.

I think the word ſhould be ſpelt—*plurify*. This paſſage is fully explained by one in Maſcal's treatiſe on cattle, 1662, p. 187. "Againſt the blood, or *plurifie* of blood. The diſeaſe of blood is, ſome young horſes will feed, and being fat will *increaſe* blood, and ſo *grow to a plurifie*, and *die* thereof if he have not ſoon help." TOLLET.

Dr. Warburton is right. The word is ſpelt *plurify* in the quarto, 1604, and is uſed in the ſame ſenſe as here, in *The Two Noble Kinſmen*:

" ——— that heal'ſt with blood
" The earth, when it is ſick, and cur'ſt the world
" Of the *plurifie* of people."

Again, in *'Tis Pity ſhe's a Whore*, by Ford, 1633:

" Muſt your hot itch and *plurifie* of luſt,
" The hey-day of your luxury, be ſed
" Up to a ſurfeit?" MALONE.

[2] *And then this* ſhould *is like a* ſpendthrift *ſigh,*
*That hurts by eaſing.*—] A *ſpendthrift* ſigh is a *figh* that makes an unneceſſary waſte of the vital flame. It is a notion very prevalent, that *ſighs* impair the ſtrength, and wear out the animal powers. JOHNS.

Hence they are call'd, in *K. Henry VI.*—blood-conſuming *ſighs*.

Again, in *Pericles*, 1609:

" Do not *conſume* your *blood with ſorrowing*,"

The idea is enlarged upon in Fenton's *Tragical Diſcourſes*, 1579: " Why ſtaye you not in tyme the ſource of your ſcorching *ſighes*, that have already drayned your body of his wholeſome humoures, appointed by nature to gyve ſucke to the entrals and inward parts of you?"

The original quarto, as well as the folio, reads—a ſpendthrift's ſigh; but I have no doubt that it was a corruption, ariſing from the firſt letter of the following word *ſigh*, being an s. I have therefore, with the other modern editors, printed—*ſpendthrift* ſigh, following a late

Hamlet comes back; What would you undertake,
To ſhew yourſelf in deed your father's ſon
More than in words?

*Laer.* To cut his throat i' the church.

*King.* No place, indeed, ſhould murder ſanctuarize;
Revenge ſhould have no bounds. But, good Laertes,
Will you do this, keep cloſe within your chamber:
Hamlet, return'd, ſhall know you are come home:
We'll put on thoſe ſhall praiſe your excellence,
And ſet a double varniſh on the fame
The Frenchman gave you; bring you, in fine, together,
And wager o'er your heads: he, being remiſs [3],
Moſt generous, and free from all contriving,
Will not peruſe the foils; ſo that, with eaſe,
Or with a little ſhuffling, you may chooſe
A ſword unbated [4], and, in a paſs of practice [5],
Requite

late quarto, (which however is of no authority,) printed in 1611. That a ſigh, if it conſumes the blood, *hurts us by eaſing*, or is prejudicial to us on the whole, though it affords a temporary relief, is ſufficiently clear: but the former part of the line, *and then this ſhould*, may require a little explanation. I ſuppoſe the king means to ſay, that if we do not promptly execute what we are convinced we *ſhould* or ought to do, we ſhall afterwards in vain repent our not having ſeized the fortunate moment for action: and this opportunity which we have let go by us, and the reflection that we *ſhould* have done that, which, from ſupervening accidents, it is no longer in our power to do, is as prejudicial and painful to us as a blood-conſuming ſigh, that at once hurts and eaſes us.

I apprehend the poet meant to compare ſuch a conduct, and the conſequent reflection, *only* to the *pernicious* quality which he ſuppoſed to be annexed to ſighing, and not to the temporary eaſe which it affords. His ſimiles, as I have frequently had occaſion to obſerve, ſeldom run on four feet. MALONE.

3 — *he being remiſs*,] He being not vigilant or cautious. JOHNSON.

4 *A ſword* unbated,—] Not blunted, as foils are by a button fixed to the end. So in *Love's Labour's Loſt:*

"That honour, which ſhall *bate* his ſcythe's keen *edge*."
MALONE.

In Sir Thomas North's Tranſlation of Plutarch, it is ſaid of one of the *Metelli*, that "he ſhewed the people the cruel fight of fencers at *unrebated* ſwords." STEEVENS.

5 — *a paſs of practice*,] Practice is often by Shakſpeare, and other writers, taken for an *inſidious ſtratagem*, or *privy* treaſon, a ſenſe not incongruous

Requite him for your father.

*Laer.* I will do't:
And, for the purpoſe, I'll anoint my ſword.
I bought an unction of a mountebank,
So mortal, that, but dip a knife in it,
Where it draws blood, no cataplaſm ſo rare,
Collected from all ſimples that have virtue
Under the moon, can ſave the thing from death,
That is but ſcratch'd withall: I'll touch my point
With this contagion; that, if I gall him ſlightly,
It may be death.

*King.* Let's further think of this;
Weigh, what convenience, both of time and means,
May fit us to our ſhape[6]: if this ſhould fail,
And that our drift look through our bad performance,
'Twere better not aſſay'd; therefore, this project
Should have a back, or ſecond, that might hold,
If this ſhould blaſt in proof[7]. Soft;—let me ſee:—
We'll make a ſolemn wager on your cunnings,—
I ha't:
When in your motion you are hot and dry,
(As make your bouts more violent to that end,)
And that he calls for drink, I'll have preferr'd him[8]
A chalice for the nonce; whereon but ſipping,

incongruous to this paſſage, where yet I rather believe, that nothing more is meant than a *thruſt for exerciſe*. JOHNSON.

So, in *Look about you*, 1600:

"I pray God there be no *practice* in this change."

Again, more appoſitely in our author's *Twelfth Night*, Act V. Sc. ult.

"This *practiſe* hath moſt ſhrewdly *paſs'd* upon thee." STEEV.

[6] *May fit us to our ſhape:*—] May *enable* us to *aſſume proper characters*, and to act our part. JOHNSON.

[7] — *blaſt in proof.*] This, I believe, is a metaphor taken from a mine, which, in the proof or execution, ſometimes breaks out with an ineffectual *blaſt*. JOHNSON.

The word *proof* ſhews the metaphor to be taken from the trying or proving fire-arms or cannon, which often *blaſt* or *burſt* in the *proof*. STEEVENS.

[8] — *I'll have* preferr'd *him*—] i. e. preſented to him. Thus the quarto, 1604. The word indeed is miſpelt, *prefard*. The folio reads —I'll have *prepar'd* him. MALONE.

If

If he by chance escape your venom'd stuck [9],
Our purpose may hold there. But stay, what noise [1]?

*Enter* Queen.

How now, sweet queen *?

*Queen.* One woe doth tread upon another's heel [2],
So fast they follow:—Your sister's drown'd, Laertes.

*Laer.* Drown'd! O, where?

*Queen.* There is a willow grows ascaunt the brook [3],
That shews his hoar leaves in the glassy stream;
Therewith fantastick garlands did she make
Of crow-flowers, nettles, daisies, and long purples [4],
That

9 —*your venom'd* stuck,] Your venom'd thrust. *Stuck* was a term of the fencing-school. So, in *Twelfth Night*: "—and he gives me the *stuck* with such a mortal motion,—." Again, in *The Return from Parnassus*, 1606: "Here is a fellow, Judicio, that carried the deadly *stocke* in his pen."—See Florio's Italian Dictionary, 1598: "*Stoccata*, a foyne, a thrust, a *stoccado* given in fence." MALONE.

1 — *But stay, what noise?*] I have recovered this from the quartos. STEEVENS.

* *How* now *sweet queen?*] These words are not in the quarto. The word *now*, which appears to have been omitted by the carelessness of the transcriber or compositor, was supplied by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

2 *One woe doth tread upon another's heel,*] A similar thought occurs in *Pericles Prince of Tyre*, 1609:

"One sorrow never comes, but brings an heir,
"That may succeed as his inheritor." STEEVENS.

Again, in Drayton's *Mortimeriados*, 4to, 1596:

"—— miseries, which seldom come alone,
"Thick on the neck one of another fell."

Again, in Shakspeare's 131st sonnet:

"A thousand groans, but thinking on thy fall,
"One on another's neck,—." MALONE.

3 — ascaunt *the brook,*] Thus the quartos. The folio reads, *aslant*. *Ascaunce* is interpreted in the Glossary to Chaucer—*askew, aside, sideways*. STEEVENS.

4 — *and* long purples,] By *long purple* is meant a plant, the modern botanical name of which is *orchis morio mas*, anciently *testiculus morionis*. The *grosser name* by which it passes, is sufficiently known in many parts of England, and particularly in the county where Shakspeare lived. Thus far Mr. Warner. Mr. Collins adds, that in Sussex it is still called *dead men's hands*; and that in Lyte's Herbal, 1578, its various names, too gross for repetition, are preserved. STEEVENS.

One of the grosser names of this plant Gertrude had a particular reason to avoid:—*the rampant widow*. *Liberal* is free-spoken, licentious

That liberal ſhepherds give a groſſer name,
But our cold maids do dead men's fingers call them:
There on the pendant boughs her coronet weeds
Clambering to hang, an envious ſliver broke;
When down her weedy trophies, and herſelf,
Fell in the weeping brook. Her cloaths ſpread wide;
And, mermaid-like, a while they bore her up:
Which time, ſhe chaunted ſnatches of old tunes[5];
As one incapable of her own diſtreſs[6],
Or like a creature native and indu'd
Unto that element[7]: but long it could not be,
Till that her garments, heavy with their drink,
Pull'd the poor wretch from her melodious lay
To muddy death[8].

*Laer.*

tious in language. So, in *Othello*: "Is he not a moſt profane and *liberal* counſellor? Again, in *A Woman's a Weathercock*, by N. Field, 1612:

"————Next that, the fame
"Of your neglect, and *liberal*-talking tongue,
"Which breeds my honour an eternal wrong." MALONE.

[5] *Which time, ſhe chaunted ſnatches of old tunes*;] Fletcher, in his *Scornful Lady*, very injudiciouſly ridicules this incident:

"I will run mad firſt, and if that get not pity,
"I'll drown myſelf to a moſt diſmal ditty." WARBURTON.

The quartos read—"ſnatches of old *lauds*," i. e. *hymns*. STEEVENS.

[6] *As one* incapable *of her own diſtreſs*,] As one having no *underſtanding* or knowledge of her danger. See p. 339, n. 8. MALONE.

[7] — *like a creature native and* indu'd
*Unto that element*.] As we are indued with certain original diſpoſitions and propenſities at our birth, Shakſpeare here uſes *indued* with great licentiouſneſs, for formed by nature; clothed, endowed, or furniſhed, with properties ſuited to the element of water.

Our old writers uſed *indued* and *endowed* indiſcriminately. "To indue," ſays Minſheu in his Dictionary, "ſepiſſime refertur ad dotes animo infuſas, quibus nimirum ingenium alicujus imbutum et initiatum eſt, unde et G. *inſtruire* eſt. L. *imbuere*. *Imbuere* proprie eſt inchoare et initiari."

In Cotgrave's French Dictionary, 1611, *inſtruire* is interpreted, "to faſhion, to furniſh with." MALONE.

[8] *To muddy death*.] In the firſt ſcene of the next act we find Ophelia buried with ſuch rites as betoken ſhe *foredid her own life*. Shakſpeare, Mr. Maſon has obſerved, "ſeems to have forgotten himſelf in the ſpeech before us, for there is not a ſingle circumſtance in this relation of her death, that induces us to think ſhe had drowned herſelf intentionally." But it ſhould be remembered, that the account here given, is that of a friend; and that the queen could not poſſibly know what

*Laer.* Alas then, she is drown'd?

*Queen.* Drown'd, drown'd.

*Laer.* Too much of water hast thou, poor Ophelia,
And therefore I forbid my tears: But yet
It is our trick; nature her custom holds,
Let shame say what it will: when these are gone,
The woman will be out[9].—Adieu, my lord!
I have a speech of fire; that fain would blaze,
But that this folly drowns it[1]. [*Exit.*

*King.* Let's follow, Gertrude:
How much I had to do to calm his rage!
Now fear I, this will give it start again;
Therefore, let's follow. [*Exeunt.*

## ACT V. SCENE I.

*A Church-yard.*

*Enter two* Clowns, *with spades, &c.*

1. *Clown.* Is she to be bury'd in christian burial, that wilfully seeks her own salvation?

2. *Clown.* I tell thee, she is; therefore, make her grave straight[2]: the crowner hath set on her, and finds it christian burial.

1. *Clown.*

what passed in the mind of Ophelia, when she placed herself in so perilous a situation. After the facts had been weighed and considered, the priest in the next act pronounces, that *her death was doubtful.* MALONE

[9] *The woman will be out.*] i. e. tears will flow. So, in *K. Henry V.*
" And all *the woman* came into my eyes." MALONE.

[1] — *that fain would blaze,*
*But that this folly* drowns it.] Thus the quarto, 1604. The folio reads—But that this folly *doubts* it, i. e, *douts*, or extinguishes it. See p. 221, n. 6. MALONE.

[2] — *make her grave* straight:] Make her grave from east to west in a direct line parallel to the church; not from north to south, athwart the regular line. This, I think, is meant. JOHNSON.

I cannot think that this means any more than *make her grave immediately.* She is to be buried in *christian burial*, and consequently the grave is to be made as usual. My interpretation may be justified from the following passages in *K. Henry V.* and the play before us: " —We cannot lodge and board a dozen or fourteen gentlewomen, who live by the prick of their needles, but it will be thought we keep a bawdy-house *straight.*"

Again,

1. *Clown.* How can that be, unleſs ſhe drown'd herſelf in her own defence?

2. *Clown.* Why, 'tis found ſo.

1. *Clown.* It muſt be *ſe offendendo*; it cannot be elſe. For here lies the point: If I drown myſelf wittingly, it argues an act: and an act hath three branches; it is, to act, to do, and to perform[3]: Argal, ſhe drown'd herſelf wittingly.

2. *Clown.* Nay, but hear you, goodman delver.

1. *Clown.* Give me leave. Here lies the water; good: here ſtands the man; good: If the man go to this water, and drown himſelf, it is, will he, nill he, he goes; mark you that: but if the water come to him, and drown him, he drowns not himſelf: Argal, he, that is not guilty of his own death, ſhortens not his own life.

2. *Clown.* But is this law?

1. *Clown.* Ay, marry is't; crowner's-queſt law[4].

2. *Clown.*

Again, in *Hamlet*, Act III. ſc. iv. "*Pol.* He will come *ſtraight*." Again, in the *Merry Wives of Windſor*: "— we'll come and dreſs you *ſtraight*." Again, in *Othello*:

"Farewell, my Deſdemona, I will come to thee *ſtraight*." STEEV.

Again, in *Troilus and Creſſida*: "Let us make ready *ſtraight*."

MALONE.

3 — *an act hath three branches; it is to act, to do, and to perform:*] Ridicule on ſcholaſtic diviſions without diſtinction; and of diſtinctions without difference. WARBURTON.

4 — *crowner's queſt-law.*] I ſtrongly ſuſpect that this is a ridicule on the caſe of Dame Hales, reported by Plowden in his Commentaries, as determined in 3 Eliz.

It ſeems, her huſband Sir James Hales had drowned himſelf in a river; and the queſtion was, whether by this act a forfeiture of a leaſe from the dean and chapter of Canterbury, which he was poſſeſſed of, did not accrue to the crown: an inquiſition was found before the coroner, which found him *felo de ſe*. The legal and logical ſubtleties, ariſing in the courſe of the argument of this caſe, gave a very fair opportunity for a ſneer at *crowner's queſt-law*. The expreſſion, a little before, that *an act hath three branches*, &c. is ſo pointed an alluſion to the caſe I mention, that I cannot doubt but that Shakſpeare was acquainted with and meant to laugh at it.

It may be added, that on this occaſion a great deal of ſubtilty was uſed, to aſcertain whether Sir James was the *agent* or the *patient*; or, in other words, whether *he went to the water, or the water came to him*. The cauſe of Sir James's madneſs was the circumſtance of his having been the judge who condemned *lady Jane Gray*. Sir J. HAWK.

2. *Clown.* Will you ha' the truth on't? If this had not been a gentlewoman, ſhe ſhould have been bury'd out of chriſtian burial.

1. *Clown.* Why, there thou ſay'ſt: And the more pity; that great folks ſhould have countenance in this world to drown or hang themſelves, more than their even chriſtian[5]. Come; my ſpade. There is no ancient gentlemen but gardiners, ditchers, and grave-makers; they hold up Adam's profeſſion.

2. *Clown.* Was he a gentleman?

1. *Clown.* He was the firſt that ever bore arms.

2. *Clown*[6]. Why, he had none.

1. *Clown.* What, art a heathen? How doſt thou underſtand the ſcripture? The ſcripture ſays, Adam digg'd; Could he dig without arms? I'll put another queſtion to thee: if thou anſwer'ſt me not to the purpoſe, confeſs thyſelf— *

2. *Clown.* Go to.

1. *Clown.* What is he, that builds ſtronger than either the maſon, the ſhipwright, or the carpenter?

2. *Clown.* The gallows-maker; for that frame outlives a thouſand tenants.

If Shakſpeare meant to allude to the caſe of Dame Hales, (which indeed ſeems not improbable,) he muſt have heard of that caſe in converſation; for it was determined before he was born, and Plowden's Commentaries, in which it is reported, were not tranſlated into Engliſh till a few years ago. Our authour's ſtudy was probably not much encumbered with old French Reports. MALONE.

[5] — *their* even *chriſtian.*] So all the old books, and rightly. An old Engliſh expreſſion for fellow-chriſtians. THIRLBY.

So, in Chaucer's *Jack Upland:* "If freres cannot or mow not excuſe 'hem of theſe queſtions aſked of 'hem, it ſemeth that they be horrible giltie againſt God, and *ther even chriſtian*;" &c. STEEVENS.

So King Henry the Eighth in his anſwer to parliament in 1546: "—you might ſay that I, beyng put in ſo ſpeciall a truſt as I am in this caſe, were no truſtie frende to you, nor charitable man to mine *even chriſtian*,—." Hall's *Chronicle*, fol. 261. MALONE.

[6] 2. *Clown.*] This ſpeech, and the next as far as—*without arms*, is not in the quartos. STEEVENS.

* — *confeſs thyſelf*—] *and be hang'd*, the clown, I ſuppoſe, would have ſaid, if he had not been interrupted. This was a common proverbial ſentence. See *Othello*, Act IV. ſc. i.—He might, however, have intended to ſay, *confeſs thyſelf an aſs.* MALONE.

1. *Clown.*

1. *Clown.* I like thy wit well, in good faith; the gallows does well: But how does it well? it does well to thoſe that do ill: now thou doſt ill, to ſay, the gallows is built ſtronger than the church; argal, the gallows may do well to thee. To't again; come.

2. *Clown.* Who builds ſtronger than a maſon, a ſhipwright, or a carpenter?

1 *Clown.* Ay, tell me that, and unyoke[7].

2. *Clown.* Marry, now I can tell.

1. *Clown.* To't.

2. *Clown.* Maſs, I cannot tell.

*Enter* HAMLET, *and* HORATIO, *at a diſtance.*

1. *Clown.* Cudgel thy brains no more about it[8]; for your dull aſs will not mend his pace with beating: and, when you are aſk'd this queſtion next, ſay, a grave-maker; the houſes that he makes, laſt till doomſday. Go, get thee to Yaughan, and fetch me a ſtoup of liquor. [*Exit* 2. *Clown.*

He digs, and ſings.

*In youth when I did love, did love*[9],
*Methought, it was very ſweet,*
*To contract, O, the time, for, ah, my behove*
*O, methought, there was nothing meet*[1].

7 *Ay, tell me that, and unyoke.*] If it be not ſufficient to ſay, with Dr. Warburton, that the phraſe might be taken from huſbandry, without much depth of reading, we may produce it from a dittie of the workmen of Dover, preſerved in the additions to Holinſhed, p. 1546:

" My bow is broke, I would *unyoke*,
" My foot is ſore, I can worke no more." FARMER.

Again, in Drayton's *Polyolbion*, at the end of Song I.

" Here I'll *unyoke* awhile and turne my ſteeds to meat."

Again, in *P. Holland's* Tranſlation of *Pliny's Nat. Hiſt.* p. 593: " —in the evening, and when thou doſt *unyoke*." STEEVENS.

8 *Cudgel thy brains no more about it*;] So, in *The Maydes Metamorphoſis*, by John Lily, 1600:

" In vain, I fear, *I beate my brains* about,
" Proving by ſearch to find my miſtreſſe out." MALONE.

9 *In youth when I did love*, &c.] The three ſtanzas, ſung here by the grave-digger, are extracted, with a ſlight variation, from a little poem, called *The Aged Lover renounceth love*, written by Henry Howard, earl of Surrey, who flouriſhed in the reign of king Henry VIII. and who was beheaded in 1547, on a ſtrained accuſation of treaſon. THEOBALD.

*Ham.* Has this fellow no feeling of his buſineſs? he ſings at grave-making.

*Hor.* Cuſtom hath made it in him a property of eaſineſs.

*Ham.* Tis e'en ſo: the hand of little employment hath the daintier ſenſe.

1. Clown. *But age, with his ſtealing ſteps,* [ſings.
*Hath clawd me in his clutch,*
*And hath ſhipped me into the land,*
*As if I had never been ſuch*[2]. [throws up a ſcull.

*Ham.* That ſcull had a tongue in it, and could ſing once: How the knave jowls it to the ground, as if it were Cain's jaw-bone, that did the firſt murder! This might be the pate of a politician, which this aſs now o'er-reaches[3]; one that would circumvent God, might it not?

*Hor.*

[1] — *nothing meet.*] Thus the folio. The quarto, 1604, reads:
O me thought there *a* was nothing *a* meet. MALONE.
The original poem from which this ſtanza is taken, like the other ſucceeding ones, is preſerved among lord Surrey's poems; though, as Dr. Percy has obſerved, it is attributed to lord Vaux by George Gaſcoigne. See an epiſtle prefixed to one of his poems, printed with the reſt of his works, 1575. By others it is ſuppoſed to have been written by Sir Thomas Wyatt.

*I lothe that I did love;*
*In youth that I thought ſwete:*
*As time requires for my behove,*
*Methinks they are not mete.*

All theſe difficulties, however, (ſays the Rev. Thomas Warton, *Hiſt. of Engliſh Poetry*, Vol. III. p. 45.) are at once adjuſted by Mſs. Harl. in the Britiſh Muſeum, 1713—25, in which we have a copy of Vaux's poem, beginning, *I lothe that I did love*, with this title: "A dyttie or ſonet made by the lord Vaus, in the time of the noble quene Marye, repreſenting the image of death."
The entire ſong is publiſhed by Dr. Percy, in the firſt volume of his *Reliques of Ancient Engliſh Poetry*. STEEVENS.

[2] *As if I had never been ſuch.*] Thus, in the original:
*For age with ſtealing ſteps*
*Hath claude me with his crowch;*
*And luſty youthe away he leapes,*
*As there had bene none ſuch.* STEEVENS.

[3] — *which this aſs now* o'er-reaches;] Thus the quarto, 1604. The folio reads—*o'er-offices.* MALONE.

*Hor.* It might, my lord.

*Ham.* Or of a courtier; which could ſay, *Good-morrow, ſweet lord! How doſt thou, good lord?* This might be my lord ſuch-a-one, that prais'd my lord ſuch-a-one's horſe, when he meant to beg it[4]; might it not?

*Hor.* Ay, my lord.

*Ham.* Why, e'en ſo: and now my lady Worm's[5]; chapleſs, and knock'd about the mazzard with a ſexton's ſpade: Here's fine revolution, an we had the trick to ſee't. Did theſe bones coſt no more the breeding, but to play at loggats with them[6]? mine ache to think on't.

1. *Clown.*

*Over-reaches* agrees better with the ſentence: it is a ſtrong exaggeration to remark, that an *aſs* can *over-reach* him who would once have tried to *circumvent*—. I believe both the words were Shakſpeare's. An author in reviſing his work, when his original ideas have faded from his mind, and new obſervations have produced new ſentiments, eaſily introduces images which have been more newly impreſſed upon him, without obſerving their want of congruity to the general texture of his original deſign. JOHNSON.

[4] *This might be my lord ſuch-a-one, that prais'd my lord ſuch-a-one's horſe, when he meant to beg it*;] So, in *Timon of Athens*, Act I.:

" ——— my lord, you gave
" Good words the other day of a bay courſer
" I rode on; it is yours, becauſe you lik'd it." STEEVENS.

[5] —*and now my lady Worm's*;] The ſcull that was *my lord Such-a-one's*, is now *my lady Worm's*. JOHNSON.

[6] —*to play at* loggats *with them?*] So Ben Jonſon, *Tale of a Tub*, Act IV. ſc. vi.

" Now are they toſſing of his legs and arms,
" Like *loggats* at a pear-tree."

So, in an old collection of epigrams, ſatires, &c.

" To play at *loggats*, nine holes, or ten pinnes."

It is one of the unlawful games enumerated in the ſtatute of 33 of Henry VIII. STEEVENS.

*Loggeting in the fields* is mentioned for the firſt time among other " *new* and crafty games and plays," in the ſtatute 33 Henry VIII. c. 9. Not being mentioned in former acts againſt unlawful games, it was probably not practiſed long before the ſtatute of Henry the Eighth was made. MALONE.

A *loggat*-ground, like a ſkittle-ground, is ſtrewed with aſhes, but is more extenſive. A bowl much larger than the jack of the game of bowls is thrown firſt. The pins, which I believe are called *loggats*, are much thinner and lighter at one extremity than the other. The bowl being firſt thrown, the players take the pins up by the thinner

1. *Clown.* *A pick-axe, and a ſpade, a ſpade,* [ſings.
*For—and a ſhrouding ſheet:*
*O, a pit of clay for to be made*
*For ſuch a gueſt is meet*[7]. [throws up a ſcull.

*Ham.* There's another: Why may not that be the ſcull of a lawyer? Where be his quiddits[8] now, his quillets[9], his caſes, his tenures, and his tricks? why does he ſuffer this rude knave now to knock him about the ſconce[1] with a dirty ſhovel, and will not tell him of his action of battery? Humph! This fellow might be in's time a great buyer of land, with his ſtatutes[2], his recognizances, his fines, his double vouchers, his recoveries: Is this the fine of his fines, and the recovery of his recoveries[3], to have his fine pate full of fine dirt? will his vouchers vouch him no more of his purchaſes, and double ones too, than the length and breadth of a pair of indentures? The very conveyances of his lands

and lighter end, and fling them towards the bowl, and in ſuch a manner that the pins may once turn round in the air, and ſlide with the thinner extremity foremoſt towards the bowl. The pins are about one or two and twenty inches long. BLOUNT.

7 *For ſuch a gueſt is meet.*] Thus in the original.
*A pick-axe and a ſpade,*
*And eke a ſhrowding ſheet;*
*A houſe of clay for to be made,*
*For ſuch a gueſt moſt meet.* STEEVENS.

8 —*quiddits*, &c.] i. e. ſubtleties. So, in *Soliman and Perſeda*;
"I am wife, but *quiddits* will not anſwer death." STEEVENS.
Again, in Drayton's *Owle*, 4to, 1604:
"By ſome ſtrange *quiddit*, or ſome wreſted clauſe,
"To find him guiltie of the breach of lawes." MALONE.

9 — *his* quillets,] *Quillets* are nice and frivolous diſtinctions. The word is rendered by Coles in his Latin Dictionary, 1679, *res frivola*. MALONE.

1 — *the ſconce*—] *i. e.* the head. STEEVENS.
See Vol. II. p. 143, n. 8. MALONE.

2 — *his* ſtatutes,] By a ſtatute is here meant, not an act of parliament, but a ſpecies of ſecurity for money, affecting real property; whereby the lands of the debtor are conveyed to the creditor, till out of the rents and profits of them his debt may be ſatisfied. MALONE.

3 *Is this the fine of his fines, and the recovery of his recoveries,*] Omitted in the quartos. STEEVENS.

will

will hardly lie in this box; and muſt the inheritor himſelf have no more? ha?

*Hor.* Not a jot more, my lord.

*Ham.* Is not parchment made of ſheep-ſkins?

*Hor.* Ay, my lord, and of calves-ſkins too.

*Ham.* They are ſheep, and calves, which ſeek out aſſurance in that[4]. I will ſpeak to this fellow:—Whoſe grave's this, ſirrah?

1. *Clown.* Mine, ſir.—

*O, a pit of clay for to be made* [ſings.
*For ſuch a gueſt is meet.*

*Ham.* I think it be thine, indeed; for thou ly'ſt in't.

1. *Clown.* You lie out on't, ſir, and therefore it is not yours: for my part, I do not lie in't, yet it is mine.

*Ham.* Thou doſt lie in't, to be in't, and ſay it is thine: 'tis for the dead, not for the quick; therefore thou ly'ſt.

1. *Clown.* 'Tis a quick lie, ſir; 'twill away again, from me to you.

*Ham.* What man doſt thou dig it for?

1. *Clown.* For no man, ſir.

*Ham.* What woman then?

1. *Clown.* For none neither.

*Ham.* Who is to be buried in't?

1. *Clown.* One, that was a woman, ſir; but, reſt her ſoul, ſhe's dead.

*Ham.* How abſolute the knave is! we muſt ſpeak by the card[5], or equivocation will undo us. By the lord,

4 — aſſurance *in that.*] A quibble is intended. Deeds, which are uſually written on parchment, are called the common *aſſurances* of the kingdom. MALONE.

5 — *by the* card,—] i. e. we muſt ſpeak with the ſame preciſion and accuracy as is obſerved in marking the true diſtances of coaſts, the heights, courſes, &c. in a ſea-*chart*, which in our poet's time was called a *card*. So in *The Commonwealth and Government of Venice*, 4to, 1599, p. 177: "Sebaſtian Munſter in his *carde* of Venice—." Again, in Bacon's *Eſſays*, p. 326. edit. 1740: "Let him carry with him alſo ſome *card*, or book, deſcribing the country where he travelleth." In 1589 was publiſhed in 4to, *A briefe Diſcourſe of* Mappes *and* Cardes, *and of their Uſes*.—The "ſhipman's *card*" in *Macbeth*, is the paper on which the different points of the compaſs are deſcribed. MALONE.

Horatio, these three years I have taken note of it; the age is grown so picked [6], that the toe of the peasant comes so near the heel of the courtier, he galls his kibe. —How long hast thou been a grave-maker?

1. *Clown.* Of all the days i' the year, I came to't that day that our last king Hamlet overcame Fortinbras.

*Ham.* How long's that since?

1. *Clown.* Cannot you tell that? every fool can tell that: It was that very day that young Hamlet was born [7]; he that is mad, and sent into England.

*Ham.* Ay, marry, why was he sent into England?

1. *Clown.* Why, because he was mad: he shall recover his wits there; or, if he do not, 'tis no great matter there.

*Ham.* Why?

1. *Clown.* 'Twill not be seen in him there; there the men are as mad as he.

*Ham.* How came he mad?

1. *Clown.* Very strangely, they say.

*Ham.* How strangely?

1. *Clown.* 'Faith, e'en with losing his wits.

*Ham.* Upon what ground?

1. *Clown.* Why, here in Denmark; I have been sexton here, man, and boy, thirty years.

*Ham.* How long will a man lie i' the earth ere he rot?

1. *Clown.* 'Faith, if he be not rotten before he die, (as we have many pocky corses now-a-days [8], that will scarce hold the laying in,) he will last you some eight year, or nine year: a tanner will last you nine year.

[6] — *the age is grown so* picked,—] i. e. so spruce, so quaint, so affected. See Vol. II. p. 393, n. 4, and Vol. IV. p. 546, n. 2.

There is, I think, no allusion to *picked* or pointed shoes, as has been supposed. *Picked* was a common word of Shakspeare's age, in the sense above given, and is found in Minsheu's Dictionary, 1617, with its original signification: "*Trimm'd* or dreſt sprucely." It is here used metaphorically. MALONE.

[7] — *that young Hamlet was born*;] By this scene it appears that Hamlet was then thirty years old, and knew Yorick well, who had been dead twenty-two years. And yet in the beginning of the play he is spoken of as a *very young* man, one that designed to go back to school, i. e. to the university of Wittenberg. The poet in the fifth act had forgot what he wrote in the first. BLACKSTONE.

[8] — *now-a-days*,] Omitted in the quarto, MALONE.

*Ham.*

*Ham.* Why he more than another?

1. *Clown.* Why, ſir, his hide is ſo tann'd with his trade, that he will keep out water a great while; and your water is a ſore decayer of your whorſon dead body. Here's a ſcull now hath lain you i'the earth three-and-twenty years.

*Ham.* Whoſe was it?

1. *Clown.* A whoreſon mad fellow's it was; Whoſe do you think it was?

*Ham.* Nay, I know not.

1. *Clown.* A peſtilence on him for a mad rogue! he pour'd a flaggon of Rheniſh on my head once. This ſame ſcull, ſir, was Yorick's ſcull[9], the king's jeſter.

*Ham.* This? [*takes the ſcull.*

1. *Clown.* E'en that.

*Ham.* Alas, poor Yorick!—I knew him, Horatio; a fellow of infinite jeſt, of moſt excellent fancy: he hath borne me on his back a thouſand times; and now, how abhorr'd in my imagination it is! my gorge riſes at it. Here hung thoſe lips, that I have kiſs'd I know not how oft. Where be your gibes now? your gambols? your ſongs? your flaſhes of merriment, that were wont to ſet the table on a roar? Not one now, to mock your own grinning * ? quite chap-fallen? Now get you to my lady's chamber[1], and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favour[2] ſhe muſt come; make her laugh at that.—Pr'ythee, Horatio, tell me one thing.

*Hor.* What's that, my lord?

*Ham.* Doſt thou think, Alexander look'd o' this faſhion i' the earth?

*Hor.* E'en ſo.

*Ham.* And ſmelt ſo? pah! [*throws down the ſcull.*

9 — *Yorick's ſcull,*—] Thus the folio.—The quarto reads—*Sir* Yorick's ſcull. MALONE.

* —*your own* grinning?] Thus the quarto, 1604. The folio reads —your own *jeering*. In that copy, after this word, and *chap-fallen*, there is a note of interrogation, which all the editors have adopted. I doubt concerning its propriety. MALONE.

1 — *my lady's* chamber,] Thus the folio. The quartos read—my lady's *table*, meaning, I ſuppoſe, her *dreſſing-table*. STEEVENS.

2 — *to this* favour—] i. e. to this countenance or complexion. See Vol. II. p. 499, n. 6, and Vol. VII. p. 328, n. 3. MALONE.

*Hor.*

*Hor.* E'en ſo, my lord.

*Ham.* To what baſe uſes we may return, Horatio! Why may not imagination trace the noble duſt of Alexander, till he find it ſtopping a bung-hole?

*Hor.* 'Twere to conſider too curiouſly, to conſider ſo.

*Ham.* No, faith, not a jot; but to follow him thither with modeſty enough, and likelihood to lead it: As thus; Alexander died, Alexander was buried, Alexander returneth to duſt; the duſt is earth; of earth we make loam: And why of that loam, whereto he was converted, might they not ſtop a beer-barrel?

Imperious Cæſar[3], dead, and turn'd to clay,
Might ſtop a hole to keep the wind away:
O, that that earth, which kept the world in awe,
Should patch a wall to expel the winter's flaw[4]!

But ſoft! but ſoft! aſide;—Here comes the king,

*Enter* Prieſts, &c. *in proceſſion*: *the corpſe of* OPHELIA, LAERTES *and Mourners following it*; King, Queen, *their Trains*, &c.

The queen, the courtiers: Who is this they follow?
And with ſuch maimed rites[5]! This doth betoken,
The corſe, they follow, did with deſperate hand
Fordo its own life[6]. 'Twas of ſome eſtate[7]:

[3] Imperious *Cæſar*,] Thus the quarto, 1604. The editor of the folio ſubſtituted *imperial*, not knowing that *imperious* was uſed in the ſame ſenſe. See Vol. VIII. p. 264, n. *, and p. 412, n. *. There are other inſtances in the folio of a familiar term being ſubſtituted in the room of a more ancient word. See p. 395, note 9. MALONE.

[4] — *winter's flaw!*] Winter's *blaſt*. JOHNSON.

The quartos read—to expel the *water's* flaw. STEEVENS.

See Vol. VI. p. 177. n. 8. A *flaw* meant a ſudden guſt of wind. So, in Florio's Italian Dictionary, 1598: "Groppo, a *flaw*, or berrie of wind." See alſo Cotgrave's Dictionary, 1611: "*Lis de vent*, a *guſt* or *flaw* of wind." MALONE.

[5] — *maimed rites!*—] Imperfect obſequies. JOHNSON.

[6] Fordo *its own life*.] To *fordo*, is to undo, to deſtroy. So, in *Othello*:

"—this is the night
"That either makes me, or *fordoes* me quite."

Again, in *Acolaſtus*, a comedy, 1540: "— wolde to God it might be leful for me to *fordoo* myſelf, or to make an end of me!" STEEVENS.

[7] — *ſome eſtate*:] Some perſon of high rank. JOHNSON.

See Vol. VIII. p. 202, n. 8. MALONE.

Couch we a while, and mark. [*retiring with* Horatio.

*Laer.* What ceremony elſe?

*Ham.* That is Laertes,

A very noble youth: Mark.

*Laer.* What ceremony elſe?

1. *Prieſt* [8]. Her obſequies have been as far enlarg'd
As we have warranty *: Her death was doubtful;
And, but that great command o'erſways the order,
She ſhould in ground unſanctify'd have lodg'd
Till the laſt trumpet; for charitable prayers,
Shards, flints, and pebbles, ſhould be thrown on her;
Yet here ſhe is allow'd her virgin crants [9],
Her maiden ſtrewments, and the bringing home
Of bell and burial [1].

*Laer.* Muſt there no more be done?

*Prieſt.* No more be done;
We ſhould profane the ſervice of the dead,

[8] *Prieſt.*] This *prieſt* in the old quarto is called *doctor.* STEEVENS.

* — *as we have* warranty:] Is there any alluſion here to the coroner's warrant, directed to the miniſters and churchwardens of a pariſh, and permitting the body of a perſon who comes to an untimely end, to receive chriſtian burial? WHALLEY.

9 — *allow'd her virgin* crants,] Thus the quarto, 1604. For this unuſual word the editor of the firſt folio ſubſtituted *rites.* By a more attentive examination and compariſon of the quarto copies and the folio, Dr. Johnſon, I have no doubt, would have been convinced that this and many other changes in the folio were not made by Shakſpeare, as is ſuggeſted in the following note. MALONE.

I have been informed by an anonymous correſpondent, that *crants* is the German word for *garlands*, and I ſuppoſe it was retained by us from the Saxons. To carry *garlands* before the bier of a maiden, and to hang them over her grave, is ſtill the practice in rural pariſhes.

*Crants* therefore was the original word, which the author, diſcovering it to be provincial, and perhaps not underſtood, changed to a term more intelligible, but leſs proper. *Maiden rites* give no certain or definitive image. He might have put *maiden wreaths*, or *maiden gærlands*, but he perhaps beſtowed no thought upon it; and neither genius nor practice will always ſupply a haſty writer with the moſt proper diction. JOHNSON.

In Minſhew's *Dictionary*, ſee *Beades*, where *rooſen krans* means *ſertum roſaceum*; and ſuch is the name of a character in this play. TOLLET.

[1] *Of bell and burial.*] *Burial*, here, ſignifies interment in conſecrated ground. WARBURTON.

To

To ſing a *requiem*[2], and ſuch reſt to her
As to peace-parted ſouls.

*Laer.* Lay her i' the earth;—
And from her fair and unpolluted fleſh
May violets ſpring!—I tell thee, churliſh prieſt,
A miniſt'ring angel ſhall my ſiſter be,
When thou lieſt howling.

*Ham.* What, the fair Ophelia!

*Queen.* Sweets to the ſweet: Farewel!
[*ſcattering flowers.*
I hop'd, thou ſhould'ſt have been my Hamlet's wife;
I thought, thy bride-bed to have deck'd, ſweet maid,
And not have ſtrew'd thy grave.

*Laer.* O, treble woe
Fall ten times treble on that curſed head,
Whoſe wicked deed thy moſt ingenious ſenſe
Depriv'd thee of!—Hold off the earth a while,
Till I have caught her once more in mine arms:
[*leaps into the grave.*
Now pile your duſt upon the quick and dead;
Till of this flat a mountain you have made,
To o'er-top old Pelion, or the ſkyiſh head
Of blue Olympus.

*Ham.* [*advancing*] What is he, whoſe grief
Bears ſuch an emphaſis? whoſe phraſe of ſorrow
Conjures the wand'ring ſtars, and makes them ſtand
Like wonder-wounded hearers? this is I,
Hamlet the Dane. [*leaps into the grave.*

*Laer.* The devil take thy ſoul! [*grappling with him.*

*Ham.* Thou pray'ſt not well.
I pr'ythee, take thy fingers from my throat;
For, though I am not ſplenetive and raſh,
Yet have I in me ſomething dangerous,
Which let thy wiſdom fear: Hold off thy hand.

*King.* Pluck them aſunder.

*Queen.* Hamlet, Hamlet!

*All*[3]. Gentlemen,—

[2] *To ſing a* requiem,—] A *Requiem* is a maſs performed in Popiſh churches for the reſt of the ſoul of a perſon deceaſed. The folio reads —ſing *ſage* requiem. STEEVENS.

[3] *All*, &c.] This is reſtored from the quartos. STEEVENS.

*Hor.*

*Hor.* Good my lord, be quiet.

[*The Attendants part them, and they come out of the grave.*

*Ham.* Why, I will fight with him upon this theme,
Until my eye-lids will no longer wag.

*Queen.* O my ſon! what theme?

*Ham.* I lov'd Ophelia; forty thouſand brothers
Could not with all their quantity of love
Make up my ſum.—What wilt thou do for her?

*King.* O, he is mad, Laertes.

*Queen.* For love of God, forbear him.

*Ham.* 'Zounds, ſhew me what thou'lt do:
Woul't weep? woul't fight? woul't faſt? woul't tear thyſelf?
Woul't drink up eiſel[4]? eat a crocodile?

I'll

[4] *Woul't drink up* eiſel?] *Woul't* is a contraction of *wouldeſt*, [wouldeſt thou] and perhaps ought rather to be written *woul'ſt*. The quarto, 1604, has *eſil*. In the folio the word is ſpelt *eſile*. *Eiſil* or *eiſel* is vinegar. The word is uſed by Chaucer, and Skelton, and by Sir Thomas More, *Works*, p. 21. edit. 1557:

" —— with ſowre pocion
" If thou paine thy taſt, remember therewithal
" How Chriſt for thee taſted *eiſil* and gall."

The word is alſo found in Minſheu's Dictionary, 1617, and in Coles's Latin Dictionary, 1679.

Our poet, as Dr. Farmer has obſerved, has again employed the the ſame word in his 111th ſonnet:

" —— like a willing patient, I will drink
" Potions of *eyſell* 'gainſt my ſtrong infection;
" No *bitterneſs* that I will bitter think,
" Nor double penance, to correct correction."

Mr. Steevens ſuppoſes, that a river was meant, either the *Yſſel*, or *Oeſil*, or *Weiſel*, a conſiderable river which falls into the Baltick ocean. The words, *drink up*, he conſiders as favourable to his notion. " Had Shakſpeare," he obſerves, " meant to make Hamlet ſay, *Wilt thou drink vinegar*, he probably would not have uſed the term *drink up*, which means, *totally to exhauſt*. In *King Richard II.* Act II. ſc. ii. (he adds) a thought in part the ſame occurs:

" — the taſk he undertakes,
" Is numb'ring ſands, and *drinking oceans dry*."

But I muſt remark, in that paſſage evidently *impoſſibilties* are pointed out. Hamlet is only talking of difficult or painful exertions. Every man can weep, fight, faſt, tear himſelf, drink a potion of vinegar, and eat *a piece* of a diſſected crocodile, however diſagreeable; for I have no doubt that the

I'll do't.—Doſt thou come here to whine?
To out-face me with leaping in her grave?
Be buried quick with her, and ſo will I:
And, if thou prate of mountains, let them throw
Millions of acres on us; till our ground,
Singeing his pate againſt the burning zone,
Make Oſſa like a wart! Nay, an thou'lt mouth,
I'll rant as well as thou.

*Queen.* This is mere madneſs[5]:
And thus a while the fit will work on him;
Anon, as patient as the female dove,
When that her golden couplets are diſclos'd[6],
His ſilence will ſit drooping.

*Ham.*

the poet uſes the words *eat a crocodile*, for *eat* of *a crocodile*. We yet uſe the ſame phraſeology in familiar language.

On the phraſe *drink up* no ſtreſs can be laid, for our poet has employed the ſame expreſſion in his 114th ſonnet, without any idea of *entirely exhauſting*, and merely as ſynonymous to *drink*:

" Or whether doth my mind, being crown'd with you,
" *Drink up* the monarch's plague, this flattery?

Again, in the ſame ſonnet:

" —'tis flattery in my ſeeing,
" And my great mind moſt kingly *drinks* it *up*."

Again, in *Timon of Athens*:

" And how his ſilence *drinks up* his applauſe." STEEVENS.

In Shakſpeare's time, as at preſent, to *drink up*, often meant no more than ſimply to drink. So, in Florio's Italian Dictionary, 1598: " *Sorbire*, to ſip or *ſup up* any drink." In like manner we ſometimes ſay, " when you have *ſwallow'd down* this potion," though we mean no more than—" when you have ſwallow'd this potion." MALONE.

[5] *This is mere madneſs*: &c.] This ſpeech in the firſt folio is given to the king. MALONE.

[6] *When that her golden couplets are* diſclos'd,] To *diſcloſe* was anciently uſed for to *batch*. So, in the *Booke of Huntynge, Hauking, Fyſhyng*, &c. bl. l. no date: " Firſt they ben eges; and after they ben *diſcloſed* haukes; and commonly goshaukes ben *diſcloſed* as ſone as the choughes." To *exclude* is the technical term at preſent. During three days after the pigeon has *batched* her *couplets*, (for ſhe lays no more than *two* eggs,) ſhe never quits her neſt, except for a few moments in queſt of a little food for herſelf; as all her young require in that early ſtate, is to be kept warm, an office which ſhe never entruſts to the male. STEEVENS.

The young neſtlings of the pigeon, when firſt diſcloſed, are callow, only covered with a yellow down: and for that reaſon ſtand in need of being cheriſhed by the kindly warmth of the hen, to protect them from the

*Ham.* Hear you, ſir;
What is the reaſon that you uſe me thus? &
I lov'd you ever: But it is no matter;
Let Hercules himſelf do what he may,
The cat will mew, and dog will have his day. [*Exit.*

*King.* I pray thee, good Horatio, wait upon him.—
[*Exit* HORATIO.
Strengthen your patience in our laſt night's ſpeech;
[*to* Laertes.
We'll put the matter to the preſent puſh.—
Good Gertrude, ſet ſome watch over your ſon.—
This grave ſhall have a living monument:
An hour of quiet ſhortly ſhall we ſee;
Till then in patience our proceeding be. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.

*A Hall in the Caſtle.*

*Enter* HAMLET, *and* HORATIO.

*Ham.* So much for this, ſir: now ſhall you ſee the other;—
You do remember all the circumſtance?

*Hor.* Remember it, my lord!

*Ham.* Sir, in my heart there was a kind of fighting,
That would not let me ſleep [7]; methought, I lay
Worſe

the chillneſs of the ambient air, for a conſiderable time after they are hatched. HEATH.

The word *diſcloſe* has already occurred in a ſenſe nearly allied to *batch*, in this play:

" And I do doubt, the hatch and the *diſcloſe*
" Will be ſome danger." MALONE.

7 *Sir, in my heart there was a kind of fighting,*
*That would not let me ſleep*; &c.] So, in *Troilus and Creſſida*:
" Within my ſoul there doth commence a fight,
" Of this ſtrange nature," &c.

*The Hyſtorie of Hamblet*, bl. let. furniſhed our authour with the ſcheme of ſending the prince to England, and with moſt of the circumſtances deſcribed in this ſcene:

[After the death of Polonius] " Fengon [the king in the preſent play] could not content himſelfe, but ſtill his mind gave him that the foole [Hamlet] would play him ſome trick of legerdemaine. And in that conceit, ſeeking to bee rid of him, determined to find the meanes to

Worſe than the mutines in the bilboes[8]. Raſhly,
And prais'd be raſhneſs for it—[9], Let us know,
Our

to doe it by the aid of a ſtranger, making the king of England miniſter of his maſſacreous reſolution; to whom he purpoſed to ſend him, and by letters deſire him to put him to death.

"Now, to beare him company, were aſſigned two of Fengon's faithful miniſters, bearing letters ingraved in wood, that contained Hamlet's death, in ſuch ſort as he had advertiſed the king of England. But the ſubtil Daniſh prince, (being at ſea,) whilſt his companions ſlept, having read the letters, and knowing his uncle's great treaſon, with the wicked and villainous mindes of the two courtiers that led him to the ſlaughter, raced out the letters that concerned his death, and inſtead thereof graved others, with commiſſion to the king of England to hang his two companions; and not content to turn the death they had deviſed againſt him, upon their own neckes, wrote further, that king Fengon willed him to give his daughter to Hamblet in marriage." *Hyſt. of Hamblet*, ſignat. G 2.

From this narrative it appears that the faithful miniſters of Fengon were not unacquainted with the import of the letters they bore. Shakſpeare, who has followed the ſtory pretty cloſely, probably meant to deſcribe their repreſentatives, Roſencrantz and Guildenſtern, as equally guilty; as confederating with the king to deprive Hamlet of his life. So that his procuring their execution, though certainly not abſolutely neceſſary to his own ſafety, does not appear to have been a wanton and unprovoked cruelty, as Mr. Steevens has ſuppoſed in his very ingenious obſervations on the general character and conduct of the prince throughout this piece.

In the concluſion of his drama the poet has entirely deviated from the fabulous hiſtory, which in other places he has frequently followed.

After Hamblet's arrival in England, (for no ſea-fight is mentioned,) "the king, (ſays *The Hyſtory of Hamblet*) admiring the young prince,—gave him his daughter in marriage, according to the counterfeit letters by him deviſed; and the next day cauſed the two ſervants of Fengon to be executed, to ſatisfy, as he thought, the king's deſire." *Hyſt. of Hamb.* Ibid.

Hamlet, however, returned to Denmark, without marrying the king of England's daughter, who, it ſhould ſeem, had only been *betrothed* to him. When he arrived in his native country, he made the courtiers drunk, and having burnt them to death, by ſetting fire to the banqueting-room wherein they ſat, he went into Fengon's chamber, and killed him, "giving him (ſays the relater) ſuch a violent blowe upon the chine of the neck, that he cut his head clean from the ſhoulders." Ibid. ſignat. F 3.

He is afterwards ſaid to have been crowned king of Denmark.

MALONE.

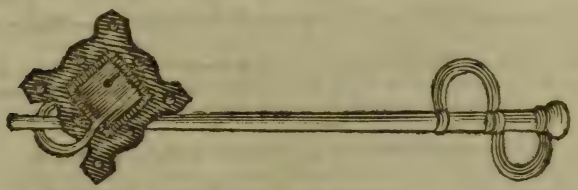
[8] — mutines *in the bilboes.*] To *mutine* was formerly uſed for to *mutiny*.

Our indiſcretion ſometime ſerves us well,
When our deep plots do pall[1]: and that ſhould teach us,
There's

*mutiny*. See p. 337, n. 6. So *mutine*, for *mutiner*, or *mutineer*: "un homme *mutin*," Fr. a mutinous or ſeditious perſon. In *The Misfortunes of Arthur*, a tragedy, 1587, the adjective is uſed:

"Suppreſſeth *mutin* force, and practicke fraud." MALONE.

The *bilboes* is a bar of iron with fetters annexed to it, by which mutinous or diſorderly ſailors were anciently linked together. The word is derived from *Bilboa*, a place in Spain where inſtruments of ſteel were fabricated in the utmoſt perfection. To underſtand Shakſpeare's alluſion completely, it ſhould be known, that as theſe fetters connect the legs of the offenders very cloſe together, their attempts to reſiſt muſt be as fruitleſs as thoſe of Hamlet, in whoſe mind *there was a kind of fighting, that would not let him ſleep*. Every motion of one muſt diſturb his partner in confinement. The *bilboes* are ſtill ſhewn in the Tower of London, among the other ſpoils of the Spaniſh Armada. The following is the figure of them. STEEVENS.



1 ——— *Raſhly,*
*And prais'd be raſhneſs for it,—Let us know,*
*Our indiſcretion ſometimes ſerves us well,*
*When*, &c.] Hamlet, delivering an account of his eſcape, begins with ſaying, That he *raſhly*—and then is carried into a reflection upon the weakneſs of human wiſdom. I raſhly—praiſed be raſhneſs for it, —*Let us* not think theſe events caſual, but *let us know*, that is, *take notice and remember*, that we ſometimes ſucceed by *indiſcretion*, when we *fail* by *deep plots*, and infer the perpetual ſuperintendance and *agency* of the *Divinity*. The obſervation is juſt, and will be allowed by every human being who ſhall reflect on the courſe of his own life. JOHNS.

This paſſage, I think, ſhould be thus diſtributed.

——— ——— ——— Raſhly
(And prais'd be raſhneſs, for it *lets* us know,
Our indiſcretion ſometimes ſerves us well,
When our deep plots do fail; and that ſhould teach us,
There's a divinity that ſhapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will;—
*Hor.* That is moſt certain.)

*Ham.* Up from my cabin, &c. So that *raſhly* may be joined in conſtruction with *in the dark grop'd I to find out them*. TYRWHITT.

*When our* deep *plots do* pall:] Thus the firſt quarto, 1604. The editor

There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will [2].

*Hor.* That is most certain.

*Ham.* Up from my cabin,
My sea-gown scarf'd about me, in the dark
Grop'd I to find out them: had my desire;
Finger'd their packet; and, in fine, withdrew
To mine own room again: making so bold,
My fears forgetting manners, to unseal
Their grand commission; where I found, Horatio,
A royal knavery; an exact command,—
Larded with many several sorts of reasons *,
Importing Denmark's health, and England's too,
With, ho! such bugs and goblins in my life [3],—
That, on the supervise, no leisure bated [4],

No,

of the next quarto, for *pall*, substituted *fall*. The folio reads—when our *dear* plots do *paule*.

Mr. Pope and the subsequent editors read—when our deep plots do *fail*: but *pall* and *fail* are by no means likely to have been confounded. I have therefore adhered to the old copies. In *Antony and Cleopatra* our poet has used the participle:

"I'll never follow thy *pall'd* fortunes more." MALONE.

2 *There's a divinity that* shapes our ends,
Rough hew *them how we will.*] Dr. Farmer informs me, that these words are merely technical. A wool-man, butcher, and dealer in *skewers*, lately observed to him, that his nephew (an idle lad) could only *assist* him in making them; "—he could *rough-hew* them, but I was obliged to *shape their ends*." Whoever recollects the profession of Shakspeare's father, will admit that his son might be no stranger to such a term. I have seen packages of wool pinn'd up with *skewers*. STEEV.

* Larded *with many several sorts of* reasons,] I am afraid here is a very poor conceit, founded on an equivoque between *reasons* and *raisins*, which in Shakspeare's time were undoubtedly pronounced alike. *Sorts* of *raisins*, sugars, &c. is the common phraseology of shops.—We have the same quibble in another play. MALONE.

3 *With, ho! such bugs and goblins in my life;*] With *such causes of terror*, rising from my character and designs. JOHNSON.

A *bug* was no less a terrific being than a goblin. So, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, B. 2. c. 3:

"As ghastly *bug* does unto them affeare."

We call it at present a *bugbear*. STEEVENS.

See Vol. VI. p. 373, n. 4. MALONE.

4 — *no leisure* bated,] *Bated*, for *allowed*. To *abate*, signifies to *deduct*; this deduction, when applied to the person in whose favour it is made is called an *allowance*. Hence he takes the liberty of using *bated* for *allowed*. WARBURTON.

No

No, not to ſtay the grinding of the axe,
My head ſhould be ſtruck off.

*Hor.* Is't poſſible?

*Ham.* Here's the commiſſion; read it at more leiſure.
But wilt thou hear now how I did proceed?

*Hor.* Ay, 'beſeech you.

*Ham.* Being thus benetted round with villanies,
Or I could make * a prologue to my brains,
They had begun the play [5];—I ſat me down;
Devis'd a new commiſſion; wrote it fair:
I once did hold it, as our ſtatiſts do [6],
A baſeneſs to write fair, and labour'd much
How to forget that learning; but, ſir, now
It did me yeoman's ſervice [7]: Wilt thou know
The effect of what I wrote?

*Hor.* Ay, good my lord.

*Ham.* An earneſt conjuration from the king,—
As England was his faithful tributary;
As love between them like the palm might flouriſh;

*No leiſure bated*—means, without any *abatement* or intermiſſion of *time*. MALONE.

* Or *I could make*—] *Or* in old Engliſh ſignified *before*. See Vol. IV. p. 540, n. 9. MALONE.

5 *Being thus benetted round with villanies,*
*Or I could make a prologue to my brains,*
*They had begun the play:*—] Hamlet is telling how luckily every thing fell out; he groped out their commiſſion in the dark without waking them; he found himſelf doomed to immediate deſtruction. Something was to be done for his preſervation. An expedient occurred, not produced by the compariſon of one method with another, or by a regular deduction of conſequences, but before he *could make a prologue to his brains, they had begun the play*. Before he could ſummon his faculties, and propoſe to himſelf what ſhould be done, a complete ſcheme of action preſented itſelf to him. His mind operated before he had excited it. This appears to me to be the meaning. JOHNSON.

6—*as our* ſtatiſts *do,*] A *ſtatiſt* is a *ſtateſman*. So, in Ben Jonſon's *Magnetic Lady*:

"Will ſcrew you out a ſecret from a *ſtatiſt*." STEEVENS.

Moſt of the great men of Shakſpeare's times, whoſe autographs have been preſerved, wrote very bad hands; their ſecretaries very neat ones. BLACKSTONE.

7 —*yeoman's ſervice:*] The meaning, I believe is, *This yeomanly qualification was a moſt uſeful ſervant, or yeoman, to me*; i. e. did me eminent ſervice. The ancient *yeomen* were famous for their military valour. "Theſe were the good archers in time paſt (ſays Sir Tho. Smith), and the ſtable troop of footmen that affraide all France." STEEV.

As peace ſhould ſtill her wheaten garland wear,
And ſtand a comma 'tween their amities[8];
And many ſuch like aſes of great charge[9],—
That, on the view and knowing of theſe contents,
Without debatement further, more, or leſs,
He ſhould the bearers put to ſudden death,
Not ſhriving time allow'd.

*Hor.* How was this ſeal'd?

*Ham.* Why, even in that was heaven ordinant;

[8] *As peace ſhould ſtill her wheaten garland wear,*
*And ſtand a* comma *'tween their amities*;] The expreſſion of our author is, like many of his phraſes, ſufficiently conſtrained and affected, but it is not incapable of explanation. The *comma* is the note of *connection* and continuity of ſentences; the *period* is the note of *abruption* and diſjunction. Shakſpeare had it perhaps in his mind to write, That unleſs England complied with the mandate, *war ſhould put a* period *to their amity*; he altered his mode of diction, and thought that, in an oppoſite ſenſe, he might put, that *peace ſhould ſtand a* comma *between their amities*. This is not an eaſy ſtile; but is it not the ſtile of Shakſpeare? JOHNSON.

[9] — aſes *of great charge*,] *Aſſes* heavily *loaded*. A quibble is intended between *as* the conditional particle, and *aſs* the beaſt of burthen. That *charg'd* anciently ſignified *loaded*, may be proved from the following paſſage in *The Widow's Tears*, by Chapman, 1612:

"Thou muſt be the *aſs charg'd with crowns* to make way."
JOHNSON.

Shakſpeare has ſo many quibbles of his own to anſwer for, that there are thoſe who think it hard he ſhould be charged with others which he never thought of. STEEVENS.

Though the firſt and obvious meaning of theſe words certainly is, "*many ſimilar* adjurations, or monitory injunctions, *of great weight and importance*," yet Dr. Johnſon's notion of a quibble being alſo in the poet's thoughts is ſupported by two other paſſages of Shakſpeare, in which *aſſes* are introduced as uſually employed in the carriage of gold, a *charge* of no ſmall weight:

"He ſhall but bear them, as the *aſs bears gold*,
"To groan and ſweat under the buſineſs." *Julius Cæſar.*

Again, in *Meaſure for Meaſure*:

"——like an *aſs*, whoſe back with *ingots* bows,
"Thou bear'ſt thy heavy riches but a journey,
"And death unloads thee."

In further ſupport of his obſervation, it ſhould be remembered, that the letter *s* in the particle *as* is in the midland counties uſually pronounced hard, as in the pronoun *us*. Dr. Johnſon himſelf always pronounced the particle *as* hard, and ſo I have no doubt did Shakſpeare. It is ſo pronounced in Warwickſhire at this day. The firſt folio accordingly has—*aſſes*. MALONE.

I had

I had my father's ſignet in my purſe,
Which was the model of that Daniſh ſeal *:
Folded the writ up in form of the other;
Subſcrib'd it; gave 't the impreſſion; plac'd it ſafely,
The changeling never known [1]: Now, the next day
Was our ſea-fight; and what to this was ſequent
Thou know'ſt already.

*Hor.* So Guildenſtern and Roſencrantz go to't.

*Ham.* Why, man [2], they did make love to this employment;
They are not near my conſcience; their defeat
Does by their own inſinuation [3] grow:
'Tis dangerous, when the baſer nature comes
Between the paſs and fell incenſed points
Of mighty oppoſites.

*Hor.* Why, what a king is this!

*Ham.* Does it not, think thee [4], ſtand me now upon?
He that hath kill'd my king, and whor'd my mother;
Popp'd in between the election and my hopes;
Thrown out his angle [5] for my proper life,
And with ſuch cozenage; is't not perfect conſcience,
To quit him [6] with this arm? and is't not to be damn'd,
To let this canker of our nature come
In further evil?

*Hor.* It muſt be ſhortly known to him from England,
What is the iſſue of the buſineſs there.

* — *the* model *of that Daniſh ſeal:*] The *model* is in old language the *copy*. The ſignet was formed in imitation of the Daniſh ſeal. See Vol. V. p. 58, n. 4, and Vol. VI. p. 568, n. 5. MALONE.

1 *The* changeling *never known:*—] A *changeling* is a *child* which the fairies are ſuppoſed to leave in the room of that which they ſteal. JOHNSON.

2 *Why, man,* &c.] This line is omitted in the quartos. STEEV.

3 — *by their own* inſinuation—] By their having inſinuated or thruſt themſelves into the employment. MALONE.

4 — think *thee,*] i. e. bethink thee. MALONE.

5 *Thrown out his* angle—] An *angle* in Shakſpeare's time ſignified a fiſhing-rod. So, in Lily's *Sapho and Phao*, 1591:

"*Phao.* But he may bleſs fiſhing, that caught ſuch a one in the ſea.

"*Venus.* It was not with an *angle*, myboy, but with a net." MALONE.

6 *To quit him,* &c.] To requite him; to pay him his due. JOHNSON.

This paſſage, as well as the three following ſpeeches, is not in the quartos. STEEVENS.

*Ham.* It will be ſhort: the interim is mine;
And a man's life's no more than to ſay, one.
But I am very ſorry, good Horatio,
That to Laertes I forgot myſelf;
For by the image of my cauſe, I ſee
The portraiture of his: I'll count his favours[5]:
But, ſure, the bravery of his grief did put me
Into a towering paſſion.

*Hor.* Peace; who comes here?

*Enter* OSRICK.

*Oſ.* Your lordſhip is right welcome back to Denmark.

*Ham.* I humbly thank you, ſir.—Doſt know this water-fly[6]?

*Hor.* No, my good lord.

*Ham.* Thy ſtate is the more gracious; for 'tis a vice to know him: He hath much land, and fertile: let a beaſt be lord of beaſts, and his crib ſhall ſtand at the king's meſs: 'Tis a chough[7]; but, as I ſay, ſpacious in the poſſeſſion of dirt.

*Oſr.* Sweet lord, if your lordſhip were at leiſure, I ſhould impart a thing to you from his majeſty.

*Ham.* I will receive it, ſir, with all diligence of ſpirit; Your bonnet to his right uſe; 'tis for the head.

*Oſr.* I thank your lordſhip, 'tis very hot.

*Ham.* No, believe me, 'tis very cold; the wind is northerly.

*Oſr.* It is indifferent cold, my lord, indeed.

*Ham.* But yet, methinks, it is very ſultry[8] and hot; or my complexion —[9]

*Oſr.* Exceedingly, my lord; it is very ſultry[8],—as

[5] *I'll* count *his favours:*] I'll *count* his favours is—*I will make account* of them, i. e. *reckon upon them, value them.* STEEVENS.

Mr. Rowe for *count* very plauſibly reads *court.* MALONE.

[6] — *Doſt know this water-fly?*] A *water-fly* ſkips up and down upon the ſurface of the water, without any apparent purpoſe or reaſon, and is thence the proper emblem of a buſy trifler. JOHNSON.

[7] — *'Tis a chough*;—] A kind of jackdaw. JOHNSON.

[8] *But yet, methinks, it is very ſultry,* &c.] Hamlet is here playing over the ſame farce with Oſrick, which he had formerly done with Polonius. STEEVENS.

[9] —*or* my complexion—] The folios read—*for* my complexion. STEEV.

[8] *Exceedingly, my lord; it is very ſultry,*]

—— igniculum brumæ ſi tempore poſcas,
Accipit endromidem; ſi dixeris æſtuo, ſudat. *Juv.* MALONE.

*Oſr.*

'twere,—I cannot tell how.—My lord, his majesty bade me signify to you, that he has laid a great wager on your head: Sir, this is the matter,—

*Ham.* I beseech you, remember—[2]

[Hamlet *moves him to put on his hat.*

*Osr.* Nay, good my lord; for my ease, in good faith[3]. Sir[4], here is newly come to court, Laertes: believe me, an absolute gentleman, full of most excellent differences[5], of very soft society, and great shewing: Indeed, to speak feelingly[6] of him, he is the card or calendar of gentry[7], for you shall find in him the continent of what part a gentleman would see[8].

[2] *I beseech you*, remember—] "*Remember not your courtesy*," I believe, Hamlet would have said, if he had not been interrupted. "Remember thy courtesy," he could not possibly have said, and therefore this abrupt sentence may serve to confirm an emendation which I proposed in *Love's Labour's Lost*, (Vol. II. p. 396, n. 8.) where Armado says—"*I do beseech thee, remember* thy courtesy;—I beseech thee, apparel thy head." I have no doubt that Shakspeare there wrote, "—remember *not* thy courtesy,"—and that the negative was omitted by the negligence of the compositor. MALONE.

[3] *Nay, good my lord*; for my ease, *in good faith.*] This seems to have been the affected phrase of the time.—Thus in Marston's *Malecontent*, 1604: "I beseech you, sir, be covered."—"No, in good faith, *for my ease.*" And in other places. FARMER.

It appears to have been the common language of ceremony in our poet's time. "Why do you stand *bare-headed?* (says one of the speakers in Florio's SECOND FRUTES, 1591,) you do yourself wrong. Pardon me, good sir (replies his friend); I do it *for my ease.*" Again, in *A New Way to pay old Debts*, by Massinger, 1633:

"———— Is't *for your ease*

"You keep your hat off?" MALONE.

[4] *Sir*, &c.] The folio omits this and the following fourteen speeches; and in their place substitutes only, "Sir, you are not ignorant of what excellence Laertes is at his weapon." STEEVENS.

[5] —*full of most excellent differences*,—] Full of *distinguishing* excellencies. JOHNSON.

[6] —*speak* feelingly—] The first quarto reads *feilingly*. STEEVENS.

[7] —*the card or calendar of gentry*;] The general preceptor of elegance; the *card* by which a gentleman is to direct his course; the *calendar* by which he is to choose his time, that what he does may be both excellent and seasonable. JOHNSON.

[8] —*for you shall find in him the continent of what part a gentleman would see.*] *You shall find him containing* and comprising every *quality* which a *gentleman* would desire to *contemplate* for imitation. I know not but it should be read, *You shall find him the continent.* JOHNSON.

*Ham.* Sir, his definement[9] ſuffers no perdition in you; —though, I know, to divide him inventorially, would dizzy the arithmetick of memory; and yet but raw neither[1], in reſpect of his quick ſail. But, in the verity of extolment, I take him to be a ſoul of great article[2]; and his infuſion of ſuch dearth[3] and rareneſs, as, to make true diction of him, his ſemblable is his mirrour; and, who elſe would trace him, his umbrage, nothing more.

*Oſr.* Your lordſhip ſpeaks moſt infallibly of him.

*Ham.* The concernancy, ſir? why do we wrap the gentleman in our more rawer breath?

*Oſr.* Sir?

*Hor.* Is't not poſſible to underſtand in another tongue? You will do't, ſir, really[4].

*Ham.*

[9] *Sir, his definement*, &c.] This is deſigned as a ſpecimen, and ridicule of the court-jargon amongſt the *precieux* of that time. The ſenſe in Engliſh is, "Sir, he ſuffers nothing in your account of him, "though to enumerate his good qualities particularly would be end-"leſs; yet when we had done our beſt, it would ſtill come ſhort of "him. However, in ſtrictneſs of truth, he is a great genius, and of "a character ſo rarely to be met with, that to find any thing like him "we muſt look into his mirrour, and his imitators will appear no "more than his ſhadows." WARBURTON.

[1] —*and yet but* raw *neither*, &c.] *Raw* is a word of great latitude; *raw* ſignifies *unripe*, *immature*, thence *unformed*, *imperfect*, *unſkilful*. The beſt account of him would be *imperfect*, in reſpect of his quick ſail. The phraſe *quick ſail* was, I ſuppoſe, a proverbial term for *activity of mind*. JOHNSON.

[2] —*a ſoul of great* article;—] This is obſcure. I once thought it might have been, *a ſoul of great altitude*; but, I ſuppoſe, *a ſoul of great article*, means *a ſoul of* large comprehenſion, of many contents. The particulars of an inventory are called *articles*. JOHNSON.

[3] —*of ſuch dearth*—] *Dearth is dearneſs*, value, price. And his internal qualities of ſuch value and rarity. JOHNSON.

[4] *Is't not poſſible to underſtand in another tongue? you will do't, ſir, really.*] Of this interrogatory remark the ſenſe is very obſcure. The queſtion may mean, *might not all this be underſtood in plainer language.* But then, *you will do it, ſir, really*, ſeems to have no uſe, for who could doubt but plain language would be intelligible? I would therefore read, *Is't poſſible* not to be underſtood in a mother *tongue.* You will do it, ſir, really. JOHNSON.

Suppoſe we were to point the paſſage thus: Is't not poſſible to underſtand? in another tongue you will do it, ſir, really.

The ſpeech ſeems to be addreſſed to *Oſrick*, who is puzzled by Hamlet's imitation of his own affected language. STEEVENS.

Theobald

*Ham.* What imports the nomination of this gentleman?

*Ofr.* Of Laertes?

*Hor.* His purſe is empty already; all his golden words are ſpent.

*Ham.* Of him, ſir.

*Ofr.* I know, you are not ignorant—

*Ham.* I would, you did, ſir; yet, in faith, if you did, it would not much approve me[5];—Well, ſir.

*Ofr.* You are not ignorant of what excellence Laertes is—

*Ham.* I dare not confeſs that, leſt I ſhould compare with him in excellence[6]; but, to know a man well, were to know himſelf.

*Ofr.* I mean, ſir, for his weapon; but in the imputation laid on him by them, in his meed[7] he's unfellow'd.

*Ham.* What's his weapon?

*Ofr.* Rapier and dagger.

*Ham.* That's two of his weapons: but, well.

*Ofr.* The king, ſir, hath wager'd with him ſix Barbary horſes: againſt the which he has impawn'd[8], as I take it, ſix French rapiers and poniards, with their aſſigns,

Theobald has ſilently ſubſtituted *rarely* for *really*. I think Horatio's ſpeech is addreſſed to Hamlet. *Another tongue* does not mean, as I conceive, *plainer language*, (as Dr. Johnſon ſuppoſed,) but "language ſo fantaſtical and affected as to have the appearance of a *foreign tongue*:" and in the following words Horatio, I think, means to praiſe Hamlet for imitating this kind of babble ſo happily. I ſuſpect, however, that the poet wrote—Is't *poſſible not* to underſtand in *a mother* tongue? MALONE.

[5] — *if you did, it would not much* approve *me*;] If you knew I was not ignorant, your eſteem would not much advance my reputation. To *approve*, is to *recommend to approbation*. JOHNSON.

[6] *I dare not confeſs that, leſt I ſhould compare with him*, &c.] I dare not pretend to know him, leſt I ſhould pretend to an equality: no man can completely know another, but by knowing himſelf, which is the utmoſt extent of human wiſdom. JOHNSON.

[7] — *in his meed*— In his excellence. JOHNSON.

See Vol. VI. p. 366, n. 6. MALONE.

[8] —*impawn'd*,—] Thus the quarto 1604. The folio reads—*impon'd*. *Pignare* in Italian ſignifies both to *pawn*, and to lay a wager. MALONE.

Perhaps it ſhould be, *depon'd*. So Hudibras:

"I would upon this cauſe *depone*
"As much as any I have known."

But perhaps *imponed* is pledged, *impawned*; ſo ſpelt to ridicule the affectation of uttering Engliſh words with French pronunciation. JOHNS-

as

as girdle, hangers [9], and ſo: Three of the carriages, in faith, are very dear to fancy, very reſponſive to the hilts, moſt delicate carriages, and of very liberal conceit.

*Ham.* What call you the carriages?

*Hor.* I knew, you muſt be edified by the margent [1], ere you had done.

*Oſr.* The carriages, ſir, are the hangers.

*Ham.* The phraſe would be more german [2] to the matter, if we could carry a cannon by our ſides; I would, it might be hangers till then. But, on: Six Barbary horſes againſt ſix French ſwords, their aſſigns, and three liberal-conceited carriages; that's the French bet againſt the Daniſh: Why is this impawn'd, as you call it?

*Oſr.* The king, ſir, hath lay'd [3], that in a dozen paſſes

[9] — *as girdle*, hangers, *and ſo:*] i. e. and ſo forth. The word *hangers* has been miſunderſtood. That part of the girdle or belt by which the ſword was ſuſpended, was in our poet's time called *the hangers*. See Minſheu's Dictionary, 1617: "The *hangers* of a ſword. G. Pendants d'eſpée, L. Subcingulum," &c. So, in an Inventory found among the papers of Hamlet Clarke, an attorney of a court of record in London in the year 1611, and printed in *The Gentleman's Magazine*, Vol. LVIII, p. 111:

"*Item*, One *payre* of girdle and *hangers*, of ſilver purle, and cullored ſilke.

*Item*, One payre of girdler and *hangers* upon white ſattene."

*The hangers* ran in an oblique direction from the middle of the fore-part of the girdle acroſs the left thigh, and were attached to the girdle behind. MALONE.

[1] — *you muſt be edified by the margent*,—] Dr. Warburton very properly obſerves, that in the old books the gloſs or comment was uſually printed on the margent of the leaf. So, in Decker's *Honeſt Whore*, part 2d, 1630:

" ——————— I read

" Strange comments in thoſe *margins* of your looks."

This ſpeech is omitted in the folio. STEEVENS.

See Vol. X. p. 92, n. 6. MALONE.

[2] — *more* german—] More *a-kin*. JOHNSON.

[3] *The king, ſir, hath lay'd*, &c.] This wager I do not underſtand. In a dozen paſſes one muſt exceed the other more or leſs than three hits. Nor can I comprehend, how, in a dozen, there can be twelve to nine. The paſſage is of no importance; it is ſufficient that there was a wager. The quarto has the paſſage as it ſtands. The folio, *He hath one twelve for mine*. JOHNSON.

The meaning, I think, is, The king hath laid that *in* a game of *a dozen paſſes*, or in other words, in a trial of ſkill with foils, which is to be *within*, or at the utmoſt, *not to go beyond*, a dozen paſſes or bouts,

paſſes between yourſelf and him, he ſhall not exceed you three hits; he hath lay'd, on twelve for nine; and it would come to immediate trial, if your lordſhip would vouchſafe the anſwer.

*Ham.* How if I anſwer, no?

*Oſr.* I mean, my lord, the oppoſition of your perſon in trial.

*Ham.* Sir, I will walk here in the hall: If it pleaſe his majeſty, it is the breathing time of day with me: let the foils be brought, the gentleman willing, and the king hold

bouts, Laertes does not exceed you three hits; *the king hath laid on* the principle of him who makes a bet, with the chance of gaining *twelve, for nine* that he may loſe: or, in the language of gameſters, the king (by the advantage allowed to the prince,) hath *odds*, tantamount to *four to three*.

So, in *The Tempeſt*,

——— each putter out, *on three for one*,"

means, each layer out of money on the terms of *gaining three* pounds, &c. if he returns from his travels, *for one* that he hath ſtaked, and will loſe, if he does not return.

If the words, "*he hath lay'd*, &c. relate to *Laertes*, they muſt mean, I think, that "*Laertes hath laid on* the principle of one who undertakes to make *twelve paſſes for nine*, that his adverſary ſhall make; on the *ratio* of twelve to nine.

Dr. Johnſon objects very plauſibly to this wager, that in a dozen paſſes one muſt exceed the other more or leſs than three hits: nor can there, ſays he, in a dozen paſſes be *twelve to nine*. If my interpretation of the words—*he hath laid on twelve for nine*, be right, the latter objection is done away: for theſe words relate to the nature or *principle of the bet*, and not to the *number of paſſes* actually to be made.

Let us then conſider the other objection.—In a dozen paſſes or bouts, *if they are play'd out*, one muſt certainly exceed the other more or leſs than three hits; for the victor muſt either gain eight to four, or ſeven to five. But Shakſpeare by the words—*in a dozen paſſes*, meant, I believe,—*within a dozen paſſes*, or *in a game that at the utmoſt may be extended to a dozen paſſes*. In ſuch a game it *might* be aſcertained that Laertes could not exceed Hamlet by three hits, without the twelve paſſes being made: for if Hamlet obtained the firſt five hits, the king would win his wager, and it would be uſeleſs to play out the remaining paſſes, inaſmuch as Laertes could not, in that caſe, exceed his adverſary by three hits. So, if Laertes was ſucceſsful in the firſt five, and Hamlet in the ſecond five,—the game would be at an end, and Hamlet be victorious; for the remaining hits could avail Laertes nothing: and ſo in other caſes that might be put.

A caſe, however, it muſt be acknowledged, might ariſe, in which it might be neceſſary to play out the whole twelve paſſes. Thus, if Hamlet had made four hits, and Laertes, ſeven, Hamlet would have

hold his purpoſe, I will win for him, if I can; if not, I will gain nothing but my ſhame, and the odd hits.

*Oſr.* Shall I deliver you ſo?

*Ham.* To this effect, ſir; after what flouriſh your nature will.

*Oſr.* I commend my duty to your lordſhip. [*Exit.*

*Ham.* Yours, yours.—He does well, to commend it himſelf; there are no tongues elſe for's turn.

*Hor.* This lapwing runs away with the ſhell on his head[4]. *Ham.*

a right to inſiſt on the twelfth bout being played, becauſe if he was ſucceſsful in that, his antagoniſt would be defeated, and loſe his wager.

Shakſpeare probably did not advert to the circumſtance, that if the whole twelve paſſes were made, one muſt exceed the other by more or leſs than three hits, becauſe it is obvious that the wager *might* be determined without twelve paſſes being made.

*Three bits*, was, I ſuppoſe, the uſual number by which ſuperior ſkill in the uſe of the ſword was aſcertained in Shakſpeare's time. In Maſter Slender's engagement with a maſter of defence, the victor on making *three venies*, i. e. *bits*, more than his antagoniſt, was to have a diſh of ſtew'd prunes. How many bouts or paſſes were allowed, is not mentioned; but probably the game generally was limited, and not permitted to exceed twelve paſſes.—The paſſage alluded to, has been miſunderſtood. See the note on it in Vol. X. in the APPENDIX. MALONE.

4 *This lapwing runs away with the ſhell on his head.*] I ſee no particular propriety in the image of the lapwing. Oſrick did not run till he had done his buſineſs. We may read, *This lapwing* ran *away*—That is, *this fellow was full of unimportant buſtle from his birth.* JOHNS.

The ſame image occurs in Ben Jonſon's *Staple of News*:

" ——— and coachmen
" To mount their boxes reverently, and drive,
" Like *lapwings with a ſhell upon their heads*,
" Thorough the ſtreets."

And I have ſince met with it in ſeveral other plays. The meaning, I believe, is,—This is a *forward* fellow. So, in *Vittoria Corombona*, or the *White Devil*, 1612:

" ——— *Forward* lapwing,
" He flies with the ſhell on's head."

Again, in *Revenge of Honour*, by Chapman:

" Boldneſs enforces youth to hard atchievements
" Before their time; makes them run forth like *lapwings*
" From their warm neſt, part of the *ſhell yet ſticking*
" Unto their downy heads." STEEVENS.

I believe, Hamlet means to ſay that Oſrick is, buſtling and impetuous, and yet " but *raw* in reſpect of his quick ſail." So, in *The Character of an Oxford Incendiary*, 1643: " This *lapwing* incendiary ran away *half-hatch'd* from Oxford, to raiſe a combuſtion in Scotland."

In

*Ham.* He did comply with his dug[5], before he ſuck'd it. Thus has he (and many more of the ſame breed[6], that, I know, the droſſy age dotes on,) only got the tune of the time, and outward habit of encounter[7]; a kind of yeſty collection, which carries them through and through the moſt fond and winnow'd opinions[8]; and do but blow them to their trial, the bubbles are out[9].

*Enter*

In Meres's *Wit's Treaſury* 1598, we have the ſame image expreſſed exactly in our poet's words: "As *the lapwing runneth away with the ſhell on her head*, as ſoon as ſhe is hatched," &c. MALONE.

[5] *He did* comply *with his dug*, &c.] Thus the folio. The quarto, 1604, reads—*A* [i. e. *he*] did, ſir, with his dug, &c. For *comply* Dr. Warburton and the ſubſequent editors; read—*compliment*. The verb *to compliment* was not uſed, as I think, in the time of Shakſpeare. MALONE.

Shakſpeare ſeems to have uſed *comply* in the ſenſe in which we uſe the verb *compliment*. See before, Act II. ſc. ii. *let me* comply *with you in this garb*. TYRWHITT.

[6] — *and* many *more of the ſame* breed.] The firſt folio has—*and* mine *more of the ſame* beavy. The ſecond folio—*and* nine *more*, &c. Perhaps the laſt is the true reading. STEEVENS.

There may be a propriety in *beavy*, as he has juſt call'd him a *lapwing*. TOLLET.

"Many more of the ſame breed," is the reading of the quarto, 1604. MALONE.

[7] — *outward habit of encounter*;] Thus the folio The quartos—read—*out of an* habit of encounter. STEEVENS.

We ſhould, I think, read—*an* outward habit, &c. MALONE.

[8] — *a kind of* yeſty *collection, which carries them through and through the moſt* fond *and winnow'd opinions*;] This paſſage in the quarto ſtands thus: "They have got out of the habit of encounter, a "kind of miſty collection, which carries them through and through "the moſt profane and trennowned opinions." If this printer preſerved any traces of the original, our author wrote, "the moſt *ſane* "and *renowned* opinions," which is better than [the reading propoſed by Dr. Warburton,] *fann'd* and *winnowed*.

The meaning is, "theſe men have got the cant of the day, a ſu-"perficial readineſs of ſlight and curſory converſation, a kind of "frothy collection of faſhionable prattle, which yet carries them "through the moſt ſelect and approved judgments. This airy facility "of talk ſometimes impoſes upon wiſe men."

Who has not ſeen this obſervation verified? JOHNSON.

The quarto, 1604, reads, "—dotes on; *only* got the tune of the time, and out of *an* habit," &c. and—not *miſty*, but *hiſty*; the folio rightly, *yeſty*: the ſame quarto has not *trennowned*, but *trennowed* (a corruption of *winnowed*,) for which (according to the uſual proceſs,) the next quart

*Enter a* Lord.

*Lord.* My lord[1], his majeſty commended him to you by young Oſrick, who brings back to him, that you attend him in the hall: He ſends to know, if your pleaſure hold to play with Laertes, or that you will take longer time.

*Ham.* I am conſtant to my purpoſes, they follow the king's pleaſure: if his fitneſs ſpeaks, mine is ready; now, or whenſoever, provided I be ſo able as now.

*Lord.* The king, and queen, and all are coming down.

*Ham.* In happy time.

*Lord.* The queen deſires you, to uſe ſome gentle entertainment[2] to Laertes, before you fall to play.

*Ham.* She well inſtructs me. [*Exit* Lord.

*Hor.* You will loſe this wager, my lord.

*Ham.* I do not think ſo; ſince he went into France, I have been in continual practice; I ſhall win at the odds[3].

quarto gave *trennowned*. *Fond* and *winnowed* is the reading of the folio. MALONE.

*Fond* is evidently oppoſed to *winnowed*. Fond, in the language of Shakſpeare's age, ſignified *fooliſh*. So, in the *Merchant of Venice*:

" Thou naughty jailer, why art thou ſo *fond*," &c.

*Winnowed* is *ſifted, examined*. The ſenſe is then, that their converſation was yet ſucceſsful enough to make them paſſable not only with the weak, but with thoſe of ſounder judgment. The ſame oppoſition in terms is viſible in the reading which the quartos offer. *Profane* or *vulgar*, is oppoſed to *trenowned*, or *thrice renowned*. STEEVENS.

*Fann'd* and *winnow'd* ſeems right to me. Both words, *winnowed*, *fand* * and dreſt, occur together in Markham's *Engliſh Huſbandman*, p. 117. So do fan'*d* and winnow'*d*, fanned and winnowed, in his *Huſbandry*, p. 18, 76, and 77. So Shakſpeare mentions together the *fan* and *wind* in *Troilus and Creſſida*, Act V. ſc. iii. TOLLET.

9 — *do but blow them to their trial, the bubbles are out.*] Theſe men of ſhow, without ſolidity, are like bubbles raiſed from ſoap and water, which dance, and glitter, and pleaſe the eye, but if you extend them, by blowing hard, ſeparate into a miſt; ſo, if you oblige theſe ſpecious talkers to extend their compaſs of converſation, they at once diſcover the tenuity of their intellects. JOHNSON.

1 *My lord*, &c.] All that paſſes between *Hamlet* and this *Lord* is omitted in the folio. STEEVENS.

2 — *gentle entertainment* —] Mild and temperate converſation. JOHNS.

3 *I ſhall win at* the odds.] I ſhall ſucceed with the advantage that I am allowed. MALONE.

* So written without the apoſtrophe, and eaſily might in MS. be miſtaken for *fond*.

But

But thou would'ſt not think, how ill all's here about my heart: but it is no matter.

*Hor.* Nay, good my lord,—

*Ham.* It is but foolery; but it is ſuch a kind of gain-giving[4], as would, perhaps, trouble a woman.

*Hor.* If your mind diſlike any thing, obey it[5]: I will foreſtal their repair hither, and ſay, you are not fit.

*Ham.* Not a whit, we defy augury; there is a ſpecial providence in the fall of a ſparrow. If it be now, 'tis not to come; if it be not to come, it will be now; if it be not now, yet it will come: the readineſs is all: Since no man of aught he leaves, knows, what is't to leave betimes[6]? Let be.

*Enter*

4 —*of* gain-giving,] *Gain-giving* is the ſame as *miſ-giving*. STEEV.

5 *If your mind diſlike any thing, obey it:*] With theſe preſages of future evils ariſing in the mind, the poet has forerun many events which are to happen at the concluſions of his plays; and ſometimes ſo particularly, that even the circumſtances of calamity are minutely hinted at, as in the inſtance of Juliet, who tells her lover from the window, that he appears *like one dead in the bottom of a tomb*. The ſuppoſition that the genius of the mind gave the alarm before approaching diſſolution, is a very ancient one, and perhaps can never be totally driven out: yet it muſt be allowed the merit of adding beauty to poetry, however injurious it may ſometimes prove to the weak and the ſuperſtitious. STEEVENS.

6 *Since no man, of aught he leaves, knows, what is't to leave betimes?*] The old quarto reads, *Since no man, of aught he leaves*, knows, *what is't to leave betimes? Let be.* This is the true reading. Here the premiſes conclude right, and the argument drawn out at length is to this effect: "It is true, that, by death, we loſe all the goods of life, "yet ſeeing this loſs is no otherwiſe an evil than as we are ſenſible of "it; and ſince death removes all ſenſe of it, what matters it how "ſoon we loſe them? Therefore come what will, I am prepared."

WARBURTON.

The reading of the quarto was right, but in ſome other copy the harſhneſs of the tranſpoſition was ſoftened, and the paſſage ſtood thus: *Since no man knows aught of what he leaves.* For *knows* was printed in the later copies *has*, by a ſlight blunder in ſuch typographers.

I do not think Dr. Warburton's interpretation of the paſſage the beſt that it will admit. The meaning may be this: Since *no man knows aught of* the ſtate of life which *he leaves*, ſince he cannot judge what other years may produce, why ſhould he be afraid of *leaving* life betimes? Why ſhould he dread an early death, of which he cannot tell whether it is an excluſion of happineſs, or an interception of calamity. I deſpiſe the ſuperſtition of augury and omens, which has no ground in

*Enter* King, Queen, LAERTES, Lords, OSRICK, *and Attendants with foils, &c.*

*King.* Come, Hamlet, come, and take this hand from me.

[*The* King *puts the hand of* Laertes *into that of* Hamlet.

*Ham.* Give me your pardon, sir[7]: I have done you wrong;
But pardon it, as you are a gentleman.
This presence knows, and you must needs have heard,
How I am punish'd with a sore distraction.
What I have done,
That might your nature, honour, and exception,
Roughly awake, I here proclaim was madness.
Was't Hamlet wrong'd Laertes? Never, Hamlet:
If Hamlet from himself be ta'en away,
And, when he's not himself, does wrong Laertes,
Then Hamlet does it not, Hamlet denies it.
Who does it then? His madness: If't be so,
Hamlet is of the faction that is wrong'd;
His madness is poor Hamlet's enemy.
Sir, in this audience[8],
Let my disclaiming from a purpos'd evil
Free me so far in your most generous thoughts,
That I have shot my arrow o'er the house,
And hurt my brother.

*Laer.* I am satisfy'd in nature[9],

in reason or piety; my comfort is, that I cannot fall but by the direction of providence.

Hanmer has, *Since no man* owes *aught*, a conjecture not very reprehensible. Since *no man can call any possession certain*, what is it to leave? JOHNSON.

Dr. Warburton has truly stated the reading of the first quarto, 1604. The folio reads—Since no man *has* ought *of what* he leaves, what is't to leave betimes?

In the late editions neither copy has been followed. MALONE.

[7] *Give me your pardon, sir:*] I wish Hamlet had made some other defence; it is unsuitable to the character of a good or a brave man, to shelter himself in falsehood. JOHNSON.

[8] *Sir*, &c.] This passage I have restored from the folio. STEEV.

[9] *I am satisfied in* nature, &c.] This was a piece of satire on fantastical honour. Though *nature* is satisfied, yet he will ask advice of older men of the sword, whether *artificial honour* ought to be contented with Hamlet's submission.

There is a passage somewhat similar in the *Maid's Tragedy*:

"*Evad.* Will you forgive me then?

"*Mel.* Stay, I must *ask mine honour* first." STEEVENS.

whose

Whoſe motive, in this caſe, ſhould ſtir me moſt
To my revenge: but in my terms of honour,
I ſtand aloof; and will no reconcilement,
Till by ſome elder maſters, of known honour [1],
I have a voice and precedent of peace,
To keep my name ungor'd: But till that time,
I do receive your offer'd love like love,
And will not wrong it.

*Ham.* I embrace it freely;
And will this brother's wager frankly play.—
Give us the foils; come on.

*Laer.* Come, one for me.

*Ham.* I'll be your foil, Laertes; in mine ignorance
Your ſkill ſhall, like a ſtar i' the darkeſt night,
Stick fiery off indeed.

*Laer.* You mock me, ſir.

*Ham.* No, by this hand.

*King.* Give them the foils, young Oſrick.—Couſin Hamlet,
You know the wager?

*Ham.* Very well, my lord;
Your grace hath laid the odds o' the weaker ſide [2].

*King.* I do not fear it; I have ſeen you both:—
But ſince he's better'd, we have therefore odds.

*Laer.* This is too heavy, let me ſee another.

*Ham.* This likes me well: Theſe foils have all a length? [*They prepare to play.*

[1] *Till by ſome* elder maſters, *of known honour,*] Mr. Steevens thinks that "this is ſaid in alluſion to the *ancient maſters of defence,*" of Shakſpeare's time. See Vol. I. p. 204, n. 9. Our poet frequently alludes to Engliſh cuſtoms, and may have done ſo here, but I do not believe that gentlemen ever ſubmitted points of honour to perſons who exhibited themſelves for money as prize-fighters on the publick ſtage; though they might appeal in certain caſes to Raleigh, Eſſex, or Southampton, who from their high rank, their courſe of life, and eſtabliſhed reputation, might with ſtrict propriety be ſtyled, "elder maſters, *of known honour.*" MALONE.

[2] *Your grace hath laid the odds o' the weaker ſide.*] Hamlet either means, that what the king had laid was more valuable than what Laertes ſtaked; or that *the king hath made his bet, an advantage being given to the weaker party.* I believe the firſt is the true interpretation. In the next line but one the word *odds* certainly means *an advantage given to the party,* but here it may have a different ſenſe. This is not an uncommon practice with our poet. MALONE.

*Oſr.* Ay, my good lord.

*King.* Set me the ſtoups of wine upon that table [3]:—
If Hamlet give the firſt, or ſecond hit,
Or quit in anſwer of the third exchange,
Let all the battlements their ordnance fire;
The king ſhall drink to Hamlet's better breath;
And in the cup an union ſhall he throw [4],
Richer than that which four ſucceſſive kings
In Denmark's crown have worn: Give me the cups;
And let the kettle to the trumpet ſpeak,
The trumpet to the cannoneer without,
The cannons to the heavens, the heaven to earth,
*Now the king drinks to Hamlet.*—Come, begin;—
And you, the judges, bear a wary eye.

*Ham.* Come on, ſir.

*Laer.* Come, my lord. [*They play.*

*Ham.* One.

*Laer.* No.

*Ham.* Judgment.

*Oſr.* A hit, a very palpable hit.

*Laer.* Well,—again.

*King.* Stay, give me drink: Hamlet, this pearl is thine [5];
Here's

3 —*the ſtoups* of wine—] A *ſtoup* is a *flaggon*, or *bowl*. STEEVENS
Containing ſomewhat more than two quarts. See Vol. IV. p. 33, n. 1. MALONE.

4 *And in the cup an* union *ſhall he throw,*] Thus the folio rightly. In the firſt quarto by the careleſſneſs of the printer, for *union*, we have *unice*, which in the ſubſequent quarto copies was made *onyx*. An *union* is a very precious pearl. See Bullokar's *Engliſh Expoſitor*, 1616, and Florio's Italian Dictionary, 1598, in v. MALONE.

The *union* is thus mentioned in P. Holland's tranſlation of *Pliny's Nat. Hiſt.* "And hereupon it is that our dainties and delicates here at Rome, &c. call them *unions*, as a man would ſay ſingular and by themſelves alone."

To ſwallow a *pearl* in a draught ſeems to have been equally common to royal and mercantile prodigality. So, in the ſecond part of *If you know not me, you know No Body*, 1606, Sir Thomas Greſham ſays:

"Here 16,000 pound at one clap goes.
"Inſtead of ſugar, Greſham *drinks this pearle*
"Unto his queen and miſtreſs." STEEVENS.

5 —*this* pearl is *thine*;] Under pretence of throwing a *pearl* into the cup, the king may be ſuppoſed to drop ſome poiſonous drug into the

Here's to thy health.—Give him the cup.

[*Trumpets ſound; and cannon ſhot off within.*

*Ham.* I'll play this bout firſt, ſet it by a while.
Come.—Another hit; What ſay you? [*They play.*

*Laer.* A touch, a touch, I do confeſs.

*King.* Our ſon ſhall win.

*Queen.* He's fat, and ſcant of breath [6].—
Here, Hamlet, take my napkin, rub thy brows:
The queen carouſes to thy fortune, Hamlet.

*Ham.* Good madam,—

*King.* Gertrude, do not drink.

*Queen.* I will, my lord;—I pray you, pardon me.

*King.* It is the poiſon'd cup; it is too late. [*Aſide.*

*Ham.* I dare not drink yet, madam; by and by.

*Queen.* Come, let me wipe thy face.

*Laer.* My lord, I'll hit him now.

*King.* I do not think it.

*Laer.* And yet it is almoſt againſt my conſcience. [*Aſide.*

*Ham.* Come, for the third, Laertes: You do but dally;
I pray you, paſs with your beſt violence;
I am afeard, you make a wanton of me [7].

the wine. Hamlet ſeems to ſuſpect this, when he afterwards diſcovers the effects of the poiſon, and tauntingly aſks him,—*Is the union here?* STEEVENS.

[6] Queen. *He's fat, and ſcant of breath.*] It ſeems that *John Lowin*, who was the original *Falſtaff*, was no leſs celebrated for his performance of *Henry VIII.* and *Hamlet*. See the *Hiſtoria Hiſtrionica*, &c. If he was adapted, by the corpulence of his figure, to appear with propriety in the two former of theſe characters, Shakſpeare might have put this obſervation into the mouth of her majeſty, to apologize for the want of ſuch elegance of perſon as an audience might expect to meet with in the repreſentative of the youthful Prince of Denmark, whom Ophelia ſpeaks of "as the glaſs of faſhion and the mould of form." This, however, is mere conjecture, as *Joſeph Taylor* likewiſe acted *Hamlet* during the life of Shakſpeare. STEEVENS.

The authour of *Hiſtoria Hiſtrionica*, and Downes the prompter, concur in ſaying that Taylor was the performer of Hamlet. Roberts the player alone has aſſerted, (apparently without any authority,) that this part was performed by Lowin. MALONE.

[7] — *you make a* wanton *of me.*] A *wanton* was a man feeble and effeminate. *An Cymbeline*, Imogen ſays, I am not

"—ſo citizen a *wanton*, as
"To ſeem to die, ere ſick." JOHNSON.

*Laer.* Say you so? come on. [*They play.*

*Osr.* Nothing neither way.

*Laer.* Have at you now.

[Laertes *wounds* Hamlet; *then, in scuffling, they change rapiers, and* Hamlet *wounds* Laertes.

*King.* Part them, they are incens'd.

*Ham.* Nay, come again. [*The queen falls.*

*Osr.* Look to the queen there, ho!

*Hor.* They bleed on both sides:—How is it, my lord?

*Osr.* How is't, Laertes?

*Laer.* Why, as a woodcock to my own springe, Osrick; I am justly kill'd with mine own treachery.

*Ham.* How does the queen?

*King.* She swoons to see them bleed.

*Queen.* No, no, the drink, the drink,—O my dear Hamlet!—
The drink, the drink;—I am poison'd! [*dies.*

*Ham.* O villainy!—Ho! let the door be lock'd:
Treachery! seek it out. [Laertes *falls.*

*Laer.* It is here, Hamlet: Hamlet, thou art slain;
No medicine in the world can do thee good,
In thee there is not half an hour's life;
The treacherous instrument is in thy hand,
Unbated, and envenom'd: the foul practice
Hath turn'd itself on me; lo, here I lie,
Never to rise again: Thy mother's poison'd;
I can no more;—the king, the king's to blame.

*Ham.* The point envenom'd too!—
Then, venom, to thy work, [*stabs the king.*

*Osr. and Lords.* Treason! treason!

*King.* O, yet defend me, friends, I am but hurt.

*Ham.* Here, thou incestuous, murd'rous, damned Dane,
Drink off this potion:—Is the union here[8]?
Follow my mother. [*King dies.*

*Laer.* He is justly serv'd;

[8] *Is the* union *here?*] Thus the folio. In a former passage in the quarto, 1604, for *union* we had *unice*; here it has *onyx*.

It should seem from this line, and Laertes's next speech, that Hamlet here forces the expiring king to drink some of the poisoned cup, and that he dies while it is at his lips. MALONE.

It

It is a poiſon temper'd by himſelf.—
Exchange forgiveneſs with me, noble Hamlet:
Mine and my father's death come not upon thee;
Nor thine on me! [*dies.*

*Ham.* Heaven make thee free of it! I follow thee.
I am dead, Horatio:—Wretched queen, adieu!—
You that look pale and tremble at this chance,
That are but mutes or audience to this act[9],
Had I but time, (as this fell ſerjeant, death,
Is ſtrict in his arreſt[1],) O, I could tell you,—
But let it be:—Horatio, I am dead;
Thou liv'ſt; report me and my cauſe aright
To the unſatisfied.

*Hor.* Never believe it;
I am more an antique Roman than a Dane,
Here's yet ſome liquor left.

*Ham.* As thou'rt a man,—
Give me the cup; let go; by heaven, I'll have it.—
O God!—Horatio[2], what a wounded name,
Things ſtanding thus unknown, ſhall live behind me[3]?
If thou didſt ever hold me in thy heart,
Abſent thee from felicity a while,
And in this harſh world draw thy breath in pain,
To tell my ſtory.— [*March afar off, and ſhot within.*
What warlike noiſe is this?

*Oſr.* Young Fortinbras, with conqueſt come from Poland,
To the ambaſſadors of England gives
This warlike volley.

*Ham.* O, I die, Horatio;

9 *That are but mutes or audience to this act,*] That are either mere *auditors* of this *cataſtrophe*, or at moſt only *mute performers*, that fill the ſtage without any part in the action. JOHNSON.

1 ——*as this* fell ſerjeant, *death*,
*Is ſtrict in his* arreſt,] So, in our poet's 74th Sonnet:
" — when that *fell arreſt*,
" *Without all bail*, ſhall carry me away,—." MALONE.

2 *O God!*—Horatio, &c.] Thus the quarto, 1604. Folio: O *good* Horatio. MALONE.

3 — *ſhall* live *behind me?*] Thus the folio. The quartos read—ſhall *I leave* behind me. STEEVENS.

The potent poiſon quite o'er-crows my ſpirit[4];
I cannot live to hear the news from England:
But I do propheſy, the election lights
On Fortinbras; he has my dying voice;
So tell him, with the occurrents[5], more and leſs,
Which have ſolicited[6],—The reſt is ſilence. [*dies.*

*Hor.* Now cracks a noble heart:—Good night, ſweet prince;
And flights of angels ſing thee to thy reſt[7]!—
Why does the drum come hither? [*March within.*

*Enter*

[4] *The potent poiſon quite* o'er-crows *my ſpirit*;] This word, for which Mr. Pope and the ſucceeding editors have ſubſtituted *over-grows*, is uſed by Holinſhed in his *Hiſtory of Ireland*: "Theſe noblemen laboured with tooth and nayle to *over-crowe*, and conſequently to overthrow, one another."

Again, in the epiſtle prefixed to Naſhe's *Apologie of Pierce Penni'eſſe*, 1593: "About two yeeres ſince a certayne demi-divine took upon him to ſet his foote to mine, and *over-crowe* mee with comparative terms." MALONE.

[5] — *the* occurrents,] i. e. incidents. The word is now diſuſed. So, in *The Hog hath loſt his Pearl*, 1614:

"Such ſtrange *occurrents* of my fore-paſt life." STEEVENS.

[6] *Which have* ſolicited,—] What Hamlet would have ſaid, the poet has not given us any ground for conjecturing. By *ſolicited*, Dr. Warburton underſtands, *brought on the event*. The words ſeem to mean no more than—*which have incited me to*—. MALONE.

[7] *Now* cracks *a noble* heart:—*Good night, ſweet prince*;
*And flights of angels ſing thee to thy reſt!*] So, in *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*, 1609:

"If thou liv'ſt, Pericles, thou haſt a *heart*,
"That even *cracks* for woe."

The concluding words of the unfortunate Lord Eſſex's prayer on the ſcaffold were theſe: "—and when my life and body ſhall part, ſend *thy bleſſed angels, which may receive my ſoule, and convey it to the joys of heaven.*" *Hamlet* had certainly been exhibited before the execution of that amiable nobleman; but the words here given to Horatio might have been one of the many additions made to this play. As no copy of an earlier date than 1604 has yet been diſcovered, whether Lord Eſſex's laſt words were in our authour's thoughts, cannot now be aſcertained. MALONE.

Let us review for a moment the behaviour of Hamlet, on the ſtrength of which Horatio founds this eulogy, and recommends him to the patronage of angels.

Hamlet, at the command of his father's ghoſt, undertakes with ſeeming alacrity to revenge the murder; and declares he will baniſh all other thoughts from his mind. He makes, however, but one ef-

*Enter* FORTINBRAS, *the* Engliſh Ambaſſadors, *and Others.*

*Fort.* Where is this ſight?

*Hor.*

fort to keep his word, and that is, when he miſtakes Polonius for the king. On another occaſion, he defers his purpoſe till he can find an opportunity of taking his uncle when he is leaſt prepared for death, that he may inſure damnation to his ſoul. Though he aſſaſſinated Polonius by accident, yet he deliberately procures the execution of his ſchool-fellows, Roſencrantz and Guilderſtern, who appear to have been unacquainted with the treacherous purpoſes of the mandate which they were employed to carry. Their death (as he declares in a ſubſequent converſation with Horatio) gives him no concern, for they obtruded themſelves into the ſervice, and he thought he had a right to deſtroy them. He is not leſs accountable for the diſtraction and death of Ophelia. He comes to interrupt the funeral deſigned in honour of this lady, at which both the king and queen were preſent; and, by ſuch an outrage to decency, renders it ſtill more neceſſary for the uſurper to lay a ſecond ſtratagem for his life, though the firſt had proved abortive. He comes to inſult the brother of the dead, and to boaſt of an affection for his ſiſter, which, before, he had denied to her face; and yet at this very time muſt be conſidered as deſirous of ſupporting the character of a madman, ſo that the openneſs of his confeſſion is not to be imputed to him as a virtue. He apologizes to Horatio afterwards for the abſurdity of this behaviour, to which, he ſays, he was provoked by that nobleneſs of fraternal grief, which, indeed, he ought rather to have applauded than condemned. Dr. Johnſon has obſerved, that to bring about a reconciliation with Laertes, he has availed himſelf of a diſhoneſt fallacy; and to conclude, it is obvious to the moſt careleſs ſpectator or reader, that he kills the king at laſt to revenge himſelf, and not his father.

Hamlet cannot be ſaid to have purſued his ends by very warrantable means; and if the poet, when he ſacrificed him at laſt, meant to have enforced ſuch a moral, it is not the worſt that can be deduced from the play; for, as *Maximus*, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Valentinian*, ſays,

"Although his juſtice were as white as truth,
"His way was crooked to it; that condemns him."

The late Dr. Akenſide once obſerved to me, that the conduct of Hamlet was every way unnatural and indefenſible, unleſs he were to be regarded as a young man whoſe intellects were in ſome degree impaired by his own misfortunes; by the death of his father, the loſs of expected ſovereignty, and a ſenſe of ſhame reſulting from the haſty and inceſtuous marriage of his mother.

I have dwelt the longer on this ſubject, becauſe Hamlet ſeems to have been hitherto regarded as a hero not undeſerving the pity of the audience; and becauſe no writer on Shakſpeare has taken the pains to point out the immoral tendency of his character. STEEVENS.

*Hor.* What is it, you would ſee?
If aught of woe, or wonder, ceaſe your ſearch.

*Fort.*

Some of the charges here brought againſt Hamlet appear to me queſtionable at leaſt, if not unfounded. I have already obſerved that in the novel on which this play is conſtructed, the miniſters who by the king's order accompanied the young prince to England, and carried with them a packet in which his death was concerted, were apprized of its contents; and therefore we may *preſume* that Shakſpeare meant to deſcribe their repreſentatives, Roſencrantz and Guildenſtern, as equally criminal; as combining with the king to deprive Hamlet of his life. His procuring their execution therefore does not with certainty appear to have been an unprovoked cruelty, and *might* have been conſidered by him as neceſſary to his *future ſafety*; knowing, as he muſt have known, that they had devoted themſelves to the ſervice of the king in whatever he ſhould command. The principle on which he acted, is aſcertained by the following lines, from which alſo it may be inferred that the poet meant to repreſent Hamlet's ſchool-fellows as privy to the plot againſt his life:

" There's letters ſeal'd: and my two ſchool-fellows—
" Whom I will truſt as I will adders fang'd,—
" They bear the mandate; they muſt ſweep my way,
" And marſhall me to knavery: Let it work;
" For 'tis the ſport, to have the engineer
" Hoiſt with his own petar; and it ſhall go hard,
" But I will delve one yard below *their* mines,
" *And blow them to the moon.*"

Another charge is, that "*he comes to diſturb the funeral of Ophelia:*" but the fact is otherwiſe repreſented in the firſt ſcene of the fifth act: for when the funeral proceſſion appears, (which he does not ſeek, but finds,) he exclaims,

" The queen, the courtiers: *who is this they follow,*
" And with ſuch maimed rites?"

nor does he know it to be the funeral of Ophelia, till Laertes mentions that the dead body was that of his ſiſter.

I do not perceive that he is accountable for the madneſs of Ophelia. He did not mean to kill her father when concealed behind the arras, but the king; and ſtill leſs did he intend to deprive her of her reaſon and her life: her ſubſequent diſtraction therefore can no otherwiſe be laid to his charge, than as an unforeſeen conſequence from his too ardently purſuing the object recommended to him by his father.

He appears to have been induced to leap into Ophelia's grave, not with a deſign to inſult Laertes, but from his love to her, (which then he had no reaſon to conceal,) and from the *bravery of her brother's grief*, which excited him (not to condemn that brother, as has been ſtated, but) to *vie* with him in the expreſſion of affection and ſorrow:

" Why,

*Fort.* This quarry cries on havock [9]!—O proud death!
What feaſt is toward in thine eternal cell [1],
That thou ſo many princes, at a ſhot,
So bloodily haſt ſtruck?

1. *Amb.* The ſight is diſmal;
And our affairs from England come too late:
The ears are ſenſeleſs, that ſhould give us hearing,
To tell him, his commandment is fulfill'd,
That Roſencrantz and Guildenſtern are dead:
Where ſhould we have our thanks?

*Hor.* Not from his mouth [2],
Had it the ability of life to thank you;
He never gave commandment for their death.
But ſince, ſo jump upon this bloody queſtion,
You from the Polack wars, and you from England,
Are here arriv'd; give order, that theſe bodies

" Why, I will fight with him upon this theme,
" Until my eyelids will no longer wag.—
" I lov'd Ophelia; forty thouſand brothers
" Could not with all their quantity of love
" Make up my ſum."

When Hamlet ſays, " the bravery of his grief did put me into a *towering paſſion*," I think, he means, into a lofty expreſſion (not of *reſentment*, but) of *ſorrow*. So, in *King John*, Vol. IV. p. 487:

" She is *ſad* and *paſſionate* at your highneſs' tent."

Again, more appoſitely in the play before us:

" The inſtant burſt of clamour that ſhe made,
" (Unleſs things mortal move them not at all,)
" Would have made milch the burning eyes of heaven,
" And *paſſion* in the gods."

I may alſo add, that he neither aſſaulted, nor inſulted Laertes, till that nobleman had curſed him, and ſeized him by the throat. MALONE.

[9] *This quarry cries on havock!*] Hanmer reads,

—— *cries* out, *havock!*

To *cry on*, was to *exclaim againſt*. I ſuppoſe, when unfair ſportſmen deſtroyed more *quarry* or *game* than was reaſonable, the cenſure was to cry, *Havock*. JOHNSON.

[1] *What* feaſt *is toward in thine* eternal *cell*,] Shakſpeare has already employed this alluſion to the *Choæ*, or *feaſts of the dead*, which were anciently celebrated at Athens, and are mentioned by Plutarch in the life of *Antonius*. Our author likewiſe makes *Talbot* ſay to his ſon in the Firſt Part of *King Henry VI*:

" Now art thou come unto a *feaſt of death*." STEEVENS.

[2] — *his mouth*,] *i. e.* the king's. STEEVENS.

High

High on a ſtage be placed to the view;
And let me ſpeak, to the yet unknowing world,
How theſe things came about: So ſhall you hear
Of carnal, bloody, and unnatural acts[3];
Of accidental judgments, caſual ſlaughters;
Of deaths put on[4] by cunning, and forc'd cauſe[5];
And, in this upſhot, purpoſes miſtook
Fall'n on the inventors' heads: all this can I
Truly deliver.

*Fort.* Let us haſte to hear it,
And call the nobleſt to the audience.
For me, with ſorrow I embrace my fortune;
I have ſome rights of memory in this kingdom[6],
Which now to claim my vantage doth invite me.

*Hor.* Of that I ſhall have alſo cauſe to ſpeak,
And from his mouth whoſe voice will draw on more[7]:

[3] *Of* carnal, *bloody, and unnatural acts*;] Of ſanguinary and unnatural acts, to which the perpetrator was inſtigated by concupiſcence, or, to uſe our poet's own words, by "*carnal* ſtings." The ſpeaker alludes to the murder of old Hamlet by his brother, previous to his inceſtuous union with Gertrude. A feeble *Remarker* aſks, "was the relationſhip between the uſurper and the deceaſed king a ſecret confined to Horatio?" —No, but the *murder* of Hamlet by Claudius was a ſecret which the young prince had imparted to Horatio, and had imparted to him alone; and to this it is he principally, though covertly, alludes.—*Carnal* is the reading of the only authentick copies, the quarto 1604, and the folio 1623. The modern editors, following a quarto of no authority, for *carnal*, read *cruel*. MALONE.

[4] *Of deaths* put on—] i. e. inſtigated, produced. See Vol. VII. p. 217, n. 7. MALONE.

[5] — *and* forc'd cauſe;] Thus the folio. The quartos read—and *for no* cauſe. STEEVENS.

[6] — *ſome rights* of memory *in this kingdom*,] Some rights, which are remembered in this kingdom. MALONE.

[7] *And from his mouth whoſe voice will draw on more:*] Thus the folio. The quarto 1604, reads—draw *no* more. MALONE.

Hamlet, juſt before his death, had ſaid,

*But I do prophesy, the election lights*
*On Fortinbras: he has my dying* voice;
*So tell* him, *&c.*

Accordingly, Horatio here delivers that meſſage; and very juſtly infers, that Hamlet's *voice* will be ſeconded by others, and procure them in favour of Fortinbras's ſucceſſion. THEOBALD.

But

But let this ſame be preſently perform'd,
Even while men's minds are wild; leſt more miſchance,
On plots, and errors, happen.
*Fort.* Let four captains
Bear Hamlet, like a ſoldier, to the ſtage;
For he was likely, had he been put on,
To have prov'd moſt royally: and, for his paſſage,
The ſoldiers' muſick, and the rites of war,
Speak loudly for him.—
Take up the bodies:—Such a ſight as this
Becomes the field, but here ſhews much amiſs.
Go, bid the ſoldiers ſhoot [8]. [*A dead march.*

[*Exeunt, bearing off the dead bodies; after which, a peal of ordnance is ſhot off.*

[8] If the dramas of Shakſpeare were to be characteriſed, each by the particular excellence which diſtinguiſhes it from the reſt, we muſt allow to the tragedy of Hamlet the praiſe of variety. The incidents are ſo numerous, that the argument of the play would make a long tale. The ſcenes are interchangeably diverſified with merriment and ſolemnity; with merriment that includes judicious and inſtructive obſervations; and ſolemnity not ſtrained by poetical violence above the natural ſentiments of man. New characters appear from time to time in continual ſucceſſion, exhibiting various forms of life and particular modes of converſation. The pretended madneſs of Hamlet cauſes much mirth, the mournful diſtraction of Ophelia fills the heart with tenderneſs, and every perſonage produces the effect intended, from the apparition that in the firſt act chills the blood with horrour, to the fop in the laſt, that expoſes affectation to juſt contempt.

The conduct is perhaps not wholly ſecure againſt objections. The action is indeed for the moſt part in continual progreſſion, but there are ſome ſcenes which neither forward nor retard it. Of the feigned madneſs of Hamlet there appears no adequate cauſe, for he does nothing which he might not have done with the reputation of ſanity. He plays the madman moſt, when he treats Ophelia with ſo much rudeneſs, which ſeems to be uſeleſs and wanton cruelty.

Hamlet is, through the whole piece, rather an inſtrument than an agent. After he has, by the ſtratagem of the play, convicted the king, he makes no attempt to puniſh him; and his death is at laſt effected by an incident which Hamlet had no part in producing.

The cataſtrophe is not very happily produced; the exchange of weapons is rather an expedient of neceſſity, than a ſtroke of art. A ſcheme might eaſily be formed to kill Hamlet with the dagger, and Laertes with the bowl.

The poet is accuſed of having ſhewn little regard to poetical juſtice, and may be charged with equal neglect of poetical probability. The apparition left the regions of the dead to little purpoſe; the revenge which he demands is not obtained, but by the death of him that was required

required to take it; and the gratification, which would arise from the destruction of an usurper and a murderer, is abated by the untimely death of Ophelia, the young, the beautiful, the harmless, and the pious. JOHNSON.

ACT II. SCENE II. P. 275.

*The rugged Pyrrhus, he,* &c.] The two greatest poets of this and the last age, Mr. Dryden, in the preface to *Troilus and Cressida*, and Mr. Pope in his note on this place, have concurred in thinking that Shakspeare produced this long passage with design to ridicule and expose the bombast of the play from whence it was taken; and that Hamlet's commendation of it is purely ironical. This is become the general opinion. I think just otherwise; and that it was given with commendation to upbraid the false taste of the audience of that time, which would not suffer them to do justice to the simplicity and sublime of this production. And I reason, first, from the character Hamlet gives of the play, from whence the passage is taken. Secondly, from the passage itself. And thirdly, from the effect it had on the audience.

Let us consider the character Hamlet gives of it. *The play, I remember, pleased not the million; 'twas caviare to the general: but it was (as I received it, and others, whose judgment in such matters cried in the top of mine) an excellent play, well digested in the scenes, set down with as much modesty as cunning. I remember one said, there was no salt in the lines to make the matter savoury; nor no matter in the phrase that might indite the author of affection; but called it an honest method.* They who suppose the passage given to be ridiculed, must needs suppose this character to be purely ironical. But if so, it is the strangest irony that ever was written. *It pleased not the multitude.* This we must conclude to be true, however ironical the rest be. Now the reason given of the designed ridicule is the supposed bombast. But those were the very plays, which at that time we know took with the multitude. And Fletcher wrote a kind of *Rehearsal* purposely to expose them. But say it is bombast, and that therefore it took not with the multitude. Hamlet presently tells us what it was that displeased them. *There was no salt in the lines to make the matter savoury; nor no matter in the phrase that might indite the author of affection; but called it an honest method.* Now whether a person speaks ironically or no, when he quotes others, yet common sense requires he should quote what they say. Now it could not be, if this play displeased because of the bombast, that those whom it displeased should give this reason for their dislike. The same inconsistencies and absurdities abound in every other part of Hamlet's speech, supposing it to be ironical; but take him as speaking his sentiments, the whole is of a piece; and to this purpose. The play, I remember, pleased not the multitude, and the reason was, its being wrote on the rules of the ancient drama; to which they were entire strangers. But, in my opinion, and in the opinion of those for whose judgement I have the highest esteem, it was an excellent play, *well digested in the scenes*, i. e. where the three unities were well preserved

preſerved. *Set down with as much modeſty as cunning*, i. e. where not only the art of compoſition, but the ſimplicity of nature, was carefully attended to. The characters were a faithful picture of life and manners, in which nothing was overcharged into farce. But theſe qualities, which gained my eſteem, loſt the public's. For *I remember one ſaid, There was no ſalt in the lines to make the matter ſavoury*, i. e. there was not, according to the mode of that time, a fool or clown, to joke, quibble, and talk freely. *Nor no matter in the phraſe that might indite the author of affection*, i. e. nor none of thoſe paſſionate, pathetic love ſcenes, ſo eſſential to modern tragedy. *But he called it an honeſt method*, i. e. he owned, however *taſteleſs* this method of writing, on the ancient plan, was to our times, yet it was chaſte and pure; the diſtinguiſhing character of the Greek drama. I need only make one obſervation on all this; that, thus interpreted, it is the juſteſt picture of a good tragedy, wrote on the ancient rules. And that I have rightly interpreted it, appears farther from what we find in the old quarto, *An honeſt method, as wholeſome as ſweet, and by very much more* HANDSOME *than* FINE, i. e. it had a natural beauty, but none of the fucus of falſe art.

2. A ſecond proof that this ſpeech was given to be admired, is from the intrinſic merit of the ſpeech itſelf; which contains the deſcription of a circumſtance very happily imagined, namely, Ilium and Priam's falling together, with the effect it had on the deſtroyer.

——*The helliſh Pyrrhus*, &c.
To, *Repugnant to command.*
*The unnerved father falls*, &c.
To, ——*So after Pyrrhus' pauſe.*

Now this circumſtance, illuſtrated with the fine ſimilitude of the ſtorm, is ſo highly worked up, as to have well deſerved a place in Virgil's ſecond book of the *Æneid*, even though the work had been carried on to that perfection which the Roman poet had conceived.

3. The third proof is, from the effects which followed on the recital. Hamlet, his beſt character, approves it; the player is deeply affected in repeating it; and only the fooliſh Polonius tired with it. We have ſaid enough before of Hamlet's ſentiments. As for the player, he changes colour, and the tears ſtart from his eyes. But our author was too good a judge of nature to make bombaſt and unnatural ſentiment produce ſuch an effect. Nature and Horace both inſtructed him,

*Si vis me flere, dolendum eſt*
*Primùm ipſi tibi, tunc tua me infortunia lædent,*
*Telephe, vel Peleu.* MALE SI MANDATA LOQUERIS,
*Aut dormitabo aut ridebo.*

And it may be worth obſerving, that Horace gives this precept particularly to ſhew, that bombaſt and unnatural ſentiments are incapable of moving the tender paſſions, which he is directing the poet how to raiſe. For in the lines juſt before, he gives this rule:

*Telephus*

*Telephus & Peleus, cùm pauper & exul uterque,*
*Projicit ampullas, & ſeſquipedalia verba.*

Not that I would deny, that very bad lines in bad tragedies have had this effect. But then it always proceeds from one or other of theſe cauſes:

1. Either when the ſubject is domeſtic, and the ſcene lies at home; the ſpectators in this caſe, become intereſted in the fortunes of the diſtreſſed; and their thoughts are ſo much taken up with the ſubject, that they are not at liberty to attend to the poet; who otherwiſe, by his faulty ſentiments and diction, would have ſtifled the emotions ſpringing up from a ſenſe of the diſtreſs. But this is nothing to the caſe in hand. For, as Hamlet ſays,

*What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba?*

2. When bad lines raiſe this affection, they are bad in the other extreme; low, abject, and groveling, inſtead of being highly figurative and ſwelling; yet, when attended with a natural ſimplicity, they have force enough to ſtrike illiterate and ſimple minds. The tragedies of Banks will juſtify both theſe obſervations.

But if any one will ſtill ſay, that Shakſpeare intended to repreſent a player unnaturally and fantaſtically affected, we muſt appeal to Hamlet, that is, to Shakſpeare himſelf in this matter; who, on the reflection he makes upon the player's emotion, in order to excite his own revenge, gives not the leaſt hint that the player was unnaturally or injudiciouſly moved. On the contrary, his fine deſcription of the actor's emotion ſhews, he thought juſt otherwiſe:

*——this player here,*
*But in a fiction, in a dream of paſſion,*
*Could force his ſoul ſo to his own conceit,*
*That from her working all his viſage wan'd:*
*Tears in his eyes, diſtraction in his aſpect,*
*A broken voice, &c.*

And indeed had Hamlet eſteemed this emotion any thing unnatural, it had been a very improper circumſtance to ſpur him to his purpoſe.

As Shakſpeare has here ſhewn the effects which a fine deſcription of nature, heightened with all the ornaments of art, had upon an intelligent player, whoſe buſineſs habituates him to enter intimately and deeply into the characters of men and manners, and to give nature its free workings on all occaſions; ſo he has artfully ſhewn what effects the very ſame ſcene would have upon a quite different man, Polonius; *by nature*, very weak and very artificial [two qualities, though commonly enough joined in life, yet generally ſo much diſguiſed as not to be ſeen by common eyes to be together; and which an ordinary poet durſt not have brought ſo near one another]; *by diſcipline*, practiſed in a ſpecies of wit and eloquence, which was ſtiff, forced, and pedantic; and *by trade* a politician, and therefore, of conſequence, without any of the affecting notices of humanity. Such is the man whom Shakeſpeare has judiciouſly choſen to repreſent the falſe taſte of that audience which had condemned the play here reciting. When the actor comes to the fineſt and moſt pathetic part of the ſpeech, Polonius cries

cries out, *This is too long*; on which Hamlet, in contempt of his ill judgment, replies, *It ſhall to the barber's with thy beard*; [intimating that, by this judgment, it appeared that all his wiſdom lay in his length of beard,] *Pr'ythee, ſay on. He's for a jig or a tale of bawdry* [the common entertainment of that time, as well as this, of the people] *or he ſleeps; ſay on.* And yet this man of modern taſte, who ſtood all this time perfectly unmoved with the forcible imagery of the relator, no ſooner hears, amongſt many good things, one quaint and fantaſtical word, put in, I ſuppoſe, purpoſely for this end, than he profeſſes his approbation of the propriety and dignity of it. *That's good. Mobled queen is good.* On the whole then, I think, it plainly appears, that the long quotation is not given to be ridiculed and laughed at, but to be admired. The character given of the play, by Hamlet, cannot be ironical. The paſſage itſelf is extremely beautiful. It has the effect that all pathetic relations, naturally written, ſhould have; and it is condemned, or regarded with indifference, by one of a wrong, unnatural taſte. From hence (to obſerve it by the way) the actors, in their repreſentation of this play, may learn how this ſpeech ought to be ſpoken, and what appearance Hamlet ought to aſſume during the recital.

That which ſupports the common opinion, concerning this paſſage, is the turgid expreſſion in ſome parts of it; which, they think, could never be given by the poet to be commended. We ſhall therefore, in the next place, examine the lines moſt obnoxious to cenſure, and ſee how much, allowing the charge, this will make for the induction of their concluſion.

*Pyrrhus at Priam drives, in rage ſtrikes wide,*
*But with the whiff and wind of his fell ſword*
*The unnerved father falls.*

And again,

*Out, out, thou ſtrumpet fortune! All you gods,*
*In general ſynod, take away her power:*
*Break all the ſpokes and fellies from her wheel,*
*And bowl the round nave down the hill of heaven,*
*As low as to the fiends.*

Now whether theſe be bombaſt or not, is not the queſtion; but whether Shakeſpeare eſteemed them ſo. That he did not ſo eſteem them appears from his having uſed the very ſame thoughts in the ſame expreſſions, in his beſt plays, and given them to his principal characters, where he aims at the ſublime. As in the following paſſages.

Troilus, in *Troilus and Creſſida*, far outſtrains the execution of Pyrrhus's ſword, in the character he gives of Hector's:

*When many times the* caitive *Grecians* fall
Even in the fan and wind of your fair ſword,
*You bid them riſe and live.*

Cleopatra, in *Antony and Cleopatra*, rails at fortune in the ſame manner:

*No,*

*No, let me ſpeak, and let me rail ſo high,*
That the falſe huſwife Fortune break her wheel,
*Provok'd at my offence.*

But another uſe may be made of theſe quotations; a diſcovery of this recited play: which, letting us into a circumſtance of our author's life (as a writer) hitherto unknown, was the reaſon I have been ſo large upon this queſtion. I think then it appears, from what has been ſaid, that the play in diſpute was Shakſpeare's own; and that this was the occaſion of writing it. He was deſirous, as ſoon as he had found his ſtrength, of reſtoring the chaſteneſs and regularity of the ancient ſtage: and therefore compoſed this tragedy on the model of the Greek drama, as may be ſeen by throwing ſo much *action* into *relation*. But his attempt proved fruitleſs; and the raw, unnatural taſte, then prevalent, forced him back again into his old Gothic manner. For which he took this revenge upon his audience.

WARBURTON.

The praiſe which Hamlet beſtows on this piece is certainly diſſembled, and agrees very well with the character of madneſs, which, before witneſſes, he thought it neceſſary to ſupport. The ſpeeches before us have ſo little merit, that nothing but an affectation of ſingularity could have influenced Dr. Warburton to undertake their defence. The poet, perhaps, meant to exhibit a juſt reſemblance of ſome of the plays of his own age, in which the faults were too general and too glaring to permit a few ſplendid paſſages to atone for them. The player knew his trade, and ſpoke the lines in an affecting manner, becauſe Hamlet had declared them to be pathetic, or might be in reality a little moved by them; for, "There are "leſs degrees of nature (ſays Dryden) by which ſome faint emotions "of pity and terror are raiſed in us, as a leſs engine will raiſe a leſs "proportion of weight, though not ſo much as one of Archimedes' "making." The mind of the prince, it muſt be confeſſed, was fitted for the reception of gloomy ideas, and his tears were ready at a ſlight ſolicitation. It is by no means proved, that Shakſpeare has *employed the ſame thoughts cloathed in the ſame expreſſions, in his beſt plays.* If he bids *the falſe huſwife Fortune break her wheel,* he does not deſire her to *break all its ſpokes*; nay, *even its periphery, and make uſe of the nave afterwards for ſuch an immeaſureable caſt.* Though if what Dr. Warburton has ſaid ſhould be found in any inſtance to be exactly true, what can we infer from thence, but that Shakſpeare was ſometimes wrong in ſpite of conviction, and in the hurry of writing committed thoſe very faults which his judgment could detect in others? Dr. Warburton is inconſiſtent in his aſſertions concerning the literature of Shakſpeare. In a note on *Troilus and Creſſida,* he affirms, that his want of learning kept him from being acquainted with the writings of Homer; and, in this inſtance, would ſuppoſe him capable of producing a complete tragedy *written on the ancient rules*; and that the ſpeech before us had ſufficient merit to entitle it to a place *in the ſecond book of Virgil's Æneid, even though the work*

*work had been carried to that perfection which the Roman poet had conceived.*

Had Shakſpeare made one unſucceſsful attempt in the manner of the ancients, (that he had any knowledge of their rules, remains to be proved,) it would certainly have been recorded by contemporary writers, among whom Ben Jonſon would have been the firſt. Had his darling ancients been unſkilfully imitated by a rival poet, he would at leaſt have preſerved the memory of the fact, to ſhew how unſafe it was for any one, who was not as thorough a ſcholar as himſelf, to have meddled with their ſacred remains.

"Within that circle none durſt walk but he." He has repreſented Inigo Jones as being ignorant of the very names of thoſe claſſick authors, whoſe architecture he undertook to correct: in his *Poetaſter* he has in ſeveral places hinted at our poet's injudicious uſe of words, and ſeems to have pointed his ridicule more than once at ſome of his deſcriptions and characters. It is true that he has praiſed him, but it was not while that praiſe could have been of any ſervice to him; and poſthumous applauſe is always to be had on eaſy conditions. Happy it was for Shakſpeare, that he took nature for his guide, and, engaged in the warm purſuit of her beauties, left to Jonſon the repoſitories of learning: ſo has he eſcaped a conteſtwhich might have rendered his life uneaſy, and bequeathed to our poſſeſſion the more valuable copies from nature herſelf: for Shakſpeare was (ſays Dr. Hurd, in his notes on Horace's Art of Poetry) "the firſt that broke through the bondage of claſſical ſuperſtition. And he owed this felicity, as he did ſome others, to his want of what is called the advantage of a learned education. Thus, uninfluenced by the weight of early prepoſſeſſion, he ſtruck at once into the road of nature and common ſenſe: and without deſigning, without knowing it, hath left us in his hiſtorical plays, with all their anomalies, an exacter reſemblance of the Athenian ſtage, than is any where to be found in its moſt profeſſed admirers and copyiſts." Again, ibid. "It is poſſible, there are, who think *a want of reading*, as well as vaſt ſuperiority of genius, hath contributed to lift this aſtoniſhing man, to the glory of being eſteemed the moſt original THINKER and SPEAKER, ſince the times of Homer."

To this extract I may add the ſentiments of Dr. Edward Young on the ſame occaſion. "Who knows whether Shakſpeare might not have thought leſs, if he had read more? Who knows if he might not have laboured under the load of Jonſon's learning, as Enceladus under Ætna? His mighty genius, indeed, through the moſt mountainous oppreſſion would have breathed out ſome of his inextinguiſhable fire; yet poſſibly, he might not have riſen up into that giant, that much more than common man, at which we now gaze with amazement and delight. Perhaps he was as learned as his dramatic province required; for whatever other learning he wanted, he was maſter of two books, which the laſt conflagration alone can deſtroy; the book of nature, and that of man. Theſe he had by heart, and has tranſcribed many admirable pages of them into his immortal works. Theſe are the fountain-head, whence

the Caſtalian ſtreams of *original* compoſition flow; and theſe are often muddied by other waters, though waters in their diſtinct channel moſt wholeſome and pure; as two chemical liquors, ſeparately clear as cryſtal, grow foul by mixture, and offend the ſight. So that he had not only as much learning as his dramatic province required, but, perhaps, as it could ſafely bear. If Milton had ſpared ſome of his learning, his muſe would have gained more glory, than he would have loſt by it."

*Conjectures on Original Compoſition.*

The firſt remark of Voltaire on this tragedy, is that the former king had been poiſoned by his brother and *his queen*. The guilt of the latter, however, is far from being aſcertained. The Ghoſt forbears to accuſe her as an acceſſary, and very forcibly recommends her to the mercy of her ſon. I may add, that her conſcience appears undiſturbed during the exhibition of the mock tragedy, which produces ſo viſible a diſorder in her huſband, who was really criminal. The laſt obſervation of the ſame author has no greater degree of veracity to boaſt of; for now, ſays he, all the actors in the piece are ſwept away, and one Monſieur Fortenbras is introduced to conclude it. Can this be true, when Horatio, Oſrick, Voltimand, and Cornelius, ſurvive? Theſe, together with the whole court of Denmark, are ſuppoſed to be preſent at the cataſtrophe; ſo that we are not indebted to the Norwegian chief for having kept the ſtage from vacancy.

Monſieur de Voltaire has ſince tranſmitted in an Epiſtle to the Academy of Belles Lettres ſome remarks on the late French tranſlation of Shakſpeare; but alas! no traces of genius or vigour are diſcoverable in this *crambe repetita*, which is notorious only for its inſipidity, fallacy, and malice. It ſerves indeed to ſhew an apparent decline of talents and ſpirit in its writer, who no longer relies on his own ability to depreciate a rival, but appeals in a plaintive ſtrain to the queen and princeſſes of France for their aſſiſtance to ſtop the further circulation of Shakſpeare's renown.

Impartiality, nevertheleſs, muſt acknowledge that his private correſpondence diſplays a ſuperior degree of animation. Perhaps an ague ſhook him when he appealed to the publick on this ſubject; but the effects of a fever ſeem to predominate in his ſubſequent letter to Monſieur D'Argenteuil on the ſame occaſion; for ſuch a letter it is as our John Dennis (while his frenzy laſted) might be ſuppoſed to have written. "C'eſt moi qui autrefois parlai le premier de ce Shakſpeare: c'eſt moi qui le premier montrai aux François quelques perles quels j'avois trouvé dans ſon enorme *fumier*." Mrs. Montague, the juſtly celebrated authoreſs of the *Eſſay on the genius and writings* of our author, was at Paris, and in the circle where theſe ravings of the Frenchman were firſt publickly recited. On hearing the illiberal expreſſion already quoted, with no leſs elegance than readineſs ſhe replied—"C'eſt un *fumier* qui a fertilizé une terre bien ingrate."—In ſhort, the author of *Zayre*, *Mahomet*, and *Semiramis*, poſſeſſes all the miſchievous qualities of a midnight felon, who, in the hope to conceal his guilt, ſets the houſe which he has robbed on fire.

As

As for Meſſieurs D'Alembert and Marmontel, they might ſafely be paſſed over with that neglect which their impotence of criticiſm deſerves. Voltaire, in ſpite of his natural diſpoſition to vilify an Engliſh poet, by adopting ſentiments, characters, and ſituations from Shakſpeare, has beſtowed on him involuntary praiſe. Happily, he has not been diſgraced by the worthleſs encomiums or disfigured by the aukward imitations of the other pair, who "follow in the chaſe not like hounds that hunt, but like thoſe who fill up the cry." When D'Alembert declares that more ſterling ſenſe is to be met with in ten French verſes than in thirty Engliſh ones, contempt is all that he provokes,—ſuch contempt as can only be exceeded by that which every ſcholar will expreſs, who may chance to look into the proſe tranſlation of Lucan by Marmontel, with the vain expectation of diſcovering either the ſenſe, the ſpirit, or the whole of the original. STEEVENS.

I formerly thought that the lines which have given riſe to the foregoing obſervations, were extracted from ſome old play, of which it appeared to me probable that Chriſtopher Marlowe was the authour; but whatever Shakſpeare's view in producing them may have been, I am now decidedly of opinion that they were written by himſelf, not in any former unſucceſsful piece, but expreſsly for the play of *Hamlet*. It is obſervable that what Dr. Warburton calls "the fine ſimilitude of the ſtorm," is likewiſe found in our poet's *Venus and Adonis*.

The levity of behaviour which Hamlet aſſumes immediately after the diſappearance of the ghoſt in the firſt act, [ſc. v.] has been objected to; but the writer of ſome ſenſible Remarks on this tragedy, publiſhed in 1736, juſtly obſerves, that the poet's object there was, that Marcellus "might not imagine that the ghoſt had revealed to Hamlet ſome matter of great conſequence to him, and that he might not therefore be ſuſpected of any deep deſign."

"I have heard (adds the ſame writer,) many perſons wonder, why the poet ſhould bring in this ghoſt in complete armour.—I think theſe reaſons may be given for it. We are to conſider, that he could introduce him in theſe dreſſes only; in his regal dreſs, in a habit of interment, in a common habit, or in ſome fantaſtick one of his own invention. Now let us examine, which was moſt likely to affect the ſpectators with paſſions proper on the occaſion.—

"The regal habit has nothing uncommon in it, nor ſurpriſing, nor could it give riſe to any fine images. The habit of interment was ſomething too horrible; for terror, not horror, is to be raiſed in the ſpectators. The common habit (or *habit de ville*, as the French call it,) was by no means proper for the occaſion. It remains then that the poet ſhould chooſe ſome habit from his own brain: but this certainly could not be proper, becauſe invention in ſuch a caſe would be ſo much in danger of falling into the groteſque, that it was not to be hazarded.

"Now as to the armour, it was very ſuitable to a king who is deſcribed as a great warrior, and is very particular; and conſequently affects the ſpectators without being fantaſtick.—

"The king ſpurs on his ſon to revenge his foul and unnatural murder,

from these two considerations chiefly; that he was sent into the other world without having had time to repent of his sins, and without the necessary sacraments, according to the church of Rome, and that consequently his soul was to suffer, if not eternal damnation, at least a long course of penance in purgatory; which aggravates the circumstances of his brother's barbarity; and secondly, that Denmark might not be the scene of usurpation and incest, and the throne thus polluted and profaned. For these reasons he prompts the young prince to revenge; else it would have been more becoming the character of such a prince as Hamlet's father is represented to have been, and more suitable to his present condition, to have left his brother to the divine punishment, and to a possibility of repentance for his base crime, which, by cutting him off, he must be deprived of.

"To conform to the ground-work of his plot, Shakspeare makes the young prince feign himself mad. I cannot but think this to be injudicious; for so far from securing himself from any violence which he feared from the usurper, it seems to have been the most likely way of getting himself confined, and consequently debarred from an opportunity of revenging his father's death, which now seemed to be his only aim; and accordingly it was the occasion of his being sent away to England; which design, had it taken effect upon his life, he never could have revenged his father's murder. To speak truth, our poet by keeping too close to the ground-work of his plot, has fallen into an absurdity; for there appears no reason at all in nature, why the young prince did not put the usurper to death as soon as possible, especially as Hamlet is represented as a youth so brave, and so careless of his own life.

"The case indeed is this. Had Hamlet gone naturally to work, as we could suppose such a prince to do in parallel circumstances, there would have been an end of our play. The poet therefore was obliged to delay his hero's revenge: but then he should have contrived some good reason for it.

"His beginning his scenes of Hamlet's madness by his behaviour to Ophelia, was judicious, because by this means he might be thought to be mad for her, not that his brain was disturbed about state affairs, which would have been dangerous.

"It does not appear whether Ophelia's madness was chiefly for her father's death, or for the loss of Hamlet. It is not often that young women run mad for the loss of their fathers. It is more natural to suppose that, like *Chimene* in the *Cid*, her great sorrow proceeded from her father's being killed by the man she loved, and thereby making it indecent for her ever to marry him.

"Laertes's character is a very odd one; it is not easy to say whether it is good or bad: but his consenting to the villainous contrivance of the usurper's to murder Hamlet, makes him much more a bad man than a good one.—It is a very nice conduct in the poet to make the usurper build his scheme upon the generous unsuspicious temper of the person he intends to murder, and thus to raise the prince's character by the confession of his enemy; to make the villain ten times more odious from his own mouth. The contrivance of the foil unbated (i. e. without

without a button,) is methinks too groſs a deceit to go down even with a man of the moſt unſuſpicious nature.

" Laertes's death and the queen's are truly poetical juſtice, and very naturally brought about, although I do not conceive it ſo eaſy to change rapiers in a ſcuffle without knowing it at the time. The death of the queen is particularly according to the ſtricteſt rules of poetical juſtice; for ſhe loſes her life by the villainy of the very perſon, who had been the cauſe of all her crimes.

" Since the poet deferred ſo long the Uſurper's death, we muſt own that he has very naturally effected it, and ſtill added freſh crimes to thoſe the murderer had already committed.

" Upon Laertes's repentance for contriving the death of Hamlet, one cannot but feel ſome ſentiments of pity for him; but who can ſee or read the death of the young prince without melting into tears and compaſſion? Horatio's earneſt deſire to die with the prince, thus not to ſurvive his friend, gives a ſtronger idea of his friendſhip for Hamlet in the few lines on that occaſion, than many actions or expreſſions could poſſibly have done. And Hamlet's begging him *to draw his breath in this harſh world* a little longer, to clear his reputation, and manifeſt his innocence, is very ſuitable to his virtuous character, and the honeſt regard that all men ſhould have not to be miſrepreſented to poſterity; that they may not ſet a bad example, when in reality they have ſet a good one: which is the only motive that can, in reaſon, recommend the love of fame and glory.

" Horatio's deſire of having the bodies carried to a ſtage, &c. is very well imagined, and was the beſt way of ſatisfying the requeſt of his deceaſed friend: and he acts in this, and in all points, ſuitably to the manly honeſt character, under which he is drawn throughout the piece. Beſides, it gives a ſort of content to the audience, that though their favourite (which muſt be Hamlet) did not eſcape with life, yet the greateſt amends will be made him, which can be in this world, viz. juſtice done to his memory.

" Fortinbras comes in very naturally at the cloſe of the play, and lays a very juſt claim to the throne of Denmark, as he had the dying voice of the prince. He in a few words gives a noble character of Hamlet, and ſerves to carry off the deceaſed hero from the ſtage with the honours due to his birth and merit." MALONE.

# OTHELLO.

# Perſons Repreſented.

*Duke of* Venice.
Brabantio, *a Senator.*
*Two other Senators.*
Gratiano, *brother to* Brabantio.
Lodovico, *kinſman to* Brabantio.
Othello, *the Moor:*
Caſſio, *his Lieutenant;*
Iago, his *Ancient.*
Roderigo, *a* Venetian *Gentleman.*
Montano, Othello's *predeceſſor in the government of* Cyprus.
*Clown, ſervant to* Othello.
*Herald.*

Deſdemona, *daughter to* Brabantio, *and wife to* Othello.
Emilia, *wife to* Iago.
Bianca, *a courtezan, miſtreſs to* Caſſio.

*Officers, Gentlemen, Meſſengers, Muſicians, Sailors, Attendants, &c.*

*SCENE, for the firſt Act, in* Venice; *during the reſt of the play, at a ſea-port in* Cyprus.

# OTHELLO[1].

## ACT I. SCENE I.

Venice. *A Street.*

*Enter* RODERIGO, *and* IAGO.

*Rod.* Tuſh, never tell me[2], I take it much unkindly,
That thou, Iago,—who haſt had my purſe,
As if the ſtrings were thine,—ſhould'ſt know of this.
*Iago.* 'Sblood, but you will not hear me: if ever
I did dream of ſuch a matter, abhor me.
*Rod.* Thou told'ſt me, thou did'ſt hold him in thy hate.
*Iago.* Deſpiſe me, if I do not. Three great ones of the city,
In perſonal ſuit to make me his lieutenant,
Oft capp'd to him[3];—and, by the faith of man,
I know my price, I am worth no worſe a place:

[1] The ſtory is taken from *Cynthio's Novels.* POPE.
I have not hitherto met with any tranſlation of this novel (the ſeventh in the third decad) of ſo early a date as the age of Shakſpeare; but undoubtedly many of thoſe little pamphlets have periſhed between his time and ours.
This play was firſt entered at Stationers' Hall, Oct. 6, 1621, by Thomas Walkely. STEEVENS.
I have ſeen a French tranſlation of *Cynthio*, by Gabriel Chappuys, Par. 1584. This is not a faithful one; and I ſuſpect, through this medium the work came into Engliſh. FARMER.
This tragedy I have aſcribed (but on no very ſure ground) to the year 1611. See *An Attempt to aſcertain the order of Shakſpeare's plays*, Vol. I. MALONE.

[2] Tuſh, *never tell me*,] Thus the quarto, 1622. In the folio the word *tuſh* is omitted. MALONE.

[3] Oft *capp'd to him*;—] Thus the quarto. The folio reads, *Off-capp'd to him.* STEEVENS.
In ſupport of the folio, *Antony and Cleopatra* may be quoted:
"I have ever held my *cap off* to thy fortunes."
This reading I once thought likely to be the true one. But a more intimate knowledge of the quarto copies has convinced me that they ought not without very ſtrong reaſon to be departed from. MALONE.

But

But he, as loving his own pride and purpoſes,
Evades them, with a bombaſt circumſtance,
Horribly ſtuff'd with epithets of war;
And, in concluſion, nonſuits my mediators;
*For, certes* [4], ſays he, *I have already*
*Choſen my officer.* And what was he?
Forſooth, a great arithmetician [5],
One Michael Caſſio, a Florentine,
A fellow almoſt damn'd in a fair wife [6];

That

4 —*certes,*] i. e. certainly, in truth. Obſolete, So Spenſer, in the *Faery Queen*, b. 4. c. 9:

"*Certes* her loſſe ought me to ſorrow moſt." STEEVENS.

5 *Forſooth, a great* arithmetician,] So, in *Romeo and Juliet*, Mercutio ſays: "— one that fights by the book of *arithmetick*." STEEV.

Iago, however, means to repreſent Caſſio, not as a perſon whoſe arithmetick was "*one, two*, and the *third* in your boſom," but as a man merely converſant with *civil* matters, and who knew no more of a ſquadron than the *number* of men it contained. So afterwards he calls him this *counter-caſter*. MALONE.

6 *A fellow almoſt damn'd in a fair wife*;] Sir Thomas Hanmer ſuppoſed that the text muſt be corrupt, becauſe it appears from a following part of the play that Caſſio was an unmarried man. Mr. Steevens has clearly explained the words in the ſubſequent note: I have therefore no doubt that the text is right; and have not thought it neceſſary to inſert Mr. Tyrwhitt's note, in which he propoſed to read—"a fellow almoſt damn'd in a fair *life*." Shakſpeare, he conceived, might allude to the judgment denounced in the goſpel againſt thoſe *of whom all men ſpeak well*. MALONE.

Mr. Tyrwhitt's conjecture is ingenious, but cannot be right; for the malicious Iago would never have given Caſſio the higheſt commendation that words can convey, at the very time that he wiſhes to depreciate him to Roderigo: though afterwards, in ſpeaking to himſelf, [Act V. ſc. i.] he gives him his juſt character. MASON.

That Caſſio was *married*, is not ſufficiently implied in the words, *a fellow almoſt damn'd in a fair wife*, ſince they may mean, according to Iago's licentious manner of expreſſing himſelf, no more than a man *very near being married*. This ſeems to have been the caſe in reſpect of Caſſio.—Act IV. Scene i, Iago, ſpeaking to him of Bianca, ſays, —*Why, the cry goes, that you ſhall marry her.* Caſſio acknowledges that ſuch a report has been raiſed, and adds, *This is the monkey's own giving out: ſhe is perſuaded I will marry her, out of her own love and ſelf-flattery, not out of my promiſe.* Iago then, having heard this report before, very naturally circulates it in his preſent converſation with Roderigo. If Shakſpeare, however, deſigned *Bianca* for a curtizan of *Cyprus*, (where Caſſio had not yet been, and had therefore never ſeen her,)

Iago

That never ſet a ſquadron in the field,
Nor the diviſion of a battle knows

More

Iago cannot be ſuppoſed to allude to the report concerning his marriage with her, and conſequently this part of my argument muſt fall to the ground.

Had Shakſpeare, conſiſtently with Iago's character, meant to make him ſay that Caſſio was *actually damn'd in being married to a handſome woman*, he would have made him ſay it *outright*, and not have interpoſed the palliative *almoſt*. Whereas what he ſays at preſent amounts to no more than that (however near his marriage) he is not yet *completely damn'd*, becauſe he is not *abſolutely married*. The ſucceeding parts of Iago's converſation ſufficiently evince, that the poet thought no mode of conception or expreſſion too brutal for the character. STEEV.

There is no ground whatſoever for ſuppoſing that Shakſpeare deſigned Bianca for a courtezan of Cyprus. Caſſio, who was a Florentine, and Othello's lieutenant, ſailed from Venice in a ſhip belonging to Verona, at the ſame time with the Moor; and what difficulty is there in ſuppoſing that Bianca, who, Caſſio himſelf informs us, "haunted him every where," took her paſſage in the ſame veſſel with him; or followed him afterwards? Othello, we may ſuppoſe, with ſome of the Venetian troops, ſailed in another veſſel; and Deſdemona and Iago embarked in a third.

Iago, after he has been at Cyprus but one day, ſpeaks of Bianca, (Act IV. ſc. i.) as one whom he had long known: he muſt therefore (if the poet be there correct) have known her at *Venice*:

"Now will I queſtion Caſſio of *Bianca*,
"*A houſe-wife, that, by ſelling her deſires,*
"*Buys herſelf bread and cloaths: it is a creature,*
"*That dotes on Caſſio*;—as 'tis the ſtrumpet's plague,
"To beguile many, and be beguil'd by one." MALONE.

Ingenious as Mr. Tyrrwhitt's conjecture may appear, it but ill accords with the context. Iago is enumerating the diſqualifications of Caſſio for his new appointment; but ſurely his *being well ſpoken of by all men* could not be one of them. It is evident from what follows that a report had prevailed at Venice of Caſſio's being ſoon to be married "to the moſt *fair* Bianca." Now as ſhe was in Shakſpeare's language "a cuſtomer," it was with a view to ſuch a connexion that Iago called the new lieutenant *a fellow almoſt damn'd*. It may be gathered from various circumſtances that an intercourſe between Caſſio and Bianca had exiſted before they left Venice; for Bianca is not only well known to Iago at Cyprus, but ſhe upbraids Caſſio, (Act III. ſc. iv.) with having been abſent a week from her, when he had not been *two days* on the iſland. Hence, and from what Caſſio himſelf relates, (Act IV. ſc. i.) *I was the other day talking on the* SEA-BANK WITH CERTAIN VENETIANS, *and* THITHER *comes the bauble*; *by this hand ſhe falls thus about my neck*;"—it may be preſumed ſhe had ſecretly

More than a ſpinſter; unleſs the bookiſh theorick[7],
Wherein the toged conſuls can propoſe[8]
As maſterly as he: mere prattle, without practice,
Is all his ſoldierſhip. But, he, ſir, had the election:
And I,—of whom his eyes had ſeen the proof,
At Rhodes, at Cyprus; and on other grounds
Chriſtian and heathen,— muſt be be-lee'd and calm'd[9]
By

followed him to Cyprus: a concluſion not only neceſſary to explain the paſſage in queſtion, but to preſerve the conſiſtency of the fable at large.—The *ſea-bank* on which Caſſio was converſing with certain Venetians, was at Venice; for he had never till the day before been at Cyprus: he ſpecifies thoſe with whom he converſed as *Venetians*, becauſe he was himſelf a *Florentine*; and he mentions the behaviour of Bianca in their preſence, as tending to corroborate the report ſhe had ſpread that he was ſoon to marry her. HENLEY.

I think, as I have already mentioned, that Bianca was a Venetian courtezan: but the *ſea-bank* of which Caſſio ſpeaks, may have been the ſhore of Cyprus. In ſeveral other inſtances beſide this, our poet appears not to have recollected that the perſons of his play had only been one day at Cyprus. I am aware, however, that this circumſtance may be urged with equal force againſt the concluding part of my own preceding note; and the term ſea-*bank* certainly adds ſupport to what Mr. Henley has ſuggeſted, being the very term uſed by Lewkenor, in his account of the *Lito maggior* of *Venice*. See p. 453, n. 2. MALONE.

[7] —*the bookiſh* theorick,] *Theorick* for *theory*. STEEVENS.

This was the common language of Shakſpeare's time. See Vol. III. p. 445, n. 8. MALONE.

[8] —*the toged* conſuls—] The *rulers of the ſtate*, or civil governours. The word is uſed by Marlowe, in the ſame ſenſe, in *Tamburlaine*, a tragedy, 1590:

"Both we will raigne as *conſuls* of the earth." MALONE.

By *toged* perhaps is meant *peaceable*, in oppoſition to the *warlike* qualifications of which he had been ſpeaking. He might have formed the word in alluſion to the Latin adage,—*Cedant arma togæ*. STEEV.

[9] — *muſt be be-lee'd and calm'd*—] *Be-lee'd* and-*be-calm'd* are terms of navigation.

I have been informed that one veſſel is ſaid to be in the *lee* of another, when it is ſo placed that the wind is intercepted from it. Iago's meaning therefore is, that Caſſio had got to the wind of him, and *becalmed* him from going on.

To *be-calm* (as I learn from Falconer's *Marine Dictionary*) is likewiſe to obſtruct the current of the wind in its paſſage to a ſhip, by any contiguous object. STEEVENS.

The quarto, 1622, reads—

—— muſt be *led* and calm'd—.

I ſuſpect therefore that Shakſpeare wrote—muſt be *lee'd* and calm'd.

The

By debitor and creditor, this counter-caſter[1];
He, in good time, muſt his lieutenant be,
And I, (God bleſs the mark[2]!) his Moor-ſhip's[3] ancient.

*Rod.* By heaven, I rather would have been his hangman.

*Iago.* But there's no remedy, 'tis the curſe of ſervice;
Preferment goes by letter[4], and affection,
Not by the old gradation[5], where each ſecond
Stood heir to the firſt. Now, ſir, be judge yourſelf,
Whether I in any juſt term am affin'd[6]
To love the Moor.

*Rod.* I would not follow him then.

*Iago.* O, ſir, content you;
I follow him to ſerve my turn upon him:
We cannot all be maſters, nor all maſters

The *lee*-ſide of a ſhip is that on which the wind blows. To *lee*, or to be *lee'd*, may mean, to fall to leeward, or to loſe the advantage of the wind.

The reading of the text is that of the folio. I doubt whether there be any ſuch ſea-phraſe as to *be-lee*; and ſuſpect the word *be* was inadvertently repeated by the compoſitor of the folio.

Mr. Steevens has explain'd the word *becalm'd*, but where is it found in the text? MALONE.

[1] — *this* counter-caſter;] It was anciently the practice to reckon up ſums with *counters*. To this Shakſpeare alludes again in *Cymbeline*, Act V. "— it ſums up thouſands in a trice: you have no true debitor and creditor, but it; of what's paſt, is, and to come, the diſcharge. Your neck, ſir, is pen, book, and *counters*;" &c. Again, in *Acolaſtus*, a comedy, 1540: "I wyl caſt my *counters*, or with *counters* make all my reckenynges." STEEVENS.

So, in *The Winter's Tale*:—"fifteen hundred ſhorn,—What comes the wool to?—I cannot do't without *counters*." MALONE.

[2] — *bleſs the mark!*] Kelly, in his comments on Scots proverbs, obſerves, that the Scots, when they compare perſon to perſon, uſe this exclamation. STEEVENS.

[3] —*his* Moorſhip's—] The firſt quarto reads—his *worſhip's*—. STE.

[4] — *by letter*,—] By *recommendation* from powerful friends. JOHNS.

[5] *Not by the* old gradation,—] *Old gradation*, is *gradation* eſtabliſhed by *ancient* practice. JOHNSON

[6] *Whether I in any juſt term am* affin'd—] *Affin'd* is the reading of the third quarto and the firſt folio. The ſecond quarto and all the modern editions have *aſſign'd*. The meaning is, *Do I ſtand* within *any ſuch* terms *of propinquity* or *relation to the Moor, as that it is my duty to love him?* JOHNSON.

The original quarto, 1622 has *aſſign'd*; but it was manifeſtly an error of the preſs. MALONE.

Cannot

Cannot be truly follow'd. You shall mark
Many a duteous and knee-crooking knave,
That, doting on his own obsequious bondage,
Wears out his time, much like his master's ass,
For nought but provender, and, when he's old, cashier'd;
Whip me such honest knaves[7]: Others there are,
Who, trimm'd in forms and visages of duty,
Keep yet their hearts attending on themselves;
And, throwing but shows of service on their lords,
Do well thrive by them, and, when they have lin'd their coats,
Do themselves homage: these fellows have some soul;
And such a one do I profess myself.
For, sir,
It is as sure as you are Roderigo,
Were I the Moor, I would not be Iago:
In following him, I follow but myself;
Heaven is my judge, not I for love and duty,
But seeming so, for my peculiar end:
For when my outward action doth demonstrate
The native act and figure of my heart
In compliment extern[8], 'tis not long after
But I will wear my heart upon my sleeve
For doves to peck at[9]: I am not what I am.

[7] — *honest knaves:*] *Knave* is here for *servant*, but with a mixture of sly contempt. JOHNSON.

[8] *In compliment extern,*] In that which I do only for an outward shew of civility. JOHNSON.

So, in Sir W. D'Avenant's *Albovine*, 1629:

" —— that in sight *extern*
" A patriarch seems." STEEVENS.

[9] *But I will wear my* heart upon my sleeve
*For* doves *to* peck at:] Thus the quarto, 1622. The folio reads—For *daws*, &c. I have adhered to the original copy, because I suspect Shakspeare had in his thoughts a passage in Lily's *Euphues and his England*, 1580: " As all coynes are not good that have the image of Cæsar, nor all gold, that is coyned with the kings stampe, so all is not truth that beareth the shew of godlinesse, nor all friends that beare a faire face. If thou pretend such love to Euphues, carry *thy heart on the backe of thy hand*, and thy tongue in thy palme, that I may see what is in thy minde, and thou with thy finger claspe thy mouth.—I can better take a blister of a nettle, than a pricke of a rose; more willing that a raven should peck out mine eyes, than a *turtle peck at* them." MALONE.

*Rod.*

*Rod.* What a full fortune does the thick-lips owe[1],
If he can carry't thus!

*Iago.* Call up her father,
Rouſe him: make after him, poiſon his delight,
Proclaim him in the ſtreets; incenſe her kinſmen,
And, though he in a fertile climate dwell,
Plague him with flies: though that his joy be joy,
Yet throw ſuch changes of vexation on't,
As it may loſe ſome colour.

*Rod.* Here is her father's houſe; I'll call aloud.

*Iago.* Do; with like timorous accent, and dire yell,
As when, by night and negligence, the fire
Is ſpy'd in populous cities[2].

*Rod.* What ho! Brabantio! ſignior Brabantio, ho!

*Iago.* Awake! what, ho! Brabantio! thieves! thieves! thieves!
Look to your houſe, your daughter, and your bags!
Thieves! thieves!

BRABANTIO, *above, at a window.*

*Bra.* What is the reaſon of this terrible ſummons?
What is the matter there?

[1] *What a* full fortune *does the thick-lips* owe,] *Full fortune* is, I believe, a complete piece of good fortune, as in another ſcene of this play a *full ſoldier* is put for a complete ſoldier. To *owe* is in ancient language, to *own*, to poſſeſs. STEEVENS.

So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

" — not the imperious ſhew
" Of the *full-fortun'd* Cæſar—."

*Full* is uſed by Chaucer in the ſame ſenſe in his *Troilus*, B. I.

" Sufficeth this, my *full* friend Pandare,
" That I have ſaid—."

See alſo Vol. VII. p. 534, n. 5. MALONE.

[2] *As when, by night and negligence, the fire*
*Is ſpy'd in populous cities.*] The meaning, as Mr. Edwards has obſerved, is, "not that the fire was ſpied by negligence, but the fire, which came by night and negligence, was ſpied.—And this double meaning to the ſame word is common to Shakſpeare with all other writers, eſpecially where the word is ſo familiar a one, as this in queſtion. Ovid ſeems even to have thought it a beauty inſtead of a defect." MALONE.

The particle is uſed equivocally; the ſame liberty is taken by writers more correct.

*The wonderful creature! a woman of reaſon!*
*Never grave* out of *pride, never gay* out of *ſeaſon.* JOHNSON.

*Rod.*

*Rod.* Signior, is all your family within?
*Iago.* Are your doors lock'd[3]?
*Bra.* Why? wherefore aſk you this?
*Iago.* 'Zounds, ſir, you are robb'd; for ſhame, put on your gown;
Your heart is burſt[4], you have loſt half your ſoul;
Even now, very now, an old black ram
Is tupping your white ewe[5]. Ariſe, ariſe;
Awake the ſnorting citizens with the bell,
Or elſe the devil will make a grandſire of you:
Ariſe, I ſay.
*Bra.* What, have you loſt your wits?
*Rod.* Moſt reverend ſignior, do you know my voice?
*Bra.* Not I; What are you?
*Rod.* My name is—Roderigo.
*Bra.* The worſe welcome:
I have charg'd thee, not to haunt about my doors:
In honeſt plainneſs thou haſt heard me ſay,
My daughter is not for thee; and now, in madneſs,
Being full of ſupper, and diſtempering draughts[6],
Upon malicious bravery, doſt thou come
To ſtart my quiet.
*Rod.* Sir, ſir, ſir,—
*Bra.* But thou muſt needs be ſure,
My ſpirit, and my place, have in them power
To make this bitter to thee.
*Rod.* Patience, good ſir.
*Bra.* What tell'ſt thou me of robbing? this is Venice;

3 *Are your doors lock'd?*] The firſt quarto reads, Are *all* doors lock'd? STEEVENS.

4 — *is* burſt,] i. e. broken. *Burſt* for *broke* is uſed in our author's *King Henry IV.* P. II: "— and then he *burſt* his head for crowding among the marſhal's men." STEEVENS.

See alſo Vol. III. p. 244, n. 6, and p. 312, n. 1. MALONE.

5 — tupping *your white ewe.*] In the north of England a ram is called a *tup.* MALONE.

6 — diſtempering *draughts,*—] To be diſtempered with liquor, was, in Shakſpeare's age, the phraſe for intoxication. In *Hamlet*, the king is ſaid to be "marvellous *diſtempered* with wine." MALONE.

My

My houſe is not a grange[7].

*Rod.* Moſt grave Brabantio,
In ſimple and pure ſoul I come to you.

*Iago.* 'Zounds, ſir, you are one of thoſe, that will not ſerve God, if the devil bid you. Becauſe we come to do you ſervice, you think we are ruffians: You'll have your daughter cover'd with a Barbary horſe; you'll have your nephews neigh to you[8]: you'll have courſers for couſins, and gennets for germans[9].

*Bra.* What profane wretch art thou[1]?

*Iago.*

7 —— *this is Venice:*
*My houſe is not a* grange.] That is, "you are in a populous city, not in a *lone houſe*, where a robbery might eaſily be committed." *Grange* is ſtrictly and properly the farm of a monaſtery, where the religious repoſited their corn. *Grangia*, Lat. from *Granum*. But in Lincolnſhire, and in other northern counties, they call every lone houſe, or farm which ſtands ſolitary, a *grange*. WARTON.
So, in Daniel's *Complaint of Roſamond*, 1599:
"— ſoon was I train'd from court
"To a *ſolitary grange*," &c.
Again, in *Meaſure for Meaſure*:
"At the moated *grange* reſides this dejected Mariana."
STEEVENS.

8 —*your* nephews *neigh to you:*] *Nephew*, in this inſtance, has the power of the Latin word *nepos*, and ſignifies a grandſon, or any lineal deſcendant, however remote. So, in Spenſer:
"And all the ſons of theſe five brethren reign'd
"By due ſucceſs, and all their *nephews* late,
"Even thrice eleven deſcents the crown obtain'd."
Again, in Chapman's verſion of the Odyſſey, B. 24, Laertes ſays of Telemachus, his *grandſon*:
"— to behold my ſon
"And *nephew* cloſe in ſuch contention."
Sir W. Dugdale very often employs the word in this ſenſe; and without it, it would not be very eaſy to ſhew how *Brabantio* could have *nephews* by the marriage of his *daughter*. Ben Jonſon likewiſe uſes it with the ſame meaning. The alliteration in this paſſage cauſed Shakſpeare to have recourſe to it. STEEVENS.
See Vol. VI. p. 555, n. 7. MALONE.

9 — gennets *for germans.*] A *jennet* is a Spaniſh horſe. STEEVENS.

1 *What* profane *wretch art thou?*] That is, *what wretch, of groſs and licentious language?* In that ſenſe Shakſpeare often uſes the word profane. JOHNSON.

*Iago.* I am one, ſir, that comes to tell you, your daughter and the Moor are now making the beaſt with two backs [2].

*Bra.* Thou art a villain.

*Iago.* You are—a ſenator.

*Bra.* This thou ſhalt anſwer; I know thee, Roderigo.

*Rod.* Sir, I will anſwer any thing. But I beſeech you,
If't be your pleaſure [3], and moſt wiſe conſent,
(As partly, I find, it is,) that your fair daughter,
At this odd-even and dull watch o' the night [4],
Tranſported—with no worſe nor better guard,

It is ſo uſed by other writers of the ſame age:

" How far off dwells the houſe-ſurgeon?

" — You are a *profane* fellow, i'faith."

Again, in Ben Jonſon's *Tale of a Tub*:

" By the ſly juſtice, and his clerk *profane*." STEEVENS.

[2] — *your daughter and the Moor are now making* the beaſt with two backs.] This is an ancient proverbial expreſſion in the French language, whence Shakſpeare probably borrowed it; for in the *Dictionnaire des Proverbes Françoiſes*, par G. D. B. Bruſſelles, 1710, 12mo, I find the following article: " Faire la bête a deux dos," pour dire, faire l'amour. PERCY.

In the *Dictionnaire Comique*, par le Roux, 8vo. 1750, this phraſe is more particularly explained, under the article *Bete*. " *Faire la bete a deux dos*. Maniere de parler, qui ſignifie etre couché avec une femme; faire le deduit.—' Et faiſoient tous deux ſouvent enſemble *la bete a deux dos* joyeuſement.'—Rabelais. liv. I." There was a tranſlation of Rabelais publiſhed in the time of Shakſpeare. MALONE.

[3] *If't be your pleaſure*, &c.] This and the ſixteen following lines are not in the original quarto. They are found in the folio, 1623. MALONE.

[4] *At this* odd-even *and dull-watch o'the night*,] " The *even* of *night*," Dr. Johnſon obſerves, " is *midnight*, the time when night is divided into two *even* parts." This is certainly true; but our buſineſs is to explain the *odd-even* of night. By this ſingular expreſſion,—" this *odd-even* of night," our poet appears to have meant, that it was juſt approaching to, or juſt paſt, midnight; ſo near, or ſo recently paſt, that it was doubtful whether at that moment it ſtood at the point of midnight, or at ſome other leſs equal diviſion of the twenty four hours; which a few minutes either before or after midnight would be.

So, in *Macbeth*:

" ——— What is the *night*?

" *Lady M.* Almoſt at *odds with morning, which is which.*"

Shakſpeare was probably thinking of his boyiſh ſchool-play, *odd or even*. MALONE.

But

But with a knave of common hire, a gondalier,—
To the groſs claſps of a laſcivious Moor,—
If this be known to you, and your allowance [5],
We then have done you bold and ſaucy wrongs;
But, if you know not this, my manners tell me,
We have your wrong rebuke. Do not believe,
That, from the ſenſe of all civility [6],
I thus would play and trifle with your reverence:
Your daughter,—if you have not given her leave,—
I ſay again, hath made a groſs revolt;
Tying her duty, beauty, wit, and fortunes,
In an extravagant [7] and wheeling ſtranger [8],
Of here and every where: Straight ſatisfy yourſelf:
If ſhe be in her chamber, or your houſe,
Let looſe on me the juſtice of the ſtate
For thus deluding you [9].

*Bra.* Strike on the tinder, ho!
Give me a taper;—call up all my people:—
This accident is not unlike my dream,
Belief of it oppreſſes me already:—

[5] — *and your* allowance,] i. e. done with your *approbation*. See Vol. VIII. p. 203, n. 3, and p. 505, n. 5. MALONE.

[6] *That* from *the ſenſe of all civility*,] That is, *in oppoſition to*, or *departing from* the ſenſe of all civility. So, in *Twelfth Night*:

"But this is *from* my commiſſion."

Again, in *The Mayor of Queenborough*, by Middleton, 1661:

"But this is *from* my buſineſs." MALONE.

[7] *In an* extravagant, &c.] *Extravagant* is here uſed in its Latin ſignification, for *wandering*. Thus in *Hamlet*: "—The *extravagant* and erring ſpirit,—." STEEVENS.

[8] *Tying her duty, beauty, wit, and fortunes,*
In *an extravagant and wheeling ſtranger*,] Thus the old copies, for which the modern editors, following Mr. Pope, have ſubſtituted—*To* an extravagant, &c. In *K. Lear* we find—"And hold our lives *in* mercy; (not *at* mercy;) in *The Winter's Tale*, "he was torn to pieces *with* a *bear*," not "*by* a bear;" and in *Hamlet*,

"To let this canker of our nature come
"*In* further evil."

So, in the next ſcene, p. 468, we have "—*in* your part," not "*on* your part." We might ſubſtitute modern for ancient phraſeology in all theſe paſſages with as much propriety as in the preſent. We yet ſay, "ſhe is *wrapp'd up in* him." MALONE.

[9] *For* thus deluding you.] The firſt quarto reads, For *this deluſion*. STEEVENS.

Light, I say! light! [*Exit, from above.*

*Iago.* Farewel; for I must leave you:
It seems not meet, nor wholesome to my place,
To be produc'd[1] (as, if I stay, I shall,)
Against the Moor: For, I do know, the state,—
However this may gall him with some check[2],—
Cannot with safety cast him[3]; for he's embark'd
With such loud reason to the Cyprus' wars,
(Which even now stand in act) that, for their souls,
Another of his fathom they have not,
To lead their business: in which regard,
Though I do hate him as I do hell pains,
Yet, for necessity of present life,
I must shew out a flag and sign of love,
Which is indeed but sign. That you shall surely find him,
Lead to the Sagittar[4] the raised search;
And there will I be with him. So, farewel. [*Exit.*

*Enter, below,* BRABANTIO, *and Servants with torches.*

*Bra.* It is too true an evil: gone she is;
And what's to come of my despised time[5],
Is nought but bitterness.—Now, Roderigo,
Where didst thou see her?—O unhappy girl!—
With the Moor, say'st thou?—Who would be a father?—
How didst thou know 'twas she?—O, thou deceiv'st me
Past thought[6]!—What said she to you?—Get more tapers;
Raise

1 *To be* produc'd—] The folio reads, *productied*. STEEVENS.

2 —*some* check,] Some rebuke. JOHNSON.

3 — cast *him*;—] That is, *dismiss* him; *reject* him. We still say, a *cast* coat, and a *cast* serving-man. JOHNSON.

4 — *the* Sagittar—] Thus the quarto, 1622. Folio:—the *Sagittary*. MALONE.

5 *And what's to come of my* despised *time,*] *Despised time*, is *time of no value*; time in which

" There's nothing serious in morality;
" The wine of life is drawn, and the mere dregs
" Are left this vault to brag of." *Macbeth.* JOHNSON.

Again, in *Romeo and Juliet:*

" —— expire the term
" Of a *despised* life, clos'd in my breast." STEEVENS.

6—*O, thou deceiv'st me*
*Past thought!*—] Thus the quarto 1622. The folio 1623, and the quartos 1630 and 1655 read,

—— *O fie*

Raiſe all my kindred.—Are they marry'd, think you?
*Rod.* Truly, I think, they are.
*Bra.* O heaven!—How got ſhe out?—O treaſon of the blood!—
Fathers, from hence truſt not your daughters' minds
By what you ſee them act.—Is there not charms [7],
By which the property [8] of youth and maidhood [9]
May be abus'd? Have you not read, Roderigo,
Of ſome ſuch thing?
*Rod.* Yes, ſir; I have, indeed.
*Bra.* Call up my brother.—O, that you had had her!—
Some one way, ſome another.—Do you know
Where we may apprehend her and the Moor?
*Rod.* I think, I can diſcover him; if you pleaſe
To get good guard, and go along with me.
*Bra.* Pray you, lead on [1]. At every houſe I'll call;
I may command at moſt:—Get weapons, ho!
And raiſe ſome ſpecial officers of night [2].—
On, good Roderigo; I'll deſerve your pains. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

——— *O ſhe deceives me*
*Paſt thought.*

I have choſen the apoſtrophe to his abſent daughter, as the moſt ſpirited of the two readings. STEEVENS.

7 —*Is there not charms,*] Is there not ſuch a thing as charms, &c. The modern editors, following an alteration made by the editor of the ſecond folio, read—*Are* there not charms, &c. MALONE.

8 *By which the property of youth and maidhood*
*May be* abus'd?] By which the faculties of a young virgin may be infatuated, and made ſubject to illuſions and falſe imagination:
" —wicked dreams *abuſe*
" The curtain'd ſleep." *Macbeth.* JOHNSON.

9 —*and* maidhood—] The quartos read—and *manhood*—. STEEV.

1 *Pray* you, lead on.] The firſt quarto reads, Pray lead *me* on. STEEVENS.

2 *And raiſe ſome ſpecial officers of* night.—] Thus the original quarto, 1622; for which the editor of the folio ſubſtituted—officers of *might*; a reading which all the modern editors have adopted. I have more than once had occaſion to remark that the quarto readings were ſometimes changed by the editor of the folio, from ignorance of our poet's phraſeology or meaning.

I have no doubt that Shakſpeare, before he wrote this play, read *The Commonwealth and Government of Venice*, tranſlated from the Italian

## SCENE II.

*The ſame. Another ſtreet.*

*Enter* OTHELLO, IAGO, *and Attendants.*

*Iago.* Though in the trade of war I have ſlain men,
Yet do I hold it very ſtuff o' the conſcience [3]
To do no contriv'd murder; I lack iniquity
Sometimes, to do me ſervice: Nine or ten times
I had thought to have yerk'd him [4] here under the ribs.
*Oth.* 'Tis better as it is.

by Lewes Lewkenor, and printed in 4to, 1599: a book prefixed to which we find a copy of verſes by Spenſer. This treatiſe furniſhed our poet with the knowledge of thoſe *officers* of night, whom Brabantio here deſires to be called to his aſſiſtance.

"For the greater expedition thereof, of theſe kinds of judgments, the heades or chieftaines of *the officers by night* do obtaine the authority of which the advocators are deprived. Theſe *officers of the night* are ſix, and ſix likewiſe are thoſe meane officers, that have only power to correct baſe vagabonds and trifling offences.

"Thoſe that do execute this office are called heades of the tribes of the city, becauſe out of every tribe, (for the city is divided into ſix tribes,) there is elected an *officer of the night*, and a head of the tribe. —The duty of eyther of theſe officers is, to keepe a watch every other night by turn, within their tribes; and, now the one and then the other, to make rounds about his quarter, till the dawning of the day, being always guarded and attended on with weaponed officers and ſerjeants, and to ſee that there be not any diſorder done in the darkneſs of the night, which alwaies emboldeneth men to naughtineſſe; and that there be not any houſes broken up, nor theeves nor rogues lurking in corners with intent to do violence." *Commonwealth of Venice*, pp. 97, 99. MALONE.

[3] — ſtuff o' *the* conſcience—] This expreſſion to common readers appears harſh. *Stuff* of the *conſcience* is, *ſubſtance*, or *eſſence* of the conſcience. *Stuff* is a word of great force in the Teutonick languages. The elements are called in Dutch, *Hoofd ſtoffen*, or *head-ſtuffs*. JOHNSON.

Again, in *King Henry VIII*:

"You're full of heavenly *ſtuff*," &c.

Friſch's *German Dictionary* gives this explanation of the word *ſtoff*:—materies ex qua aliquid fieri poterit. STEEVENS.

[4] *I had thought to have yerk'd* him—] Iago is probably here ſpeaking of Roderigo. MALONE.

*Iago.*

*Iago.* Nay, but he prated,
And ſpoke ſuch ſcurvy and provoking terms
Againſt your honour,
That, with the little godlineſs I have,
I did full hard forbear him. But, I pray, ſir,
Are you faſt marry'd? for, be ſure of this,—
That the magnifico[5] is much belov'd;
And hath, in his effect, a voice potential
As double as the duke's[6]: he will divorce you;

5 —*the* magnifico—] "The chief men of Venice are by a peculiar name called *Magnifici*, i. e, *magnificoes*." Minſhew's *Dictionary*. See too *Volpone*. TOLLET.

6 — *a voice potential*
*As* double *as the duke's:*] It appears from Thomas's *Hiſtory of Italy*, 4to. 1560, to have been a popular opinion, though a falſe one, that the duke of Venice had a *double* voice. "Whereas," ſays he, "many have reported, the duke in ballotyng ſhould have *two voices*; it is nothinge ſo; for in giving his voice he hath but one ballot, as all others have." Shakſpeare, therefore, might have gone on this received opinion, which he might have found in ſome other book. Suppoſing, however, that he had learned from this very paſſage that the duke had *not* a double voice in the Council of Seven, yet as he has a vote in each of the various councils of the Venetian ſtate, (a privilege which no other perſon enjoys,) our poet might have thought himſelf juſtified in the epithet which he has here uſed; and this circumſtance, which he might have found in a book already quoted, Contareno's *Commonwealth and Government of Venice*, 4to, 1599, was, I believe, here in his thoughts.

"The *duke* himſelf alſo, if he will, may uſe the authority of an advocater or preſident, and make report to the councell of any offence, and of any amercement or puniſhment that is thereupon to be inflicted;—for *ſo great is the prince's authoritie, that he may, in whatſoever court,* ADJOINE *himſelfe to the magiſtrate therein, being preſident, as his colleague and companion, and have* EQUAL POWER WITH THE OTHER PRESIDENTS, that he might ſo by this means be able to look into all things." p. 41. Again, *ibidem*, p. 42: "Beſides this, this prince [i. e. the *duke*,] hath in *every councell* equal authoritie with any of them, for one ſuffrage or lotte." Thus we ſee, though he had not a double voice in any one aſſembly, yet as he had a vote in all the various aſſemblies, his voice, thus *added* to the voice of each of the preſidents of thoſe aſſemblies, might with ſtrict propriety be called *double*, and *potential.*—*Potential*, Dr. Johnſon thinks, means, operative, having the *effect*, (by *weight* and *influence*,) without the external actual property. It is uſed, he conceives, "in the ſenſe of ſcience; a cauſtick is called *potential* fire." I queſtion whether Shakſpeare meant more by the word than *operative*, or *powerful*. MALONE.

Or put upon you what reſtraint and grievance
The law (with all his might, to enforce it on,)
Will give him cable.

*Oth.* Let him do his ſpite:
My ſervices, which I have done the ſigniory,
Shall out-tongue his complaints. 'Tis yet to know,
(Which, when I know that boaſting is an honour,
I ſhall promulgate[7],) I fetch my life and being
From men of royal ſiege[8]; and my demerits[9]
May ſpeak, unbonnetted[1], to as proud a fortune

As

[7] —— *'Tis yet to know,*
*(Which, when I know that boaſting is an honour,*
*I ſhall promulgate,)*—] Thus the folio. The quarto, 1622, reads:

——Tis yet to know
That boaſting is an honour.
I ſhall promulgate, I fetch, &c.

Some words certainly were omitted at the preſs; and perhaps they have been ſupplied in the wrong place. Shakſpeare might have written:

——— 'Tis yet to know
That boaſting is an honour; which when I know,
I ſhall promulgate, I fetch my life, &c.

I am yet to learn that boaſting is honourable, which when I have learned, I ſhall proclaim to the world *that* I fetch my life, &c. MALONE.

[8] — *men of royal* ſiege;] Men who have ſat upon royal *thrones*. The quarto has—*men of royal* height. *Siege* is uſed for *ſeat* by other authors. So, in Stowe's *Chronicle*, p. 575: "— there was ſet up a throne or *ſiege royall* for the king."

Again, in Spenſer's *Faery Queen*, b. 2. c. 7:

"A ſtately *ſiege* of ſoveraigne majeſtye." STEEVENS.

So, in Grafton's *Chronicle*, p. 443: "Incontinent after that he was placed in the *royal ſiege*," &c, MALONE.

[9] — *and my* demerits—] *Demerits* has the ſame meaning in our author, and many others of that age, as *merits*:

"Opinion that ſo ſticks on Martius, may
"Of his *demerits* rob Cominius." *Coriolanus.*

Again, in *Dugdale's Warwickſhire*, p. 850, edit. 1730: "Henry Conway, eſq. for his ſingular *demerits* received the dignity of knighthood."

*Mereo* and *demereo* had the ſame meaning in the Roman language. STEEVENS.

[1] *May ſpeak* unbonnetted,] Thus all the copies read this paſſage. But, to ſpeak *unbonneted*, is to ſpeak *with the cap off*, which is directly

As this that I have reach'd: For know, Iago,
But that I love the gentle Deſdemona,
I would not my unhouſed [2] free condition
Put into circumſcription and confine
For the ſea's worth [3]. But, look! what lights come yonder?

*Enter* CASSIO, *at a diſtance, and certain officers, with torches.*

*Iago.* Theſe are the raiſed father, and his friends:
You were beſt go in.

*Oth.* Not I: I muſt be found;

My

rectly oppoſite to the poet's meaning. Othello means to ſay, that his birth and ſervices ſet him upon ſuch a rank, that he may ſpeak to a ſenator of Venice with his hat *on*; i. e. without ſhewing any marks of deference or inequality. I therefore am inclined to think Shakſpeare wrote:

*May ſpeak*, and bonnetted, *&c.* THEOBALD.

*Bonneter* (ſays Cotgrave) is to *put off one's* cap. So, in *Coriolanus*: "—thoſe, who having been ſupple and courteous to the people, *bonnetted* without any further deed to have them at all into their eſtimation." *Unbonnetted* may therefore ſignify, *without taking the cap off*. We might, I think, venture to read *imbonnetted*. It is common with Shakſpeare to make or uſe words compounded in the ſame manner. Such are *impawn*, *impaint*, *impale*, and *immaſk*. Of all the readings hitherto propoſed, that of Theobald is, I think, the beſt. STEEVENS.

The objection to Mr. Steevens's explanation of *unbonnetted*, i. e. *without taking the cap off*, is, that Shakſpeare has himſelf uſed the word in *K. Lear*, Act III. ſc. i. with the very contrary ſignification, namely, for *one whoſe cap is off*:

"——*Unbonnetted* he runs,
"And bids what will take all."

He might, however, have employed the word here in a different ſenſe. MALONE.

*Unbonnetted*, is uncovered, revealed, made known. In the ſecond act and third ſcene of this play we meet with an expreſſion ſimilar to this: "—you *unlace* your reputation;" and another in *As you like it*, Act IV. ſc. i. "Now *unmuzzle* your wiſdom." A. C.

[2] — *unhouſed* —] Free from *domeſtick* cares. A thought natural to an adventurer. JOHNSON.

Othello talking as a ſoldier, *unhouſed* may ſignify the having no ſettled houſe or habitation. WHALLEY.

[3] *For the ſea's worth.*] I would not marry her, though ſhe were as rich as the Adriatick, which the Doge annually marries. JOHNSON.

I believe

My parts, my title, and my perfect ſoul,
Shall manifeſt me rightly. Is it they?

*Iago.* By Janus, I think no.

*Oth.* The ſervants of the duke, and my lieutenant.
The goodneſs of the night upon you, friends!
What is the news?

*Caſ.* The duke does greet you, general;
And he requires your haſte, poſt-haſte appearance,
Even on the inſtant.

*Oth.* What is the matter, think you?

*Caſ.* Something from Cyprus, as I may divine;
It is a buſineſs of ſome heat: the gallies
Have ſent a dozen ſequent meſſengers[4]
This very night, at one another's heels;
And many of the conſuls[5], rais'd, and met,
Are at the duke's already: You have been hotly call'd for;
When, being not at your lodging to be found,

I believe the common and obvious meaning is the true one.
The ſame words occur in Sir W. D'Avenant's *Cruel Brother*, 1630;
" — he would not looſe that privilege,
" *For the ſea's worth.*"
Perhaps the phraſe is proverbial.
Pliny the naturaliſt has a chapter on *the riches of the ſea.*
Again, in the *Winter's Tale:*
" ——— for all the ſun ſees, or
" The cloſe earth wombs, or *the profound ſea hides*
" *In unknown fathoms,*" &c.
Again, in *King Henry V.* Act I:
" ——— As rich with praiſe,
" As is the ouze, and *bottom of the ſea,*
" With ſunken wreck, and ſumleſs treaſuries." STEEVENS.

4 — ſequent *meſſengers*—] The firſt quarto reads—*frequent* meſſengers. STEEVENS.

5 — *conſuls,*] Hanmer reads, *council.* Theobald would have us read *counſellors.* Venice was originally governed by *conſuls:* and *conſuls* ſeems to have been commonly uſed for *counſellors*, as before in this play. In *Albion's Triumph*, a maſque, 1631, the emperor Albanact is ſaid to be *attended by fourteen* conſuls.—Again: "*The habits of the* conſuls *were after the ſame manner.*" Geoffery of Monmouth, and Matthew Paris after him, call both dukes and earls, *conſuls.* STEEVENS.

See p. 442, n. 8. MALONE.

The

The ſenate hath ſent about three ſeveral queſts [6],
To ſearch you out.
*Oth.* 'Tis well I am found by you.
I will but ſpend a word here in the houſe,
And go with you. [*Exit.*
*Caſ.* Ancient, what makes he here?
*Iago.* 'Faith, he to-night hath boarded a land carack [7];
If it prove lawful prize, he's made for ever.
*Caſ.* I do not underſtand.
*Iago.* He's married.
*Caſ.* To who [8]?

*Re-enter*

[6] *The ſenate hath ſent about*—] The early quartos, and all the modern editors, have,

*The ſenate ſent* above *three ſeveral queſts.*

The folio, *The ſenate* hath *ſent* about, *&c.* that is, *about* the city. I have adopted the reading of the folio. JOHNSON.

*Queſts* are, on this occaſion, ſearches. So, in Heywood's *Brazen Age*, 1613:

"Now, if in all his *queſts*, he be witheld,—." STEEVENS.

[7] —*a land* carack;] A *carack* is a ſhip of great bulk, and commonly of great value; perhaps what we now call a *galleon.* JOHNSON.

So, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Coxcomb*:

"——They'll be freighted;
"They're made like *caracks*, all for ſtrength and ſtowage."

STEEVENS.

Mr. Maſon obſerves, that "the firſt ſhip that came richly laden from the Weſt Indies to Europe were thoſe from the *Caraccas*;" and ſeems to think that the veſſel called a *carack* derived its name from thence. But a *carack*, or *carick*, (for ſo it was more frequently written in Shakſpeare's time,) is of higher origin, and was denominated from the Spaniſh word, *caraca*, which ſignifies a veſſel of great bulk, conſtructed to carry a heavy burthen. The Spaniſh *caraca*, Minſheu thinks, may have been formed from the Italian *carico*, a lading, or freight. MALONE.

[8] *To who?*] It is ſomewhat ſingular that Caſſio ſhould aſk this queſtion. In the third ſcene of the third Act, *Iago* ſays:

Did Michael Caſſio, when you woo'd my lady,
Know of your love?
*Oth. From firſt to laſt.*

He who was acquainted with the object courted by his friend, could have little reaſon for doubting to whom he would be married. STEEV.

Caſſio's ſeeming ignorance of Othello's courtſhip or marriage might only be affected; in order to keep his friend's ſecret, till it became publickly known. BLACKSTONE.

*Re-enter* OTHELLO.

*Iago.* Marry, to—Come, captain, will you go?
*Oth.* Have with you.
*Caſ.* Here comes another troop to ſeek for you.

*Enter* BRABANTIO, RODERIGO, *and Officers of night, with torches and weapons.*

*Iago.* It is Brabantio:—general, be advis'd[9];
He comes to bad intent.
*Oth.* Hola! ſtand there!
*Rod.* Signior, it is the Moor.
*Bra.* Down with him, thief! [*They draw on both ſides.*
*Iago.* You, Roderigo! come, ſir, I am for you.
*Oth.* Keep up your bright ſwords, for the dew will ruſt them.—
Good ſignior, you ſhall more command with years,
Than with your weapons.
*Bra.* O thou foul thief, where haſt thou ſtow'd my daughter?
Damn'd as thou art, thou haſt enchanted her:
For I'll refer me to all things of ſenſe,
If ſhe in chains of magick were not bound,
Whether a maid—ſo tender, fair, and happy;
So oppoſite to marriage, that ſhe ſhunn'd
The wealthy curled darlings of our nation[1],—

Would

[9] —*be advis'd*;] That is, be *cool*; be *cautious*; be *diſcreet*. JOHNSON.

[1] *The wealthy* curled *darlings of our nation,*] *Curled* is *elegantly and oſtentatiouſly dreſſed*. He had not the hair particularly in his thoughts. JOHNSON.

On another occaſion Shakſpeare employs the ſame expreſſion, and evidently alludes to *the hair*:

" If ſhe firſt meet the *curled* Antony," &c.

Sir *W. D'Avenant* uſes the ſame expreſſion in his *Juſt Italian*, 1630:

" The *curl'd* and ſilken nobles of the town."

Again:

" Such is the *curled* youth of Italy."

I believe Shakſpeare has the ſame meaning in the preſent inſtance. STEEVENS.

That

Would ever have, to incur a general mock,
Run from her guardage to the ſooty boſom
Of ſuch a thing as thou; to fear, not to delight [2].
Judge me [3] the world, if 'tis not groſs in ſenſe,
That thou haſt practis'd on her with foul charms;
Abus'd her delicate youth with drugs, or minerals,
That waken motion [4]:—I'll have it diſputed on:

'Tis

That Dr. Johnſon was miſtaken in his interpretation of this line, is aſcertained by our poet's *Rape of Lucrece*, where the hair is not merely alluded to, but expreſsly mentioned, and the epithet *curled* is added as characteriſtick of a perſon of the higheſt rank:

"Let him have time to tear his *curled hair*."

Tarquin, a king's ſon, is the perſon ſpoken of. See Vol. X. p. 102, n. 1. Edgar, when he was "proud in heart and mind," *curl'd his hair*. MALONE.

[2] —*to* fear, *not to delight*.] To one more likely to terrify than to delight her. So, in the next ſcene (Brabantio is again the ſpeaker):

"To fall in love with what *ſhe fear'd* to look on."

Mr. Steevens ſuppoſes *fear* to be a verb here, uſed in the ſenſe of to *terrify*; a ſignification which it formerly had. But *fear*, I apprehend, is a ſubſtantive, and poetically uſed for the *object* of fear. MALONE.

[3] *Judge me*, &c.] This and the five following lines are not in the quarto, 1622. MALONE.

[4] *Abus'd her delicate youth with drugs, or minerals,*
*That* waken *motion*:] The folio, where alone this paſſage is found, reads—That *weaken* motion. The emendation was made by Sir Thomas Hanmer; and I have adopted it, becauſe I have a good reaſon to believe that the words *weaken* and *waken* were in Shakſpeare's time pronounced alike, and hence the miſtake might eaſily have happened. *Motion* is elſewhere uſed by our poet preciſely in the ſenſe required here. So, in *Cymbeline*:

"——— for there's no *motion*
"That tends to vice in man, but I affirm
"It is the woman's part."

Again, in *Hamlet*:

"—— ſenſe ſure you have,
"Elſe could you not have *motion*."

Again, in *Meaſure for Meaſure*:

"—— one who never feels
"The wanton ſtings and *motions* of the ſenſe."

So alſo, in *A Mad World, my Maſters*, by Middleton, 1608:

"And in myſelf ſooth up adulterous *motions*,
"And ſuch an appetite as I know damns me."

We

'Tis probable, and palpable to thinking.
I therefore apprehend and do attach thee,
For an abuſer [5] of the world, a practiſer
Of arts inhibited and out of warrant:—
Lay hold upon him; if he do reſiſt,
Subdue him at his peril.

We have in the play before us—*waken'd wrath*, and I think in ſome other play of Shakſpeare—*waken'd love*. So, in our poet's 117th Sonnet:

" But ſhoot not at me in your *waken'd hate*."

Ben Jonſon in the preface to his *Volpone* has a ſimilar phraſeology. " —it being the office of the comick poet to *ſtirre up gentle affections*."

Mr. Theobald reads—That weaken *notion*, i. e. ſays he, her right conception and idea of things; underſtanding, judgment.

This reading it muſt be acknowledged, derives ſome ſupport from a paſſage in *King Lear*, Act II. ſc. iv.—" either his *notion weakens*, or his diſcernings are lethargy'd." But the objection to it is, that no opiates or intoxicating potions or powders of any ſort can diſtort or pervert the *intellects*, but by deſtroying them for a time; nor was it ever at any time believed by the moſt credulous, that *love-powders*, as they were called, could *weaken the underſtanding*, though it was formerly believed that they could *faſcinate* the *affections*: or in other words, *waken* motion.

Brabantio afterwards aſſerts,

" That with ſome mixtures powerful o'er the *blood*,
" He wrought upon her."

(Our poet, it ſhould be remembered, in almoſt all his plays uſes *blood* for *paſſion*. See p. 356, n. 5; and Vol. VIII. p. 81, n. 4, and p. 199, n. 7.) And one of the ſenators aſks Othello, not, whether he had *weaken'd* Deſdemona's *underſtanding*, but whether he did

" —— by indirect and forced courſes
" Subdue and *poiſon* this young maid's *affections*."

The notion of the efficacy of love-powders was formerly ſo prevalent, that in the parliament ſummoned by King Richard the Third, on his uſurping the throne, it was publickly urged as a charge againſt Lady Grey, that ſhe had bewitched King Edward the Fourth " by ſtrange potions and amorous *charms*." See Fabian, p. 495; Speed, p. 913, edit. 1632; and Habington's *Hiſtory of King Edward the Fourth*, p. 35.

MALONE.

*Motion* in a ſubſequent ſcene of this play is uſed in the very ſenſe in which Hanmer would employ it. " But we have reaſon to cool our raging *motions*, our carnal ſtings, our unbitted luſts." STEEVENS.

[5] For *an abuſer*, &c.] The firſt quarto reads, *Such* an abuſer, &c. STEEVENS.

*Oth.*

*Oth.* Hold your hands,
Both you of my inclining, and the reſt:
Were it my cue to fight, I ſhould have known it
Without a prompter.—Where will you that I go
To anſwer this your charge?

*Bra.* To priſon; till fit time
Of law, and courſe of direct ſeſſion,
Call thee to anſwer.

*Oth.* What if I do obey?
How may the duke be therewith ſatisfied;
Whoſe meſſengers are here about my ſide,
Upon ſome preſent buſineſs of the ſtate,
To bring me to him[6]?

*Off.* 'Tis true, moſt worthy ſignior,
The duke's in council; and your noble ſelf,
I am ſure, is ſent for.

*Bra.* How! the duke in council!
In this time of the night!—Bring him away:
Mine's not an idle cauſe: the duke himſelf,
Or any of my brothers of the ſtate,
Cannot but feel this wrong, as 'twere their own:
For if ſuch actions may have paſſage free,
Bond-ſlaves, and pagans, ſhall our ſtateſmen be[7].

[*Exeunt.*

[6] *To* bring—] The quartos read—To *bear*. STEEVENS.

[7] *Bond-ſlaves, and* pagans, &c.] Brabantio alludes to the common condition of all blacks, who come from their own country, both *ſlaves* and *pagans*; and uſes the words in contempt of Othello and his complexion.—If this Moor is now ſuffered to eſcape with impunity, it will be ſuch an encouragement to his black countrymen, that we may expect to ſee all the firſt offices of our ſtate filled up by the *pagans* and *bond-ſlaves* of Africa. STEEVENS.

In our authour's time *pagan* was a very common expreſſion of contempt. So, in *K. Henry IV.* P. II.

"What *pagan* may that be?"

See Vol. V. p. 319, n. 8. MALONE.

SCENE

## SCENE III.

*The same. A Council-Chamber.*

*The* Duke, *and Senators, sitting at a table; Officers attending.*

*Duke.* There is no composition[8] in these news *,
That gives them credit.

1. *Sen.* Indeed, they are disproportion'd;
My letters say, a hundred and seven gallies.

*Duke.* And mine, a hundred and forty.

2. *Sen.* And mine, two hundred:
But though they jump not on a just account,
(As in these cases, where the aim reports[9],
'Tis oft with difference,) yet do they all confirm
A Turkish fleet, and bearing up to Cyprus.

*Duke.* Nay, it is possible enough to judgment;
I do not so secure me in the error,
But the main article I do approve
In fearful sense.

*Sailor.* [*within.*] What ho! what ho! what ho!

*Enter an Officer, with a Sailor.*

*Offi.* A messenger from the gallies.

*Duke.* Now? the business?

*Sail.* The Turkish preparation makes for Rhodes;
So was I bid report here to the state,
By signior Angelo[1].

*Duke.* How say you by this change?

[8] *There is no* composition—] *Composition*, for *consistency, concordancy.* WARBURTON.

* —*these news*,] Thus the quarto, 1622, and such was frequently the phraseology of Shakspeare's age. So, in *The Spanish Tragedy*, 1610:

"The *news are* more delightful to his soul,—."

See also Vol. VI. p. 194, n. 2. The folio reads—*this* news. MALONE.

[9] —*where the* aim *reports*,] In these cases where conjecture or suspicion tells the tale. *Aim* is again used as a substantive, in this sense, in *Julius Cæsar*:

"What you would work me to, I have some *aim*."

Thus the folio. The quarto reads—*they aim'd* reports. MALONE.

To *aim* is to conjecture. So, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*:

"But fearing lest my jealous *aim* might err." STEEVENS.

[1] *By Signior Angelo.*] This hemistich is wanting in the first quarto. STEEVENS.

1. *Sen.*

1. *Sen.* This cannot be,
By no aſſay of reaſon [2]; 'tis a pageant,
To keep us in falſe gaze: When we conſider
The importancy of Cyprus to the Turk;
And let ourſelves again but underſtand,
That, as it more concerns the Turk than Rhodes,
So may he with more facile queſtion [3] bear it,
For that it ſtands not [4] in ſuch warlike brace [5],
But altogether lacks the abilities
That Rhodes is dreſs'd in:—if we make thought of this,
We muſt not think, the Turk is ſo unſkilful,
To leave that lateſt, which concerns him firſt;
Neglecting an attempt of eaſe, and gain,
To wake, and wage, a danger profitleſs [6].

*Duke.* Nay, in all confidence, he's not for Rhodes.

*Offi.* Here is more news.

*Enter a* Meſſenger.

*Meſ.* The Ottomites, reverend and gracious,
Steering with due courſe toward the iſle of Rhodes,
Have there injointed them with an after fleet.

1. *Sen.* Ay, ſo I thought [7]:—How many, as you gueſs?

*Meſ.* Of thirty ſail: and now do they re-ſtem [8]
Their backward courſe, bearing with frank appearance
Their purpoſes toward Cyprus.—Signior Montano,

[2] *By no* aſſay *of reaſon*;—] Bring it to the *teſt*, examine it by reaſon as we examine metals by the *aſſay*, it will be found counterfeit by all trials. JOHNSON.

[3] — *with more facile* queſtion—] With leſs *diſpute*; with leſs oppoſition. MASON.

[4] *For that it ſtands not*, &c.] The ſeven following lines are added ſince the firſt edition. POPE.

[5] — *warlike* brace,] State of defence. To arm was called to *brace on* the armour. JOHNSON.

[6] *To wake, and* wage, *a danger profitleſs*.] To *wage* here, as in many other places in Shakſpeare, ſignifies to fight, to combat. Thus, in *King Lear*:

"To *wage* againſt the enmity of the air."

It took its riſe from the more common expreſſion, to *wage war*. STEEVENS.

[7] *Ay, ſo*, &c.—] This line is not in the firſt quarto. STEEVENS.

[8] — *they do* re-ſtem—] The quartos mean to read *re-ſterne*, though in the firſt of them the word is miſpelt. STEEVENS.

Your truſty and moſt valiant ſervitor,
With his free duty, recommends you thus,
And prays you to believe him [9].

*Duke.* 'Tis certain then for Cyprus.—
Marcus Luccheſé [1], is not he in town?

1. *Sen.* He's now in Florence.

*Duke.* Write from us; wiſh him, poſt, poſt-haſte diſpatch [2].

1. *Sen.* Here comes Brabantio, and the valiant Moor.

*Enter* BRABANTIO, OTHELLO, IAGO, RODERIGO, *and Officers.*

*Duke.* Valiant Othello, we muſt ſtraight employ you
Againſt the general enemy Ottoman [3].
I did not ſee you; welcome, gentle ſignior; [*to* Bra.
We lack'd your counſel and your help to-night.

*Bra.* So did I yours: Good your grace, pardon me;
Neither my place, nor aught I heard of buſineſs,
Hath rais'd me from my bed; nor doth the general care
Take hold [4] on me; for my particular grief
Is of ſo flood-gate and o'er-bearing nature,

9 *And prays you to* believe *him.*] *He intreats you not to doubt the truth of this intelligence.* JOHNSON.

1 *Marcus* Luccheſé,] The old copies have *Luccicos.* Mr. Steevens made the correction. MALONE.

2 — *wiſh him, poſt,* poſt-haſte diſpatch.] i. e. tell him we wiſh him to make all *poſſible haſte. Poſt-haſte* is before in this play uſed adjectively:

"And he requires your haſte, *poſt-haſte appearance.*"

All meſſengers in the time of Shakſpeare were enjoined, "*Haſte haſte; for thy life, poſt haſte.*"

The reading of the text is that of the quarto, 1622, The folio reads:

"Write from us *to him,* poſt, poſt-haſte diſpatch." MALONE.

3 *Valiant Othello, we muſt ſtraight employ you*
*Againſt the general enemy Ottoman.*] It is part of the policy of the Venetian ſtate never to entruſt the command of an army to a native. "To exclude, therefore," (ſays Contareno, as tranſlated by Lewkenor, 4to, 1599,) "out of our eſtate the danger or occaſion of any ſuch ambitious enterpriſes, our anceſtors held it a better courſe to defend the dominions on the continent with foreign mercenary ſoldiers, than with their homebred citizens." Again: "Their charges and yearly occaſions of diſburſement are likewiſe very great; for alwaies they do entertain in honourable ſort with great proviſion a *captaine generall,* who alwaies is *a ſtranger borne.*" MALONE.

4 *Take hold* —[ The firſt quarto reads, Take *any* hold. STEEVENS.

That

That it engluts and ſwallows other ſorrows,
And it is ſtill itſelf.

*Duke.* Why, what's the matter?

*Bra.* My daughter! O, my daughter!

*Sen.* Dead?

*Bra.* Ay, to me;
She is abus'd, ſtol'n from me, and corrupted
By ſpells and medicines bought of mountebanks [5]:
For nature ſo prepoſterouſly to err,
Being not deficient [6], blind, or lame of ſenſe,
Sans witchcraft could not [7].

5 *By ſpells and medicines bought of mountebanks:*] Rymer has ridiculed this circumſtance as unbecoming (both for its weakneſs and ſuperſtition) the gravity of the accuſer, and the dignity of the tribunal; but his criticiſm only expoſes his own ignorance. The circumſtance was not only exactly in character, but urged with the greateſt addreſs, as the thing chiefly to be inſiſted on. For, by the Venetian law, the giving love-potions was very criminal, as Shakſpeare without queſtion well underſtood. Thus the law, *De i maleficii et herbarie*, cap. 17. of the Code, intitled, Della promiſſion del maleficio. "Statuimo etiamdio, che-ſe alcun homo, o femina, harra fatto "maleficii, iquali ſe dimandano vulgarmente *amatorie*, o veramente "alcuni altri maleficii, che alcun homo o femina ſe haveſſon in odio, "ſia fruſta et bollado, et che hara conſegliado patiſca ſimile pena." And therefore in the preceding ſcene Brabantio calls them,

——— *arts inhibited, and out of warrant.* WARBURTON.

Though I believe Shakſpeare knew no more of this Venetian law than I do, yet he was well acquainted with the edicts of that ſapient prince king James the firſt, againſt

——— practiſers
Of arts inhibited and out of warrant. STEEVENS.

See p. 462, n. 4. MALONE.

6 *Being not*, &c.] This line is wanting in the firſt quarto. STEEVENS.

7 *For nature ſo prepoſterouſly to err—*
*Sans witchcraft could not.*] Omit *to*, ſays Mr. Maſon, "and then the ſentence will be complete."

Omiſſion is at all times the moſt dangerous mode of emendation, and here aſſuredly is unneceſſary. We have again and again had occaſion to obſerve, that Shakſpeare frequently begins to conſtruct a ſentence in one mode, and ends it in another. See p. 239, n. 6. Here he uſes *could not*, as if he had written, *has not the power or capacity* to, &c. It is not in nature ſo *to* err; ſhe knows not how to do it. MALONE.

*Duke.* Whoe'er he be, that, in this foul proceeding,
Hath thus beguil'd your daughter of herſelf,
And you of her, the bloody book of law
You ſhall yourſelf read in the bitter letter,
After your own ſenſe; yea, though our proper ſon
Stood in your action [8].

*Bra.* Humbly I thank your grace.
Here is the man, this Moor; whom now, it ſeems,
Your ſpecial mandate, for the ſtate affairs,
Hath hither brought.

*Duke, and Sen.* We are very ſorry for it.

*Duke.* What, in your own part, can you ſay to this?
[*to* Othello.

*Bra.* Nothing, but this is ſo.

*Oth.* Moſt potent, grave, and reverend ſignors,
My very noble and approv'd good maſters,—
That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,
It is moſt true; true, I have married her;
The very head and front of my offending [9]
Hath this extent, no more. Rude am I in my ſpeech,
And little bleſs'd with the ſet phraſe of peace [1];

[8] *Stood in your action.*] Were the man expoſed to your *charge* or *accuſation.* JOHNSON.

[9] *The very head and* front *of my offending*—] The *main*, the *whole*, unextenuated. JOHNSON.

A ſimilar expreſſion is found in Marlowe's *Tamburlaine*, 1590:

" The man that in the *forehead* of his fortunes
" Beares figures of renowne and miracle."

Again, in *Troilus and Creſſida:*

" So rich advantage of a promis'd glory,
" As ſmiles upon the *forehead* of this action." MALONE.

[1] *And little bleſs'd with the* ſet *phraſe of peace;*] Thus the quarto, 1622. The folio reads—with the *ſoft* phraſe of peace. *Soft* may have been uſed for *ſtill* and *calm*, as oppoſed to the clamours of war. So, in *Coriolanus:*

" ——— Say to them,
" Thou art their *ſoldier*, and, being bred in *broils*,
" Haſt not the *ſoft* way, which thou doſt confeſs
" Were fit for thee to uſe."

Again, in *Antony and Cleopatra:*

" ——— 'Tis a worthy deed,
" And ſhall become you well, to entreat your captain
" To *ſoft* and gentle ſpeech." MALONE.

For

For ſince theſe arms of mine had ſeven years' pith,
Till now ſome nine moons waſted, they have us'd
Their deareſt action[2] in the tented field;
And little of this great world can I ſpeak,
More than pertains to feats of broil and battle;
And therefore little ſhall I grace my cauſe,
In ſpeaking for myſelf: Yet, by your gracious patience,
I will a round unvarniſh'd tale deliver
Of my whole courſe of love; what drugs, what charms,
What conjuration, and what mighty magick,
(For ſuch proceeding I am charg'd withal,)
I won his daughter[3].

*Bra.* A maiden never bold;
Of ſpirit ſo ſtill and quiet, that her motion
Bluſh'd at herſelf[4]; And ſhe,—in ſpite of nature,
Of years, of country, credit, every thing,—
To fall in love with what ſhe fear'd to look on?
It is a judgment maim'd, and moſt imperfect,
That will confeſs—perfection ſo could err
Againſt all rules of nature; and muſt be driven
To find out practices of cunning hell,
Why this ſhould be. I therefore vouch again,

[2] *Their* deareſt *action* —] i. e. their moſt *important* action. See Vol. VIII. p. 130, n. 6. MALONE.

I ſhould give theſe words a more natural ſignification, and ſuppoſe that they mean—their *favourite* action, the action moſt dear to them. Othello ſays afterwards:

" ——— I do agnize
" A natural and prompt alacrity
" I find in hardneſs." MASON.

[3] *I won his daughter.*] i. e. I won his daughter *with:* and ſo all the modern editors read, adopting an interpolation made by the editor of the ſecond folio, who was wholly unacquainted with our poet's metre and phraſeology. In *Timon of Athens* we have the ſame elliptical expreſſion:

" Who had the world as my confectionary,
" The mouths, the tongues, the eyes, and hearts of men,
" At duty, more than I could frame *employment* [*for*].

See alſo Vol. VIII. p. 472, n. 3. where ſeveral other inſtances of a ſimilar phraſeology are collected. MALONE.

[4] *Bluſh'd at* herſelf;] Mr. Pope reads—at *itſelf*, but without neceſſity. Shakſpeare, like other writers of his age, frequently uſes the *perſonal*, inſtead of the *neutral* pronoun. STEEVENS.

That with ſome mixtures powerful o'er the blood,
Or with ſome dram conjur'd to this effect,
He wrought upon her.

*Duke.* To vouch this [5], is no proof;
Without more certain and more overt teſt [6],
Than theſe thin habits [7], and poor likelihoods
Of modern ſeeming, do prefer againſt him.

1. *Sen.* But, Othello, ſpeak;—
Did you by indirect and forced courſes
Subdue and poiſon this young maid's affections?
Or came it by requeſt, and ſuch fair queſtion
As ſoul to ſoul affordeth?

*Oth.* I do beſeech you,
Send for the lady to the Sagittary [8],
And let her ſpeak of me before her father:
If you do find me foul in her report,
The truſt, the office, I do hold of you [9],
Not only take away, but let your ſentence
Even fall upon my life.

*Duke.* Fetch Deſdemona hither.

*Oth.* Ancient, conduct them; you beſt know the place.—
[*Exeunt* IAGO, *and Attendants.*

5 *To vouch*, &c.] The firſt folio unites this ſpeech with the preceding one of *Brabantio*; and inſtead of *certain* reads *wider*. STEEVENS.

6 — *overt teſt*,] Open proofs, external evidence. JOHNSON.

7 — *thin habits*,——
*Of* modern *ſeeming*,—] Weak ſhew of ſlight appearance. JOHNSON.

So *modern* is generally uſed by Shakſpeare. See Vol. III. p. 396; n. 6. and Vol. IV. p. 409, n. 8. MALONE.

The firſt quarto reads:

*Theſe* are thin habits, and poore likelihoods
Of modern *ſeemings you* prefer againſt him. STEEVENS.

8 — *to the* Sagittary,] So the folio here and in a former paſſage. The quarto in both places reads—the *Sagittar*. MALONE.

The *Sagittary* means the ſign of the fictitious creature ſo called, *i. e* an animal compounded of man and horſe, and armed with a bow and quiver. STEEVENS.

9 *The truſt*, &c.] This line is wanting in the firſt quarto. STEEVENS.

And

And, till ſhe come, as truly [1] as to heaven
I do confeſs [2] the vices of my blood,
So juſtly to your grave ears I'll preſent
How I did thrive in this fair lady's love,
And ſhe in mine.

*Duke.* Say it, Othello.

*Oth.* Her father
Lov'd me; oft invited me; ſtill queſtion'd me
The ſtory of my life, from year to year;
The battles, ſieges, fortunes, that I have paſs'd.
I ran it through, even from my boyiſh days,
To the very moment that he bade me tell it.
Wherein I ſpake of moſt diſaſtrous chances,
Of moving accidents, by flood, and field;
Of hair-breadth ſcapes i' the imminent deadly breach;
Of being taken by the inſolent foe,
And ſold to ſlavery; of my redemption thence,
And portance in my travel's hiſtory [3]:

Wherein

1 — *as* truly—] The firſt quarto reads, as *faithful*. STEEVENS.

2 *I do confeſs*, &c.] This line is omitted in the firſt quarto. STEEVENS.

3 *And portance*, &c.] I have reſtored,

*And with it all my travel's hiſtory:*

from the old edition. It is in the reſt,

*And portance in my travel's hiſtory.*

Rymer, in his criticiſm on this play, has changed it to *portents*, inſtead of *portance*. POPE.

Mr. Pope has reſtored a line, to which there is little objection, but which has no force. I believe *portance* was the author's word in ſome reviſed copy. I read thus,

*Of being——*
*— ſold to ſlavery, of my redemption thence,*
*And portance* in't; *my travel's hiſtory.*

My redemption from ſlavery, and behaviour in it. JOHNSON.

I doubt much whether this line, as it appears in the folio, came from the pen of Shakſpeare. The reading of the quarto may be *weak*, but it is ſenſe; but what are we to underſtand by my demeanour, or my ſufferings, (which ever is the meaning,) *in my* travel's *hiſtory?* MALONE.

*Portance* is a word already uſed in *Coriolanus*:

" ——————— took from you
" The apprehenſion of his preſent *portance*,
" Which moſt gibingly, ungravely, he did faſhion," &c.

Wherein of antres vaſt[4], and deſarts idle[5],
Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whoſe heads touch heaven,
It was my hint to ſpeak[6], ſuch was the proceſs;

Spenſer, in the third Canto of the ſecond Book of the *Faery Queen*, likewiſe uſes it:

"But for in court gay *portaunce* he perceiv'd." STEEVENS.

4 *Wherein of antres vaſt*, &c.] Diſcourſes of this nature made the ſubject of the politeſt converſations, when voyages into, and diſcoveries of, the new world were all in vogue. So when the Baſtard Faulconbridge, in *King John*, deſcribes the behaviour of upſtart greatneſs, he makes one of the eſſential circumſtances of it to be this kind of table-talk. The faſhion then running altogether in this way, it is no wonder a young lady of quality ſhould be ſtruck with the hiſtory of an adventurer. So that Rymer, who profeſſedly ridicules this whole circumſtance, and the noble author of the *Characteriſtics*, who more obliquely ſneers at it, only expoſe their own ignorance. WARBURTON.

Whoever ridicules this account of the progreſs of love, ſhews his ignorance, not only of hiſtory, but of nature and manners. It is no wonder that, in any age, or in any nation, a lady, recluſe, timorous, and delicate, ſhould deſire to hear of events and ſcenes which ſhe could never ſee, and ſhould admire the man who had endured dangers, and performed actions, which, however great, were yet magnified by her timidity. JOHNSON.

5 —*and deſarts* idle,] Every mind is liable to abſence and inadvertency, elſe Pope [who reads—deſarts *wild*,] could never have rejected a word ſo poetically beautiful. *Idle* is an epithet uſed to expreſs the infertility of the chaotick ſtate, in the Saxon tranſlation of the Pentateuch. JOHNSON.

So, in the *Comedy of Errors*:

"Uſurping ivy, briar, or *idle* moſs."

Mr. Pope might have found the epithet *wild* in all the three laſt folios. STEEVENS.

The epithet, *idle*, which the ignorant editor of the ſecond folio did not underſtand, and therefore changed to *wild*, is confirmed by another paſſage in this act "—either to have it ſteril with *idleneſs*, or manured with induſtry." MALONE.

—*antres*—] *Caves* and *dens*. JOHNSON.

6 *It was my* hint *to ſpeak*,] Thus the folio. The quarto, 1622 reads, It was my *bent* to ſpeak. MALONE.

*Hent* occurs at the concluſion of the fourth Act of *Meaſure for Meaſure*. It is derived from the Saxon *Hentan*, and means, *to take hold of, to ſeize*.

"——the graveſt citizen
"Have *bent* the gates."

But in the very next page *Othello* ſays:

——Upon this *hint* I ſpake.

It is certain therefore that change is unneceſſary. STEEVENS.

And of the Cannibals that each other eat,
The Anthropophagi, and men whoſe heads
Do grow beneath their ſhoulders [7]. Theſe things to hear,
Would Deſdemona ſeriouſly incline:
But ſtill the houſe affairs would draw her thence;
Which ever as ſhe could with haſte diſpatch,
She'd come again, and with a greedy ear
Devour up my diſcourſe [8]: Which I obſerving,
Took once a pliant hour; and found good means

7 —— *men whoſe heads*
*Do grow beneath their ſhoulders.*] Of theſe men there is an account in the interpolated travels of Mandeville, a book of that time. JOHNSON.

The *Cannibals* and *Anthropophagi* were known to an Engliſh audience before Shakſpeare introduced them. In the *Hiſtory of Orlando Furioſo*, play'd for the entertainment of Queen *Elizabeth*, they are mentioned in the very firſt ſcene; and Raleigh ſpeaks of people whoſe heads appear *not above* their ſhoulders.

Again, in the *Tragedy of Locrine*, 1595:

" Or where the bloody *Anthropophagi*
" With greedy jaws devour the wand'ring wights."

The poet might likewiſe have read of them in Pliny's *Nat. Hiſt.* tranſlated by P. Holland, 1601, and in Stowe's *Chronicle*. STEEVENS.

Our poet has again in *The Tempeſt* mentioned " men whoſe heads ſtood in their breaſts." He had in both places probably Hackluyt's *Voyages*, 1598, in view:—" On that branch which is called Caora, are a nation of people *whoſe heades appeare not above their ſhoulders*:—they are reported to have their eyes in their ſhoulders, and their mouthes in the middle of their breaſts."

Raleigh alſo has given an account of men whoſe heads do grow beneath their ſhoulders, in his *Deſcription of Guiana*, publiſhed in 1596, a book that without doubt Shakſpeare had read. MALONE.

8 —*and with a greedy ear*
*Devour up my diſcourſe:*] So, in Marlowe's *Luſt's Dominion*, written before 1593:

" Hang both your *greedy ears* upon my lips;
" Let them *devour my ſpeech*."

Again, in Spenſer's *Faery Queene*, B. VI. c. ix.

" Whyleſt thus he talkt, the knight *with greedy eare*
" Hong ſtill upon his melting mouth attent." MALONE.

" Iliacoſque iterum demens audire labores
" Expoſcit, pendetque iterum narrantis ab ore." *Virg.*
MASON.

To

To draw from her a prayer of earneſt heart,
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,
Whereof by parcels ſhe had ſomething heard,
But not intentively[9]: I did conſent;
And often did beguile her of her tears,
When I did ſpeak of ſome diſtreſsful ſtroke,
That my youth ſuffer'd. My ſtory being done,
She gave me for my pains a world of ſighs[1]:
She ſwore,—In faith, 'twas ſtrange, 'twas paſſing ſtrange;
'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful:
She wiſh'd, ſhe had not heard it; yet ſhe wiſh'd
That heaven had made her ſuch a man: ſhe thank'd me;
And bade me, if I had a friend that lov'd her,
I ſhould but teach him how to tell my ſtory,
And that would woo her. Upon this hint, I ſpake:
She lov'd me for the dangers I had paſt;
And I lov'd her, that ſhe did pity them.
This only is the witchcraft I have us'd;
Here comes the lady, let her witneſs it.

*Enter* DESDEMONA, IAGO, *and Attendants.*

*Duke.* I think, this tale would win my daughter too.—
Good Brabantio,

[9] *But not* intentively:—] Thus the eldeſt quarto. The folio reads *inſtinctively*. Perhaps it ſhould be, *diſtinctively*.

The old word, however, may ſtand. *Intention* and *attention* were once ſynonymous. So, in a play called *The Iſle of Gulls*, 1633: "Grace! at ſitting down they cannot *intend* it for hunger," i. e. *attend* to it. Deſdemona, who was often called out of the room on the ſcore of houſe-affairs, could not have heard *Othello's* tale *intentively*, i. e. with *attention to all its parts*.

Again, in Chapman's Verſion of the Odyſſey, B. VIII.

"For our ſhips know th' expreſſed minds of men;
"And will ſo moſt *intentively* retaine
"Their ſcopes appointed, that they never erre." STEEVENS.

Shakſpeare has already uſed the word in the ſame ſenſe in his *Merry Wives of Windſor*: "— ſhe did courſe over my exteriors with ſuch a greedy *intention*." See alſo Vol. VIII. p. 48, n. 4.

*Diſtinctively* was the conjectural emendation of the editor of the ſecond folio, who never examined a ſingle quarto copy. MALONE.

[1] — *a world of* ſighs:] It was *kiſſes* in the later editions: but this is evidently the true reading. The lady had been forward indeed to give him a *world of kiſſes* upon the bare recital of his ſtory; nor does it agree with the following lines. POPE.

*Sighs* is the reading of the quarto, 1622; *kiſſes* of the folio. MALONE.

Take

Take up this mangled matter at the beſt:
Men do their broken weapons rather uſe,
Than their bare hands.

*Bra.* I pray you, hear her ſpeak;
If ſhe confeſs, that ſhe was half the wooer,
Deſtruction on my head [2], if my bad blame
Light on the man!—Come hither, gentle miſtreſs;
Do you perceive in all this noble company,
Where moſt you owe obedience?

*Deſ.* My noble father,
I do perceive here a divided duty:
To you I am bound for life, and education;
My life, and education, both do learn me
How to reſpect you; you are the lord of duty [3],
I am hitherto your daughter: But here's my huſband;
And ſo much duty as my mother ſhew'd
To you, preferring you before her father [4],
So much I challenge that I may profeſs
Due to the Moor, my lord.

*Bra.* God be with you!—I have done:—
Pleaſe it your grace, on to the ſtate affairs;
I had rather to adopt a child, than get it.—
Come hither, Moor:
I here do give thee that with all my heart,
Which [5], but thou haſt already, with all my heart
I would keep from thee.—For your ſake, jewel,
I am glad at ſoul I have no other child;
For thy eſcape would teach me tyranny,
To hang clogs on them.—I have done, my lord.

[2] *Deſtruction*, &c.] The quartos read, deſtruction *light on me.* STEEVENS.

[3] *You are the lord of duty,*] The firſt quarto reads,
You are lord of *all my* duty. STEEVENS.

[4] *And ſo much duty as my mother ſhew'd*
*To you, preferring you before her father*, &c.] Perhaps Shakſpeare had here in his thoughts the anſwer of the youngeſt daughter of *Ina*, king of the Weſt Saxons, to her father, which he ſeems to have copied in *King Lear*. See Vol. VIII. p. 486. MALONE.

[5] *Which*, &c.] This line is omitted in the firſt quarto. STEEVENS.

*Duke.*

*Duke.* Let me ſpeak like yourſelf[6]; and lay a ſentence,
Which, as a griſe[7], or ſtep, may help theſe lovers
Into your favour[8].
When remedies are paſt, the griefs are ended[9],
By ſeeing the worſt, which late on hopes depended.
To mourn a miſchief that is paſt and gone,
Is the next way to draw new miſchief on[1].
What cannot be preſerv'd when fortune takes,
Patience her injury a mockery makes.
The robb'd, that ſmiles, ſteals ſomething from the thief;
He robs himſelf, that ſpends a bootleſs grief.

*Bra.* So let the Turk of Cyprus us beguile;
We loſe it not, ſo long as we can ſmile.
He bears the ſentence well, that nothing bears
But the free comfort which from thence he hears[2]:
But he bears both the ſentence and the ſorrow,
That, to pay grief, muſt of poor patience borrow.

[6] *Let me ſpeak like* your *ſelf*;] The duke ſeems to mean, when he ſays he will ſpeak like Brabantio, that he will ſpeak ſententiouſly. JOHNSON.

*Let me ſpeak like yourſelf*;] i. e. let me ſpeak as yourſelf would ſpeak, were you not too much heated with paſſion. Sir J. REYNOLDS.

[7] — *as a* 'griſe,] *Grize* from *degrees*. A *grize* is a ſtep. So in *Timon:*

" ——— for every *grize* of fortune
" Is ſmooth'd by that below."—

Ben Jonſon, in his *Sejanus*, gives the original word:

" Whom when he ſaw lie ſpread on the *degrees*."

In the will of K. Henry VI. where the dimenſions of King's College chapel at Cambridge are ſet down, the word occurs, as ſpelt in ſome of the old editions of Shakſpeare. " — From the provoſt's ſtall, unto the *greece* called *Gradus Chori*, 90 feet." STEEVENS.

[8] *Into your favour.*] This is wanting in the folio, but found in the quarto. JOHNSON.

[9] *When remedies are paſt, the griefs are ended,*—] This our poet has elſewhere expreſſed by a common proverbial ſentence, *Paſt cure is ſtill paſt care.* See Vol. X. p. 313, n. 5. MALONE.

[1] — *new* miſchief on.] The quartos read—*more* miſchief.— STEEVENS.

[2] *But the free comfort which from thence he hears:*] But the moral precepts of conſolation, which are liberally beſtowed on the occaſion of the ſentence. JOHNSON.

Theſe

Theſe ſentences, to ſugar, or to gall,
Being ſtrong on both ſides, are equivocal:
But words are words; I never yet did hear,
That the bruis'd heart was pierced through the ear [3].
I humbly

3 *But words are words; I never yet did hear,*
*That the bruis'd heart was* pierced *through the ear.*] Theſe moral precepts, ſays Brabantio, may perhaps be founded in wiſdom, but they are of no avail. Words after all are but words; and I never yet heard that conſolatory ſpeeches could *reach* and *penetrate* the afflicted heart, through the medium of the ear.

Brabantio here expreſſes the ſame ſentiment as the father of Hero in *Much ado about Nothing*, when he derides the attempts of thoſe comforters who in vain endeavour to

" Charm *ache* with *air*, and *agony* with *words*."

Our authour has in various places ſhewn a fondneſs for this antitheſis between the *heart* and *ear*. Thus, in his *Venus and Adonis*:

" This diſmal cry rings ſadly in her *ear*,
" Through which it enters, to ſurpriſe her *heart*."

Again, in *Much ado about Nothing*: " My couſin tells him in his *ear*, that he is in her *heart*."

Again, in *Cymbeline*:

" — I have ſuch a *heart* as both mine *ears*
" Muſt not in haſte abuſe."

Again, in his *Rape of Lucrece*:

" His *ear* her prayers admits, but his *heart* granteth
" No *penetrable* entrance to her plaining."

A doubt has been entertained concerning the word *pierced*, which Dr. Warburton ſuppoſed to mean *wounded*, and therefore ſubſtituted *pieced* in its room. But *pierced* is merely a figurative expreſſion, and means not *wounded*, but penetrated, *in a metaphorical ſenſe*; thoroughly affected; as in the following paſſage in Shakſpeare's 46th ſonnet:

" My *heart* doth plead, that thou in him doſt lie;
" A cloſet never *pierc'd* with cryſtal eyes."

So alſo, in *Love's Labour's Loſt*:

" Honeſt plain words beſt *pierce* the *ear* of *grief*."

Again, in *The Merchant of Venice*:

" With ſweeteſt touches *pierce* your miſtreſs' *ear*."

In a word, *a heart pierced through the ear*, is a heart which (to uſe our poet's words elſewhere,) has *granted a penetrable entrance* to the language of conſolation. So, in *The Mirrour for Magiſtrates*, 1575:

" My *piteous plaint*—the hardeſt *heart* may *pierce*."

Spenſer has uſed the word exactly in the ſame figurative ſenſe in which it is here employed; *Faery Queene*, B. VI. c. ix:

" Whyleſt

I humbly beſeech you, proceed to the affairs of ſtate.

*Duke.* The Turk with a moſt mighty preparation makes for Cyprus:—Othello, the fortitude of the place is beſt known to you: And though we have there a ſubſtitute of moſt allow'd ſufficiency, yet opinion, a ſovereign miſtreſs of effects, throws a more ſafer voice on you: you muſt therefore be content to ſlubber the gloſs of your new fortunes with this more ſtubborn and boiſterous expedition.

*Oth.* The tyrant cuſtom, moſt grave ſenators,

" Whyleſt thus he talkt, the knight with greedy eare
" Hong ſtill upon his melting mouth attent;
" Whoſe ſenſefull *words empierſt* his *hart* ſo neare,
" That he was rapt with double raviſhment."

And in his Fourth Book, c. viii. we have the very words of the text:

" Her *words*, ——————
" Which, *paſſing through the eares*, would *pierce* the *hart*."

Some perſons have ſuppoſed that *pierced* when applied metaphorically to the heart, can only be uſed to expreſs pain; that the poet might have ſaid, *pierced* with *grief*, or *pierced* with *plaints*, &c. but that to talk of *piercing* a heart with *conſolatory ſpeeches*, is a catachreſis: but the paſſage above quoted from Spenſer's ſixth book ſhews that there is no ground for the objection. So alſo, in Marlowe's *Tamburlaine*, 1590, we find—

" Nor thee nor them, thrice noble Tamburlaine,
" Shall want my *heart* to be *with gladneſs pierc'd*." MALONE.

*That the* bruis'd *heart was* pierced *through the ear.*] Shakſpeare was continually changing his firſt expreſſion for another, either ſtronger or more uncommon; ſo that very often the reader, who has not the ſame continuity or ſucceſſion of ideas, is at a loſs for its meaning. Many of Shakſpeare's uncouth ſtrained epithets may be explained, by going back to the obvious and ſimple expreſſion, which is moſt likely to occur to the mind in that ſtate. I can imagine the firſt mode of expreſſion that occurred to the poet was this:

The *troubled* heart was never cured by words.

To give it poetical force, he altered the phraſe:

The wounded heart was never reached through the ear.

*Wounded* heart he changed to *broken*, and that to *bruiſed*, as a more uncommon expreſſion. *Reached* he altered to *touched*, and the tranſition is then eaſy to *pierced*, i. e. thoroughly touched. When the ſentiment is brought to this ſtate, the commentator, without this unravelling clue, expounds *piercing the heart* in its common acceptation, *wounding the heart*, which making in this place nonſenſe, is corrected to *pierced the heart*, which is very ſtiff, and, as Polonius ſays, *is a vile phraſe*.

Sir J. REYNOLDS.

Hath

Hath made the flinty and ſteel couch of war
My thrice-driven bed of down [4]: I do agnize [5]
A natural and prompt alacrity,
I find in hardneſs; and do undertake
Theſe preſent wars * againſt the Ottomites.
Moſt humbly therefore bending to your ſtate,
I crave fit diſpoſition for my wife;
Due reference of place, and exhibition [6];
With ſuch accommodation, and beſort,
As levels with her breeding.

*Duke.* If you pleaſe,
Be't at her father's.

*Bra.* I will not have it ſo.

*Oth.* Nor I.

*Deſ.* Nor I; I would not there reſide,
To put my father in impatient thoughts,
By being in his eye. Moſt gracious duke,
To my unfolding lend a gracious ear [7];
And let me find a charter in your voice [8],

[4] — *thrice-driven bed of down:*—] A *driven* bed, is a bed for which the feathers are ſelected, by *driving* with a fan, which ſeparates the light from the heavy. JOHNSON.

[5] — *I do agnize*—] *i. e.* acknowledge, confeſs, avow. STEEVENS. It is ſo defined in Bullokar's *Engliſh Expoſitor*, 8vo. 1616. MALONE.

* Theſe *preſent wars*—] The quarto 1622, and the folio, by an error of the preſs, have—*this* preſent wars. For the emendation I am reſponſible. MALONE.

[6] *I crave fit diſpoſition for my wife*;
*Due* reference *of place, and exhibition*, &c.] I deſire, that proper *diſpoſition* be made for my wife; that ſhe may have *predecency*, and *revenue*, accommodation, and *company*, ſuitable to her rank.

For *reference of place*, the old quartos have *reverence*, which Hanmer has received. I ſhould read, *due* preference *of place*,—. JOHNSON.

*Exhibition* is allowance. The word is at preſent uſed only at the univerſities. STEEVENS.

See Vol. VIII. p. 507, n. 3. MALONE.

[7] — *Moſt* gracious *duke*,
*To my unfolding lend a* gracious *ear*;] Thus the quarto 1622. The folio, to avoid the repetition of the ſame epithet, reads:—your *proſperous* ear. i. e. your *propitious ear*. STEEVENS.

[8] — *a charter in your voice*,] Let your favour *privilege me*. JOHNSON.

To

To assist my simpleness [9].

*Duke.* What would you, Desdemona?

*Des.* That I did love the Moor to live with him,
My down-right violence and storm of fortunes [1]

May

[9] *To assist my simpleness.*] The first quarto reads this as an unfinished sentence:

*And if* my simpleness — STEEVENS.

[1] *My down-right violence and storm of fortunes*—] *Violence* is not *violence suffered*, but *violence acted*. Breach of common rules and obligations. The old quarto has, *scorn* of fortune, which is perhaps the true reading. JOHNSON.

I would rather continue to read *storm of fortunes*, on account of the words that follow, viz. *May* trumpet *to the world*.

So, in *King Henry IV.* P. I:

" ——— the southern *wind*
" Doth play the *trumpet* to his purposes."

Again, in *Troilus and Cressida*:

" ——— ——— so
" Doth valour's shew, and valour's worth, divide
" In *storms of fortune*." STEEVENS.

So, in *King Henry VIII.*

" An old man broken with the *storms of state*."

The expression in the text is found in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, B. VI. c. 9.

" Give leave awhile, good father, in this shore
" To rest my barcke, which hath bene beaten late
" With *stormes of fortune* and tempestuous fate."

And Bacon, in his *History of King Henry the Seventh*, has used the same language: " The king in his account of peace and calms did much overcast his *fortunes*, which proved for many years together full of broken seas, tides, and *tempests*."

Mr. Mason objects, that Mr. Steevens has not explained these words. Is any explanation wanting? or can he, who has read in *Hamlet*, that a judicious player " in the *tempest* and *whirlwind* of his *passion* should acquire and beget a temperance;" who has heard Falstaff wish for a *tempest* of provocation; and finds in *Troilus and Cressida*—" in the wind and *tempest* of her frown," be at a loss to understand the meaning of a *storm of fortunes*? By her *downright violence and storm of fortunes*, Desdemona without doubt means, the bold and decisive measure she had taken, of following the dictates of passion and giving herself to the Moor; regardless of her parent's displeasure, the forms of her country, and the future inconvenience she might be subject to, by " tying her duty, beauty, wit, and *fortunes*, in an extravagant and wheeling stranger, of here and every where."

On

May trumpet to the world; my heart's ſubdu'd
Even to the very quality of my lord[2]:
I ſaw Othello's viſage in his mind[3];
And to his honours, and his valiant parts,
Did I my ſoul and fortunes conſecrate.
So that, dear lords, if I be left behind,
A moth of peace, and he go to the war,
The rites, for which I love him, are bereft me,
And I a heavy interim ſhall ſupport
By his dear abſence: Let me go with him.

*Oth.* Your voices, lords[4]:—beſeech you, let her will
Have a free way.

On looking into Mr. Edwards's remarks, I find he explains theſe words nearly in the ſame manner. "*Downright violence*," ſays he, "means, the unbridled impetuoſity with which her paſſion hurried her on to this unlawful marriage; and *ſtorm of fortunes* may ſignify the hazard ſhe thereby ran, of making ſhipwreck of her worldly intereſt. Both very agreeable to what ſhe ſays a little lower—

"— to his honours and his valiant parts
"Did I my ſoul and *fortunes* conſecrate." MALONE.

[2] *Even to the very* quality *of my lord:*] The firſt quarto reads,
Even to the *utmoſt pleaſure*—. STEEVENS.

*Quality* here means *profeſſion*. "I am ſo much enamoured of Othello, that I am even willing to endure all the inconveniences incident to a *military life*, and to attend him to the wars." "I cannot mervaile," (ſaid Lord Eſſex to Mr. Aſhton, a Puritan preacher who was ſent to him in the Tower,) "though my proteſtations are not believed of my enemies, when they ſo little prevaile with a man of your *quality*." See alſo p. 267, n. 1.

That this is the meaning, appears not only from the reading of the quarto,—"my heart's ſubdued, even *to the utmoſt pleaſure* of my lord, i. e. ſo as to prompt me to go with him wherever he *wiſhes* I ſhould go," but alſo from the whole tenour of Deſdemona's ſpeech; the purport of which is, that as ſhe had married a *ſoldier*, ſo ſhe was ready to accompany him to the wars, and to conſecrate her ſoul and fortunes to his *honours*, and his *valiant* parts; i. e. to attend him wherever his *military character* and his *love of fame* ſhould call him. MALONE.

[3] *I ſaw Othello's viſage in his mind;*] It muſt raiſe no wonder, that I loved a man of an appearance ſo little engaging; I ſaw his face only in his mind; the greatneſs of his character reconciled me to his form. JOHNSON.

[4] *Your voices*, lords:] The folio reads, *Let her have your voice.* STEEVENS.

Vouch with me, heaven [5], I therefore beg it not,
To pleaſe the palate of my appetite;
Nor to comply with heat, the young affects,
In my disjunct and proper ſatisfaction;
But to be free and bounteous to her mind [6]:

And

[5] *Vouch with me, heaven,*] Thus the folio. Theſe words are not in the original copy, 1622. MALONE.

[6] *Nor to comply with heat, the young affects,*
*In my* disjunct *and proper ſatisfaction*;
*But to be free and bounteous to her mind*:] The old copies read:
In my *defunct* and proper ſatisfaction.

For the emendation now made I am reſponſible. Some emendation is abſolutely neceſſary, and this appears to me the leaſt objectionable of thoſe which have been propoſed. Dr. Johnſon, in part following Mr. Upton, reads and regulates the paſſage thus:

Nor to comply with heat (the young affects
In *me* defunct) and proper ſatisfaction.

To this reading there are, I think, three ſtrong objections. The firſt is, the ſuppreſſion of the word *being* before *defunct*, which is abſolutely neceſſary to the ſenſe, and of which the omiſſion is ſo harſh, that it affords an argument againſt the probability of the propoſed emendation. The ſecond and the grand objection is, that it is highly improbable that Othello ſhould declare on the day of his marriage that heat and the youthful affections were dead or defunct in him; that he had outlived the paſſions of youth. He himſelf (as Theobald has obſerved,) informs us afterwards, that he is "declined into the vale of years;" but adds, at the ſame time, "yet that's *not much*." This ſurely is a deciſive proof that the text is corrupt. My third objection to this regulation is, that by the introduction of a parentheſis, which is not found in the old copies, the words *and proper ſatisfaction* are ſo unnaturally disjoined from thoſe with which they are connected in ſenſe, as to form a moſt lame and impotent concluſion; to ſay nothing of the awkwardneſs of uſing the word *proper* without any poſſeſſive pronoun prefixed to it.

All theſe difficulties are done away, by retaining the original word *my*, and reading *disjunct*, inſtead of *defunct*; and the meaning will be, I aſk it not for the ſake of my *ſeparate* and private enjoyment, by the gratification of appetite, but that I may indulge the wiſhes of my wife.

*The young affects*, may either mean the affections or paſſions of youth, (conſidering *affects* as a ſubſtantive,) or theſe words may be connected with *heat*, which immediately precedes: "I aſk it not, for the purpoſe of gratifying that appetite *which* peculiarly ſtimulates the young." So in Spenſer's *Faery Queene*, B. V. c. ix.

"Layes of ſweete love, and *youth's* delightful *heat*."

Mr. Tyrwhitt would tranſpoſe the laſt two lines:

Nor

And heaven defend[7] your good ſouls, that you think
I will your ſerious and great buſineſs ſcant,

For

Nor to comply with heat, the young affects;
But to be free and bounteous to her mind
In my defunct and proper ſatisfaction.

and "recommends it to conſideration, whether the word *defunct*, (which would be the only remaining difficulty,) is not capable of a ſignification, drawn from the primitive ſenſe of its Latin original, which would very well agree with the context."

The mere Engliſh reader is to be informed, that *defunctus* in Latin ſignifies *performed*, *accompliſhed*, as well as *dead*: but is it probable that Shakſpeare was apprized of its bearing that ſignification? In Bullokar's *Engliſh Expoſitor*, 8vo. 1616, the work of a phyſician and a ſcholar, *defunct* is only defined by the word *dead*; nor has it, I am confident, any other meaning annexed to it in any dictionary or book of the time. Beſides; how, as Mr. Tollet has obſerved, could his conjugal duties be ſaid to be *diſcharged* or *performed*, at a time when his marriage was not yet conſummated?—On this laſt circumſtance however I do not inſiſt, as Shakſpeare is very licentious in the uſe of participles, and might have employed the paſt for the preſent: but the former objection appears to me fatal.

*Proper* is here and in other places uſed for *peculiar*. In this play we have *unproper* beds; not *peculiar* to the rightful owner, but *common* to him and others.

In the preſent tragedy we have many more uncommon words than *disjunct*: as *facile*, *agnize*, *acerb*, *ſequeſtration*, *injointed*, *congregated*, *guttured*, *ſequent*, *extincted*, *exſufflicate*, *indign*, *ſegregated*, &c.—Iago in a ſubſequent ſcene ſays to Othello, "let us be *conjunctive* in our revenge;" and our poet has *conjunct* in *King Lear*, and *disjoin* and *disjunctive* in two other plays. In *King John* we have *adjunct* uſed as an adjective:

"Though that my death be *adjunct* to the act,—"

and in *Hamlet* we find *disjoint* employed in like manner:

"Or thinking———
"Our ſtate to be *disjoint*, and out of frame." MALONE.

Theobald has obſerved the impropriety of making Othello confeſs, that all youthful paſſions were *defunct* in him; and Hanmer's reading [*diſtinct*] may, I think, be received with only a ſlight alteration. I would read,

"——— I beg it not,
"To pleaſe the palate of my appetite,
"Nor to comply with heat, *and* young affects,
"In my *diſtinct* and proper ſatisfaction;
"But to be," &c.

*Affects* ſtands for *affections*, and is uſed in that ſenſe by Ben Jonſon in *The Caſe is alter'd*, 1609:

For ſhe is with me: No, when light-wing'd toys
Of feather'd Cupid ſeel with wanton dulneſs
My ſpeculative and active inſtruments [8],
That my diſports corrupt and taint my buſineſs,
Let houſewives make a ſkillet of my helm,
And all indign and baſe adverſities

" —— I ſhall not need to urge
" The ſacred purity of our *affects*."

Again, in *Love's Labour's Loſt*:

" For every man with his *affects* is born."

Again, in *The Wars of Cyrus*, 1594:

" The frail *affects* and errors of my youth."

There is, however, in *The Bondman*, by Maſſinger, a paſſage which ſeems to countenance and explain — the young affects in *me defunct*, &c.

" ——— youthful heats,
" That look no further than your outward form,
" Are long ſince *buried* in me."

*Timoleon* is the ſpeaker. STEEVENS.

7 — *defend*, &c.] To *defend*, is to forbid. So, in Chaucer's *Wife of Bathes Prologue*, late edit. ver. 5641:

" Wher can ye ſeen in any maner age
" That highe God *defended* mariage,
" By expreſſe word?"

From *defendre*, Fr. STEEVENS.

8 — *when light-wing'd toys*
Of *feather'd Cupid* ſeel *with wanton dulneſs*
*My ſpeculative and* active *inſtruments*,] Thus the folio, except that inſtead of *active inſtruments*, it has *offic'd inſtrument*. MALONE.

The quarto reads—

——— ——— when light-wing'd toys
*And* feather'd *Cupid foils* with wanton dulneſs
My ſpeculative and *active* inſtruments—

All theſe words (in either copy) mean no more than this: *When the pleaſures and idle toys of love make me unfit either for ſeeing the duties of my office, or for the ready performance of them*, &c. STEEVENS.

*Speculative inſtruments*, in Shakſpeare's language, are the *eyes*; and *active inſtruments*, the *hands and feet*. So, in *Coriolanus*:

" —— where, the other *inſtruments*
" Did *ſee*, hear, deviſe, inſtruct, *walk*, *feel*, &c."

To *feel* is to cloſe the eyelids of a hawk by running a thread through them. As it is here metaphorically uſed, it applies very properly to the *ſpeculative* inſtruments; but *foils*, the reading of the quarto, agrees better with *active* inſtruments.

*Wanton dulneſs* is dulneſs ariſing from wanton indulgences. MALONE.

Make

Make head againſt my eſtimation[9]!

*Duke.* Be it as you ſhall privately determine,
Either for her ſtay, or going: the affair cries—haſte,
And ſpeed muſt anſwer it; you muſt hence to-night.

*Def.* To-night, my lord?

*Duke.* This night.

*Oth.* With all my heart.

*Duke.* At nine i' the morning here we'll meet again.
Othello, leave ſome officer behind,
And he ſhall our commiſſion bring to you;
With ſuch things elſe of quality and reſpect,
As doth import you.

*Oth.* Pleaſe your grace, my ancient;
A man he is of honeſty, and truſt:
To his conveyance I aſſign my wife,
With what elſe needful your good grace ſhall think
To be ſent after me.

*Duke.* Let it be ſo.—
Good night to every one.—And, noble ſignior, [*to* Bra.
If virtue no delighted beauty lack[1],
Your ſon-in-law is far more fair than black.

1 *Sen.* Adieu, brave Moor! uſe Deſdemona well.

*Bra.* Look to her, Moor; have a quick eye to ſee[2];
She has deceiv'd her father, and may thee.

[*Exeunt* Duke, Senators, Officers, &c.

9 — *my* eſtimation!] Thus the folio; the quarto—*reputation.* STEEVENS.

1 *If virtue no* delighted *beauty lack,*] The meaning, I believe, is, if virtue comprehends every thing in itſelf, then your virtuous ſon-in-law of courſe is beautiful: he has that beauty which delights every one. *Delighted*, for *delighting*; Shakſpeare often uſes the active and paſſive participles indiſcriminately. Of this practice I have already given many inſtances. The ſame ſentiment ſeems to occur in *Twelfth Night*:

" In nature is no blemiſh, but the mind;
" None can be call'd deform'd, but the unkind:
" *Virtue is beauty.*"— STEEVENS.

*Delighted* is uſed by Shakſpeare in the ſenſe of *delighting*, or *delightful*. See *Cymbeline*, Act V:

" Whom beſt I love, I croſs, to make my gift,
" The more delay'd, *delighted.*" TYRWHITT.

2 — *have a quick eye to ſee*;] Thus the eldeſt quarto. The folio reads,—*if thou haſt eyes to ſee.* STEEVENS.

*Oth.* My life upon her faith.—Honeſt Iago,
My Deſdemona muſt I leave to thee:
I pr'ythee let thy wife attend on her;
And bring them after[3] in the beſt advantage[4].—
Come, Deſdemona; I have but an hour
Of love, of worldly matters and direction,
To ſpend with thee: we muſt obey the time.

[*Exeunt* OTHELLO, *and* DESDEMONA.

*Rod.* Iago.

*Iago.* What ſay'ſt thou, noble heart?

*Rod.* What will I do, think'ſt thou?

*Iago.* Why, go to bed, and ſleep.

*Rod.* I will incontinently drown myſelf.

*Iago.* Well, if thou doſt, I ſhall never love thee after it. Why, thou ſilly gentleman!

*Rod.* It is ſillineſs to live, when to live is a torment: and then have we a preſcription to die, when death is our phyſician.

*Iago.* O villainous! I have look'd upon the world for four times ſeven years[5]: and ſince I could diſtinguiſh

[3] *And bring* them *after*—] Thus the folio. The quarto, 1622, reads—and bring *her* after. MALONE.

[4] — *beſt advantage.*—] Faireſt opportunity. JOHNSON.

[5] *I have look'd upon the world* for four times ſeven years:] From this paſſage Iago's age ſeems to be aſcertained; and it correſponds with the account in the novel on which *Othello* is founded, where he is deſcribed as a *young*, handſome man. The French tranſlator of Shakſpeare is however of opinion, that Iago here only ſpeaks of thoſe years of his life in which he had looked on the world with an eye of obſervation. But it would be difficult to aſſign a reaſon why he ſhould mention the preciſe term of *twenty-eight* years; or to account for his knowing ſo accurately when his underſtanding arrived at maturity, and the operation of his ſagacity, and his obſervations on mankind, commenced.

That Iago meant to ſay he was but twenty eight years old, is clearly aſcertained, by his marking particularly, though indefinitely, a period *within that time*, ["and *ſince* I could diſtinguiſh," &c.] when he began to make obſervations on the characters of men.

Waller on a picture which was painted for him in his youth, by Cornelius Janſen, and which is now in the poſſeſſion of his heir, has expreſſed the ſame thought: "Anno ætatis 23; *vitæ vix primo.*" MALONE.

between

between a benefit and an injury, I never found a man that knew how to love himſelf. Ere I would ſay, I would drown myſelf for the love of a Guinea hen[6], I would change my humanity with a baboon.

*Rod.* What ſhould I do? I confeſs, it is my ſhame to be ſo fond; but it is not in virtue to amend it.

*Iago.* Virtue? a fig! 'tis in ourſelves, that we are thus, or thus. Our bodies are our gardens; to the which, our wills are gardeners: ſo that if we will plant nettles, or ſow lettice; ſet hyſſop, and weed up thyme; ſupply it with one gender of herbs, or diſtract it with many; either to have it ſteril with idleneſs[7], or manured with induſtry; why, the power and corrigible authority of this lies in our wills. If the balance[8] of our lives had not one ſcale of reaſon to poiſe another of ſenſuality, the blood and baſeneſs of our natures would conduct us to moſt prepoſterous concluſions: But we have reaſon, to cool our raging motions, our carnal ſtings, our unbitted luſts[9]; whereof I take this, that you call—love, to be a ſect, or ſcyon[1].

[6] — *a Guinea hen,*] A ſhowy bird with fine feathers. JOHNSON.
A *Guinea-hen* was anciently the cant term for a proſtitute. So, in *Albertus Wallenſtein*, 1640:

" —— Yonder's the cock o' the game,
" About to tread yon *Guinea-hen*; they're billing."

STEEVENS.

[7] — *either* to *have it ſteril with idleneſs*,—] Thus the authentick copies. The modern editors following the ſecond folio, have omitted the word *to*.—I have frequently had occaſion to remark that Shakſpeare often begins a ſentence in one way, and ends it in a different kind of conſtruction. Here he has made Iago ſay, if *we will* plant, &c. and he concludes, as if he had written—if *our will is*—either to have it, &c. See p. 467, n. 7. MALONE.

[8] *If the* balance—] The folio reads—If the *brain*. STEEVENS.

[9] — *reaſon to cool—our* carnal ſtings, *our* unbitted luſts;] So, in *A Knack to know an Honeſt Man*, 1596:

" —Virtue ne'er taught thee that;
" She ſets a *bit* upon her *bridled luſts*."

See alſo *As you Like it*, Act II. ſc. vi.

" For thou thyſelf haſt been a libertine;
" As ſenſual as the *brutiſh ſting* itſelf." MALONE.

[1] — *a* ſect or *ſcyon.*] Thus the folio and quarto. A ſect is what the more modern gardeners call a *cutting*. The modern editors read—a *ſet*. STEEVENS.

*Rod.* It cannot be.

*Iago.* It is merely a luſt of the blood, and a permiſſion of the will. Come, be a man: Drown thyſelf? drown cats, and blind puppies. I have profeſs'd me thy friend, and I confeſs me knit to thy deſerving with cables of perdurable toughneſs[2]; I could never better ſtead thee than now. Put money in thy purſe; follow theſe wars; defeat thy favour with an uſurped beard[3]; I ſay, put money in thy purſe. It cannot be, that Deſdemona ſhould long continue her love to the Moor,—put money in thy purſe;—nor he his to her: it was a violent commencement, and thou ſhalt ſee an anſwerable ſequeſtration[4];—put but money in thy purſe.—Theſe Moors are changeable in their wills;—fill thy purſe

[2] *I confeſs me* knit *to thy* deſerving *with* cables *of* perdurable toughneſs;] So, in *Antony and Cleopatra:*

" To make you brothers, and to *knit* your hearts
" With an *unſlipping knot.*"

Again, in our authour's 26th Sonnet:

" Lord of my love, to whom in vaſſalage
" Thy *merit* hath my duty ſtrongly *knit.*" MALONE.

[3] — defeat *thy favour with an uſurped beard;*] To *defeat,* is to *undo,* to *change.* JOHNSON.

*Defeat* is from *defaire,* Fr. to *undo.* STEEVENS.

To *defeat,* Minſheu in his Dictionary, 1617, explains by the words—" to abrogate, to *undo.*" See alſo Florio's Italian Dictionary, 1598: " *Disfacere.* To undoe, to marre, to unmake, to *defeat.*" MALONE.

[4] — *it was a violent* commencement, *and thou ſhalt ſee an anſwerable* ſequeſtration;—] There ſeems to be an oppoſition of terms here intended, which has been loſt in tranſcription. We may read, *it was a violent* conjunction, *and thou ſhalt ſee an anſwerable ſequeſtration*; or, what ſeems to me preferable, *it was a violent commencement, and thou ſhalt ſee an anſwerable* ſequel. JOHNSON.

I believe the poet uſes *ſequeſtration* for *ſequel.* He might conclude that it was immediately derived from *ſequor. Sequeſtration,* however, may mean no more than *ſeparation.* So, in this play—" a *ſequeſter* from liberty." STEEVENS.

Surely *ſequeſtration* was uſed in the ſenſe of *ſeparation* only, or in modern language, *parting. Their paſſion began with violence, and* it ſhall end as quickly, of which *a ſeparation will be the conſequence.* A total and voluntary *ſequeſtration* neceſſarily includes the ceſſation or end of affection.—We have the ſame thought in ſeveral other places. So, in *Romeo and Juliet:*

" Theſe

purſe with money: the food that to him now is as luſcious as locuſts ſhall be to him ſhortly as bitter as coloquintida[5]. She muſt change for youth: when ſhe is ſated with his body, ſhe will find the error of her choice. —She muſt have change, ſhe muſt: therefore put money in thy purſe.—If thou wilt needs damn thyſelf, do it a more delicate way than drowning. Make all the money thou canſt: If ſanctimony and a frail vow, betwixt an erring Barbarian[6] and a ſuper-ſubtle Venetian, be not too hard for my wits, and all the tribe of hell, thou ſhalt enjoy her; therefore make money. A pox of drowning thyſelf! it is clean out of the way: ſeek thou

" Theſe *violent delights* have *violent ends*,
" And in their triumph die."

Again, in *The Rape of Lucrece*:

" Thy violent vanities can never laſt."

I have here followed the firſt quarto. The folio reads—it was a violent commencement *in her*, &c. The context ſhews that the original is the true reading. Othello's love for Deſdemona has been juſt mentioned, as well as her's for the Moor. MALONE.

5 —*as luſcious as locuſts*,—*as* bitter *as coloquintida*.] The old quarto reads—as *acerb* as coloquintida.

At *Tonquin* the inſect *locuſts* are conſidered as a great delicacy, not only by the poor but by the rich; and are ſold in the markets, as larks and quails are in Europe. It may be added, that the Levitical law permits four ſorts of them to be eaten.

An anonymous correſpondent informs me, that the fruit of the locuſt-tree is a long black pod, which contains the ſeeds, among which there is a very ſweet luſcious juice of much the ſame conſiſtency as freſh honey. This (ſays he,) I have often taſted. STEEVENS.

Mr. Daines Barrington ſuggeſts to me, that Shakſpeare perhaps had the third chapter of St. Matthew's goſpel in his thoughts, in which we are told that John the Baptiſt lived in the wilderneſs on *locuſts* and wild *honey*. MALONE.

6 — *betwixt an* erring *Barbarian*—] So, in *Hamlet*:

" Th' extravagant and *erring* ſpirit hies
" To his confine." STEEVENS.

An *erring Barbarian*; perhaps means a *rover* from *Barbary*. He had before ſaid, " You'll have your daughter covered with a *Barbary* horſe." MALONE.

The word *erring* is ſufficiently explained by a paſſage in the firſt ſcene of this play, where Roderigo tells Brabantio, that his daughter was

" Tying her duty, beauty, wit, and fortune
" In an extravagant and *wheeling* ſtranger,
" Of here and every where."

*Erring* is the ſame as *erraticus* in Latin. MASON.

rather to be hang'd in compaſſing thy joy, than to be drown'd and go without her.

*Rod.* Wilt thou be faſt to my hopes, if I depend on the iſſue [7]?

*Iago.* Thou art ſure of me;—Go, make money:—I have told thee often, and I re-tell thee again and again, I hate the Moor: My cauſe is hearted; thine hath no leſs reaſon: Let us be conjunctive [8] in our revenge againſt him: if thou canſt cuckold him, thou doſt thyſelf a pleaſure, and me a ſport. There are many events in the womb of time, which will be delivered. Traverſe; go; provide thy money. We will have more of this to-morrow. Adieu.

*Rod.* Where ſhall we meet i' the morning?

*Iago.* At my lodging.

*Rod.* I'll be with thee betimes.

*Iago.* Go to; farewel. Do you hear, Roderigo [9]?

*Rod.* What ſay you?

*Iago.* No more of drowning, do you hear.

*Rod.* I am changed. I'll ſell all my land.

*Iago.* Go to; farewel: put money enough in your purſe.

[*Exit* RODERIGO.

Thus do I ever make my fool my purſe:
For I mine own gain'd knowledge ſhould profane,
If I would time expend with ſuch a ſnipe,
But for my ſport, and profit. I hate the Moor;
And it is thought abroad, that 'twixt my ſheets

7 — *If I depend on the iſſue?*] Theſe words are wanting in the firſt quarto. STEEVENS.

8 — *conjunctive*—] The firſt quarto reads, *communicative*. STEEV.

9 — *Do you hear, Roderigo?*] In the folio, inſtead of this and the following ſpeeches, we find only theſe words:

*Iago.* Go to; farewell. Do you hear, Roderigo?
*Rod.* I'll ſell all my land. [*Exit.*
*Iago.* Thus do I ever, &c.

The quarto, 1622, reads:

*Iago.* Go to; farewell:—do you hear, Roderigo?
*Rod.* What ſay you?
*Iago.* No more of drowning, do you hear.
*Rod.* I am chang'd. [*Exit* Rod.
*Iago.* Go to; farewell: put money enough in your purſe.
Thus do I ever, &c.

The reading of the text is formed out of the two copies. MALONE.

He

He has done my office: I know not, if't be true;
But I, for mere ſuſpicion in that kind,
Will do, as if for ſurety [1]. He holds me well;
The better ſhall my purpoſe work on him.
Caſſio's a proper man: Let me ſee now;
To get his place, and to plume up my will [2],
A double knavery,—How? how?—Let me ſee:—
After ſome time, to abuſe Othello's ear,
That he is too familiar with his wife:—
He hath a perſon, and a ſmooth diſpoſe,
To be ſuſpected; fram'd to make women falſe.
The Moor is of a free and open nature [3],
That thinks men honeſt, that but ſeem to be ſo;
And will as tenderly be led by the noſe,
As aſſes are.
I have't;—it is engender'd:—Hell and night
Muſt bring this monſtrous birth to the world's light. [*Exit.*

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## ACT II. SCENE I.

*A Sea-port town in* Cyprus*. *A Platform.*

*Enter* MONTANO, *and two* Gentlemen.

*Mon.* What from the cape can you diſcern at ſea?

1. *Gent.* Nothing at all: it is a high-wrought flood;
I cannot

[1] — *as if for ſurety.*] i. e. as if I were certain of the fact. MASON.

[2] — *to* plume *up*, &c.] The firſt quarto reads—to *make* up, &c. STEEV.

[3] *The Moor is of a free and open nature,*] The firſt quarto reads:
The Moor, a free and open nature too,
That thinks, &c. STEEVENS.

* All the modern editors, following Mr. Rowe, have ſuppoſed the capital of Cyprus to be the place where the ſcene of *Othello* lies during four acts: but this could not have been Shakſpeare's intention; NICOSIA, the capital city of Cyprus, being ſituated nearly in the center of the iſland, and thirty miles diſtant from the ſea. The principal ſea-port town of Cyprus was FAMAGUSTA; where there was formerly a ſtrong fort and a commodious haven, the only one of any magnitude in the iſland; and there undoubtedly the ſcene ſhould be placed. "Neere unto the haven (ſays Knolles,) ſtandeth an old CASTLE, with four towers after the ancient manner of building." To this caſtle, we find, Othello preſently repairs.

It is obſervable that Cinthio in the novel on which this play is founded, which was firſt publiſhed in 1565, makes no mention of any attack

I cannot, 'twixt the haven [4] and the main,
Descry a sail.

*Mon.* Methinks, the wind hath spoke aloud at land;
A fuller blast ne'er shook our battlements:
If it hath ruffian'd so upon the sea [5],
What ribs of oak, when mountains melt on them [6],

Can

attack being made on Cyprus by the Turks. From our poet's having mentioned the preparations against this island, which they first assaulted and took from the Venetians in 1570, we may suppose that he intended that year as the era of his tragedy; but by mentioning *Rhodes* as also likely to be assaulted by the Turks, he has fallen into an historical inconsistency; for they were then in quiet possession of that island, of which they became masters in December, 1522; and if, to evade this difficulty, we refer *Othello* to an era prior to that year, there will be an equal incongruity; for from 1473, when the Venetians first became possessed of Cyprus, to 1522, they had not been molested by any Turkish armament. MALONE.

4 — *'twixt the* haven—] Thus the quarto, 1622. The folio has—the *heaven*, which affords a bolder image; but the article prefixed strongly supports the original copy; for applied to *heaven*, it is extremely awkward. Besides; though in *The Winter's Tale* our poet has made a Clown talk of a *ship boring the moon with her mainmast*, and say that "*between the sea and the firmament you cannot thrust a bodkin's point*," is it probable, that he should put the same hyperbolical language into the mouth of a gentleman, answering a serious question on an important occasion? In a subsequent passage indeed he indulges himself without impropriety in the elevated diction of poetry.

Of the *haven* of Famagusta, which was defended from the main by two great rocks, at the distance of forty paces from each other, Shakspeare might have found a particular account in Knolles's *History of the Turks*, ad ann. 1570, p. 863. MALONE.

5 *If it hath* ruffian'd *so upon the sea,*] So, in *Troilus and Cressida*:

"But let the *ruffian* Boreas once enrage
"The gentle *Thetis*,— MALONE.

6 — *when mountains melt on them,*] Thus the folio. The quarto reads:
— when *the huge mountain melts.*
This latter reading might be countenanced by the following passage in the second Part of *King Henry IV.*

"——— the continent
"Weary of solid firmness, *melt* itself
"Into the sea——" STEEVENS.

The quarto 1622—reads, when the huge mountaine *meslt*; the letter *s*, which perhaps belongs to *mountain*, having wandered at the press from its place.

I apprehend, that in the quarto reading (as well as in the folio,) by *mountains* the poet meant not land-mountains, which Mr. Steevens seems

Can hold the mortice? what ſhall we hear of this?

2. *Gent.* A ſegregation of the Turkiſh fleet:
For do but ſtand upon the foaming ſhore[7],
The chiding billow ſeems to pelt the clouds;
The wind-ſhak'd ſurge, with high and monſtrous main,
Seems to caſt water on the burning bear,
And quench the guards of the ever-fixed pole[8]:
I never did like moleſtation view
On the enchafed flood.

*Mon.* If that the Turkiſh fleet
Be not inſhelter'd and embay'd, they are drown'd;
It is impoſſible they bear it out.

*Enter a third* Gentleman.

3. *Gent.* News, lords! our wars are done;
The deſperate tempeſt hath ſo bang'd the Turks,
That their deſignment halts: A noble ſhip of Venice
Hath ſeen a grievous wreck and ſufferance
On moſt part of their fleet.

*Mon.* How! is this true?

3. *Gent.* The ſhip is here put in,
A Veroneſé[9]: Michael Caſſio,

Lieutenant

ſeems by his quotation to have thought, but thoſe huge ſurges, (reſembling mountains in their magnitude,) which "with high and monſtrous main ſeem'd to caſt water on the burning bear."

So, in a ſubſequent ſcene:

"And let the labouring bark climb *hills* of ſeas,
"*Olympus* high,—".

Again, in *Troilus and Creſſida*:

"—— and anon behold
"The ſtrong-ribb'd bark through *liquid mountains* cuts."

MALONE.

7 — *the* foaming *ſhore*,] The elder quarto reads—*banning* ſhore, which offers the bolder image; *i. e.* the ſhore that execrates the ravage of the waves. So, in *King Henry VI.* P. I:

"Fell, *banning* hag, enchantreſs, hold thy tongue." STEEV.

8 *And quench the guards of the ever*-fixed *pole*:] Alluding to the ſtar *Arctophylax*. JOHNSON.

The elder quarto reads—ever-*fired* pole. STEEVENS.

9 *A Veroneſé*:] The quarto, 1622, has—a *Veroneſſa*: the folio, *Veronneſſa*. The true ſpelling was pointed out by Mr. Heath. In Thomaſes *Hiſtory of Italy*, already quoted, the people of Verona are called the *Veroneſi*.

This

Lieutenant to the warlike Moor, Othello,
Is come on ſhore: the Moor himſelf's at ſea,
And is in full commiſſion here for Cyprus.

*Mon.* I am glad on't; tis a worthy governour.

3. *Gent.* But this ſame Caſſio,—though he ſpeak of comfort,
Touching the Turkiſh loſs,—yet he looks ſadly,
And prays the Moor be ſafe; for they were parted
With foul and violent tempeſt.

*Mon.* Pray heaven he be;
For I have ſerv'd him, and the man commands
Like a full ſoldier[1]. Let's to the ſea-ſide, ho!
As well to ſee the veſſel that's come in,
As to throw out our eyes for brave Othello;
Even till we make the main[2], and the aerial blue,
An indiſtinct regard.

*Gent.* Come, let's do ſo;
For every minute is expectancy
Of more arrivance.

*Enter* CASSIO.

*Caſ.* Thanks to the valiant of this warlike iſle[3],
That ſo approve the Moor; O, let the heavens

This ſhip has been already deſcribed as a ſhip of Venice. It is now called "a *Veroneſe*;" that is, a ſhip belonging to and furniſhed by the inland city of Verona, for the uſe of the Venetian ſtate; and newly arrived from Venice. "Beſides many other towns, (ſays Contareno,) caſtles, and villages, they [the Venetians,] poſſeſs ſeven faire cities; as Trevigi, Padoua, Vicenza, *Verona*, Breſcia, Bergamo, and Crema." *Commonwealth of Venice*, 1599.

Mr. Heath, Mr. Steevens, and Mr. Warton, concur in obſerving that *Veroneſe* muſt be pronounced as a quadriſyllable. In our poet's age, "it was common" Mr. Warton obſerves, "to introduce Italian words, and in their proper pronunciation then familiar. So Spenſer, in *The Faery Queene*, B. III. c. xiii. st. 10.

"With ſleeves dependant *Albaneſe* wiſe." MALONE.

[1] *Like a* full *ſoldier.*] Like a *complete* ſoldier. So before, p. 447:

"What a *full* fortune doth the thick-lips owe." MALONE.

[2] *Even till we make the main*, &c.] This line and half is wanting in the eldeſt quarto. STEEVENS.

[3] — warlike *iſle*,] Thus the folio. The firſt quarto reads—*worthy* iſle. STEEVENS.

Give

Give him defence againſt the elements,
For I have loſt him on a dangerous ſea!

*Mon.* Is he well ſhipp'd?

*Caſ.* His bark is ſtoutly timber'd, and his pilot
Of very expert and approv'd allowance [4];
Therefore my hopes, not ſurfeited to death,
Stand in bold cure [5].

*Within.*] A ſail, a ſail, a ſail!

*Enter another* Gentleman.

*Caſ.* What noiſe?

4. *Gent.* The town is empty; on the brow o' the ſea
Stand ranks of people, and they cry—a ſail.

*Caſ.* My hopes do ſhape him for the governour.

2. *Gent.* They do diſcharge their ſhot of courteſy;
Our friends, at leaſt. [*Guns heard.*

*Caſ.* I pray you, ſir, go forth,

And

4 *Of very expert and approv'd allowance*;] *Expert and approv'd allowance* is put for *allow'd and approv'd expertneſs*. This mode of expreſſion is not unfrequent in Shakſpeare. STEEVENS.

5 *Therefore my hopes, not ſurfeited to death,*
*Stand in bold cure.*] Dr. Johnſon ſays, "he knows not why *hope* ſhould be conſidered as a diſeaſe." But it is not *hope* which is here deſcribed as a diſeaſe; thoſe miſgiving apprehenſions which diminiſh hope, are in fact the diſeaſe, and hope itſelf is the patient.

A ſurfeit being a diſeaſe ariſing from an *exceſſive* overcharge of the ſtomach, the poet with his uſual licence uſes it for any ſpecies of *exceſs*.—Therefore, ſays Caſſio, my hopes, which, though faint and ſickly with apprehenſion, are not totally deſtroyed by an exceſs of deſpondency, erect themſelves with ſome degree of confidence that they will be relieved, by the ſafe arrival of Othello, from thoſe ill-divining fears under which they now languiſh.

The word *ſurfeit* having occurred to Shakſpeare, led him to conſider ſuch a hope as Caſſio entertained, not a ſanguine, but a faint and languid hope, ("ſicklied o'er with the pale caſt of thought,") as a *diſeaſe*, and to talk of its *cure*.

A paſſage in *Twelfth Night*, where a ſimilar phraſeology is uſed, may ſerve to ſtrengthen this interpretation:

"Give me *exceſs* of it; that, *ſurfeiting*,
"The appetite may *ſicken*, and ſo *die*."

Again, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*:

"O, I have fed upon this *woe* already,
"And now *exceſs* of it will make me *ſurfeit*." MALONE.

To *ſtand in bold cure*, is to erect themſelves in confidence of being fulfilled. A parallel expreſſion occurs in *K. Lear*, Act III. ſc. vi.

"This

And give us truth who 'tis that is arriv'd.

2. *Gent.* I ſhall. [*Exit.*

*Mon.* But, good lieutenant is your general wiv'd?

*Caſ.* Moſt fortunately: he hath atchiev'd a maid
That paragons deſcription, and wild fame;
One that excels the quirks of blazoning pens[6],
And, in the eſſential veſture of creation,
Does bear all excellency[7].—How now? who has put in?

*Re-enter*

" This reſt might yet have balm'd thy broken ſenſes,
" Which, if conveniency will not allow,
" *Stand in hard cure.*"

Again:

" ——— his life, with thine, &c.
" *Stand in aſſured loſs.*"

*In bold cure* means, in confidence of being cured. STEEVENS.

I believe that Solomon upon this occaſion will be found the beſt interpreter: " *Hope deferred maketh the heart ſick.*" HENLEY.

[6] *One that excels the quirks of blazoning pens,*] So, in our poet's 103d Sonnet:

" ——— a face
" That over-goes my blunt invention quite,
" Dulling my lines, and doing me diſgrace." MALONE.

[7] *And, in the* eſſential *veſture of creation*
*Does bear all excellency.*] The author ſeems to uſe *eſſential*, for *exiſtent*, *real*. She excels the praiſes of invention, ſays he, and in *real* qualities, with which *creation* has *inveſted* her, *bears all excellency*.

JOHNSON.

*Does bear all excellency.*—] Such is the reading of the quartos; for which the folio has this:

*And in the eſſential veſture of creation*
Do's tyre the ingeniuer.

Which I explain thus:

*Does tire the* ingenious verſe.

This is the beſt reading, and that which the author ſubſtituted in his reviſal. JOHNSON.

The reading of the quarto is ſo flat and unpoetical, when compared with that ſenſe which ſeems meant to have been given in the folio, that I heartily wiſh ſome emendation could be hit on, which might entitle it to a place in the text. I believe the word *tire* was not introduced to ſignify—to *fatigue*, but to *attire*, to *dreſs*. The verb *to attire*, is often ſo abbreviated. So, in *Holland's Leaguer*, 1633:

" ——— Cupid's a boy,
" And would you *tire* him like a ſenator?"

Again, in the *Comedy of Errors*, Act II. ſc. ii.

" —To ſave the money he ſpends in *tiring*," &c.

*The*

*Re-enter ſecond* Gentleman.

2. *Gent.* 'Tis one Iago, ancient to the general.

*Caſ.* He has had moſt favourable and happy ſpeed:
Tempeſts themſelves, high ſeas, and howling winds,
The gutter'd rocks, and congregated ſands,—
Traitors enſteep'd[8] to clog the guiltleſs keel,

As

*The eſſential veſture of creation* tempts me to believe it was ſo uſed on the preſent occaſion. I would read ſomething like this:

*And in the eſſential veſture of creation*
*Does* tire the ingenuous virtue.

*i. e.* inveſts her artleſs virtue in the faireſt form of earthly ſubſtance.

In the *Merchant of Venice*, Act V. Lorenzo calls the body—"the muddy *veſture* of decay."

It may, however, be obſerved, that the word *ingener* did not anciently ſignify *one who manages the engines or artillery of an army*, but any *ingenious perſon*, any *maſter of liberal ſcience*.

So, in B. Jonſon's *Sejanus*, Act I. ſc. i:

"No, Silius, we are no good *ingeners*,
"We want the fine arts," &c.

*Ingene* therefore may be the true reading of this paſſage: and a ſimilar thought occurs in the *Tempeſt*, Act IV. ſc. i:

"For thou ſhalt find ſhe will outſtrip all praiſe,
"And make it *halt* behind her."

In the argument of *Sejanus*, Jonſon likewiſe ſays, that his hero "worketh with all his *ingene*," apparently from the Latin *ingenium*. STEEV.

Perhaps the words intended in the folio, were,

Does tire the *ingene ever*.

*Ingene* is uſed for *ingenium* by Puttenham, in his *Arte of Poeſie*, 1589: "—ſuch alſo as made moſt of their workes by tranſlation out of the Latin and French tongue, and few or none of their owne *engine*." *Engine* is here without doubt a miſprint for *ingene*.—I believe, however, the reading of the quarto is the true one.—If *tire* was uſed in the ſenſe of *weary*, then *ingener* muſt have been uſed for the ingenious perſon who ſhould attempt to enumerate the merits of Deſdemona. To the inſtance produced by Mr. Steevens from *Sejanus*, may be added another in Fleckno's *Diſcourſe of the Engliſh Stage*, 1664. "Of this curious art the Italians (this latter age) are the greateſt maſters, the French good proficients, and we in England only ſcholars and learners, yet, having proceeded no further than to bare painting, and not arrived to the ſtupendous wonders of your great *ingeniers*." In one of Daniel's Sonnets, we meet with a ſimilar imagery to that in the firſt of theſe lines:

"Though time doth ſpoil her of the *faireſt vaile*
"*That ever yet mortalitie did cover*." MALONE.

[8] *Traitors* enſteep'd—] Thus the folio and one of the quartos. The firſt copy reads—*enſerped*, of which every reader may make what he

As having ſenſe of beauty, do omit
Their mortal natures, letting go ſafely by
The divine Deſdemona.

*Mon.* What is ſhe?

*Caſ.* She that I ſpake of, our great captain's captain,
Left in the conduct of the bold Iago;
Whoſe footing here anticipates our thoughts,
A ſe'nnights ſpeed.—Great Jove,* Othello guard,
And ſwell his ſail with thine own powerful breath;
That he may bleſs this bay with his tall ſhip,
Make love's quick pants in Deſdemona's arms [9],
Give renew'd fire to our extincted ſpirits,
And bring all Cyprus comfort![1]— O, behold,

*Enter* DESDEMONA, EMILIA, IAGO, RODERIGO, *and Attendants.*

The riches of the ſhip is come on ſhore!
Ye men of Cyprus, let her have your knees:—
Hail to thee, lady! and the grace of heaven,
Before, behind thee, and on every hand,
Enwheel thee round!

*Deſ.* I thank you, valiant Caſſio.
What tidings can you tell me of my lord?

*Caſ.* He is not yet arriv'd; nor know I aught
But that he's well, and will be ſhortly here.

pleaſes. Perhaps *eſcerped* was an old Engliſh word borrowed from the French *eſcarpé*, which Shakſpeare not finding congruous to the image of clogging the keel, afterwards changed.

I once thought that the poet had written—traitors *enſcarf'd*, i. e. muffled in their robes, as in *Julius Cæſar*. So, in *Hamlet*: "My ſea-gown *ſcarf'd* about me;" and this agrees better with the idea of a traitor: yet whatever is gained one way is loſt another. The poet too often adopts circumſtances from every image that aroſe in his mind, and employing them without attention to the propriety of their union, his metaphorical expreſſions become inextricably confuſed. STEEVENS.

* *Great* Jove, &c.] For this abſurdity I have not the ſmalleſt doubt that the Maſter of the Revels, and not our poet, is anſwerable. See *The Hiſtorical Account of the Engliſh Stage*, Vol. I. Part II. MALONE.

9 *Make love's quick pants in Deſdemona's arms,*] Thus the folio. The quarto, with leſs animation:

*And ſwiftly come to* Deſdemona's arms. STEEVENS.

1 *And bring all Cyprus comfort!*] This paſſage is only found in the quartos. STEEVENS.

*Deſ.*

*Def.* O, but I fear;—How loſt you company?
*Caſ.* The great contention of the ſea and ſkies
Parted our fellowſhip: But, hark! a ſail.
[*Cry within.* A ſail, a ſail! *Then guns heard.*
2. *Gent.* They give their greeting to the citadel;
This likewiſe is a friend.
*Caſ.* See for the news[2].— [*Exit* Gentleman.
Good ancient, you are welcome;—Welcome, miſtreſs:—
[*to* Emilia.
Let it not gall your patience, good Iago,
That I extend my manners; 'tis my breeding
That gives me this bold ſhew of courteſy. [*kiſſing her.*
*Iago.* Sir, would ſhe give you ſo much of her lips,
As of her tongue ſhe oft beſtows on me,
You'd have enough.
*Def.* Alas, ſhe has no ſpeech.
*Iago.* In faith, too much[3];
I find it ſtill, when I have liſt to ſleep:
Marry, before your ladyſhip, I grant,
She puts her tongue a little in her heart,
And chides with thinking.
*Emil.* You have little cauſe to ſay ſo.
*Iago.* Come on, come on; you are pictures out of doors,
Bells in your parlours, wild cats in your kitchens,
Saints

[2] *See for the news.*] The firſt quarto reads, *So ſpeaks this voice.* STEEV.

[3] *In faith, too much;*] Thus the folio. The firſt quarto thus:
*I know* too much;
I find it, *I*; *for when*, &c. STEEVENS.

[4] *Saints in your injuries*, &c.] When you have a mind to do injuries, you put on an air of ſanctity. JOHNSON.

In Puttenham's *Art of Poetry*, 1589, I meet with almoſt the ſame thoughts:—"We limit the comely parts of a woman to conſiſt in four "points; that is, to be a ſhrew in the kitchen, a ſaint in the church, "an angel at board, and an ape in the bed; as the chronicle reports "by miſtreſs Shore, paramour to K. Edward the Fourth."

Again, in a play of Middleton's, called *Blurt Maſter Conſtable*, or, *The Spaniard's Night-walk*, 1602:

"—according to that wiſe ſaying of you, you be ſaints in the church, angels in the ſtreet, devils in the kitchen, and apes in your beds."

Again, in the *Miſeries of inforc'd Marriage*, 1607: "Women are *in churches ſaints, abroad angels, at home devils.*"

Saints in your injuries [4], devils being offended,
Players in your housewifery, and housewives in your beds.

*Des.* O, fie upon thee, slanderer [5]!

*Iago.* Nay, it is true, or else I am a Turk;
You rise to play, and go to bed to work.

*Emil.* You shall not write my praise.

*Iago.* No, let me not.

*Des.* What would'st thou write of me, if thou should'st praise me?

*Iago.* O gentle lady, do not put me to't;
For I am nothing, if not critical [6].

*Des.* Come on, assay:—There's one gone to the harbour?

*Iago.* Ay, madam.

*Des.* I am not merry; but I do beguile
The thing I am, by seeming otherwise.—
Come, how would'st thou praise me?

*Iago.* I am about it; but, indeed, my invention
Comes from my pate, as bird-lime does from frize,
It plucks out brains and all: But my muse labours,
And thus she is deliver'd.
If she be fair and wise,—fairness, and wit,
The one's for use, the other useth it.

*Des.* Well prais'd! How if she be black and witty?

*Iago.* If she be black, and thereto have a wit,
She'll find a white that shall her blackness fit [7].

*Des.* Worse and worse.

*Emil.* How, if fair and foolish?

*Iago.* She never yet was foolish that was fair [8];
For even her folly help'd her to an heir.

*Des.*

Puttenham, who mentions all other contemporary writers, has not once spoken of Shakspeare; so that it is probable he had not produced any thing of so early a date. STEEVENS.

[5] *O, fie upon thee, slanderer!*] This short speech is, in the quarto, unappropriated; and may as well belong to *Æmilia* as to *Desdemona*. STEEVENS.

[6] — *critical.*] That is, *censorious*. JOHNSON.
So, in our authour's 122d Sonnet:
" ——— my adder's sense
" To *critick* and to flatterer stopped are." MALONE.

[7] — *her blackness fit.*] The first quarto reads *bit*. STEEVENS.

[8] *She never yet was foolish*, &c.] We may read,

*She*

*Def.* Theſe are old fond paradoxes, to make fools laugh i' the alehouſe. What miſerable praiſe haſt thou for her that's foul and fooliſh?

*Iago.* There's none ſo foul, and fooliſh thereunto,
But does foul pranks which fair and wiſe ones do.

*Def.* O heavy ignorance!—thou praiſeſt the worſt beſt. But what praiſe could'ſt thou beſtow on a deſerving woman indeed[9]? one, that, in the authority of her merit, did juſtly put on the vouch of very malice itſelf[1]?

*Iago.* She that was ever fair, and never proud;
Had tongue at will, and yet was never loud;
Never lack'd gold, and yet went never gay;
Fled from her wiſh, and yet ſaid,—*now I may*;
She that, being anger'd, her revenge being nigh,
Bade her wrong ſtay, and her diſpleaſure fly;
She that in wiſdom never was ſo frail,
To change the cod's head for the ſalmon's tail[2];

*She ne'er was yet ſo fooliſh that was fair,*
But *even her folly help'd her to an heir.*

Yet I believe the common reading to be right: the law makes the power of cohabitation a proof that a man is not a *natural*; therefore, ſince the fooliſheſt woman, if *pretty*, may have a child, no *pretty* woman is ever fooliſh. JOHNSON.

9 — *But what praiſe could'ſt thou beſtow on a deſerving woman indeed?*] The hint for this queſtion, and the metrical reply of Iago is taken from a ſtrange pamphlet, called *Choice, Chance, and Change, or Conceits in their Colours*, 1606; when after Tidero has deſcribed many ridiculous characters in verſe, *Arnofilo* aſks him, "but I pray thee, didſt thou write none in commendation of ſome worthy creature?" *Tidero* then proceeds, like Iago, to repeat more verſes. STEEV.

1 — *one, that, in the authority of her merit, did juſtly* put on *the vouch of very malice itſelf?*] The ſenſe is this: One that was ſo conſcious of her own merit, and of the authority her character had with every one, that ſhe durſt venture to call upon malice itſelf to vouch for her. This was ſome commendation. And the character only of cleareſt virtue; which could force malice, even againſt its nature, to do juſtice. WARBURTON.

To *put on* is to *provoke*, to *incite*. So, in *Macbeth*:

"— the powers above
"*Put on* their inſtruments." STEEVENS.

2 *To change the* cod's head *for the* ſalmon's tail;] *i. e.* to exchange a delicacy for coarſer fare. STEEVENS.

Surely the poet had a further alluſion, which it is not neceſſary to explain. The word *frail* in the preceding line ſhews that *viands* were not alone in his thoughts. MALONE.

She that could think, and ne'er diſcloſe her mind,
See ſuitors following, and not look behind [3];
She was a wight,—if ever ſuch wight were,—

*Def.* To do what?

*Iago.* To ſuckle fools, and chronicle ſmall beer [4].

*Def.* O moſt lame and impotent concluſion!—Do not learn of him, Emilia, though he be thy huſband.—How ſay you, Caſſio? is he not a moſt profane [5] and liberal counſellor [6]?

*Caſ.* He ſpeaks home, madam; you may reliſh him more in the ſoldier, than in the ſcholar.

*Iago.* [*Aſide.*] He takes her by the palm: Ay, well ſaid, whiſper: with as little a web as this, will I enſnare as great a fly as Caſſio. Ay, ſmile upon her, do; I will gyve thee [7] in thine own courtſhip. You ſay true; 'tis ſo, indeed: if ſuch tricks as theſe ſtrip you out of your lieutenantry, it had been better you had not kiſs'd your three fingers ſo oft, which now again you are moſt apt to play the ſir in. Very good; well kiſs'd! an

[3] *See ſuitors following, and not look behind*;] The firſt quarto omits this line. STEEVENS.

[4] *To ſuckle fools, and chronicle ſmall beer.*] After enumerating the perfections of a woman, Iago adds, that if ever there was ſuch a one as he had been deſcribing, ſhe was, at the beſt, of no other uſe, than *to ſuckle children, and keep the accounts of a houſehold.* The expreſſions *to ſuckle fools, and chronicle ſmall beer*, are only inſtances of the want of natural affection, and the predominance of a critical cenſoriouſneſs in Iago, which he allows himſelf to be poſſeſſed of, where he ſays *O! I am nothing, if not critical.* STEEVENS.

[5] — *profane* —] Groſs of language, of expreſſion broad and brutal. So Brabantio, in the firſt act, calls Iago *profane* wretch. JOHNSON.

Ben Jonſon, in deſcribing the characters in *Every Man out of his Humour*, ſtyles Carlo Buffone, a publick, ſcurrilous, and *profane* jeſter. STEEVENS.

[6] — liberal *counſellor?*] *Liberal*, for *licentious*. WARBURTON.

So, in the *Fair Maid of Briſtow*, 1605, b. l.

"But Vallenger, moſt like a *liberal* villain,
"Did give her ſcandalous, ignoble terms."

STEEVENS.

See p. 382, n. 4. MALONE.

*Counſellor* ſeems to mean, not ſo much a man that *gives counſel*, as one that diſcourſes fearleſsly and volubly. A talker. JOHNSON.

[7] — *I will* gyve *thee* —] *i. e.* catch, ſhackle. POPE.

The firſt quarto reads—"I will *catch* you in your own *courteſies*;" the ſecond quarto—"I will *catch* you in your own courtſhip." The folio as it is in the text. STEEVENS.

excellent

excellent courteſy[8]! 'tis ſo, indeed, Yet again your fingers to your lips? would, they were clyſter-pipes for your ſake!—[*Trumpet.*] The Moor,—I know his trumpet.

*Caſ.* 'Tis truly ſo.

*Deſ.* Let's meet him, and receive him.

*Caſ.* Lo, where comes!

*Enter* OTHELLO, *and Attendants.*

*Oth.* O my fair warrior!

*Deſ.* My dear Othello!

*Oth.* It gives me wonder great as my content,
To ſee you here before me. O my ſoul's joy!
If after every tempeſt come ſuch calmneſs[9],
May the winds blow till they have waken'd death!
And let the labouring bark climb hills of ſeas,
Olympus high; and duck again as low
As hell's from heaven! If it were now to die,
'Twere now to be moſt happy[1]; for, I fear,
My ſoul hath her content ſo abſolute,
That not another comfort like to this
Succeeds in unknown fate.

*Deſ.* The heavens forbid,
But that our loves and comforts ſhould increaſe,

[8] —*well kiſs'd! an excellent courteſy!*—] Spoken when Caſſio kiſſes his hand, and Deſdemona courtſies. JOHNSON.

This reading was recovered from the quarto, 1622, by Dr. Johnſon. The folio has—*and* excellent courteſy.

I do not believe that any part of theſe words relates to Deſdemona. In the original copy, we have juſt ſeen, the poet wrote—"ay, ſmile upon her, do; I will catch you in your own *courteſies*." Here therefore he probably meant only to ſpeak of Caſſio, while kiſſing his hand. "Well kiſs'd! an excellent courteſy!" i. e. an excellent ſalute. *Courteſy*, in the ſenſe of an obeiſance or ſalute, was in Shakſpeare's time applied to men as well as women. See Vol. X. p. 160, n. 9. MALONE.

[9] —*come ſuch* calmneſs,] Thus the original quarto, 1622. The folio has *calmes*. MALONE.

[1] —— *If it were now to die,*
*'Twere now to be moſt happy*;] So Cherea, in *The Eunuch* of *Terence*, Act III. ſc. v.:

"——— Proh Jupiter!
"Nunc tempus profecto eſt, cum perpeti me poſſum interfeci,
"Ne vita aliquâ hoc gaudium contaminet ægritudine."
MALONE.

Even as our days do grow!

*Oth.* Amen to that, ſweet powers!—
I cannot ſpeak enough of this content,
It ſtops me here; it is too much of joy:
And this, and this, the greateſt diſcords be, [*kiſſing her*[2].
That e'er our hearts ſhall make!

*Iago.* O, you are well tun'd now!
But I'll ſet down[3] the pegs that make this muſick,
As honeſt as I am. [*Aſide.*

*Oth.* Come, let's to the caſtle.—
News, friends[4]; our wars are done, the Turks are drown'd.
How do our old acquaintance of this iſle?—
Honey, you ſhall be well deſir'd in Cyprus,
I have found great love amongſt them. O my ſweet,
I prattle out of faſhion[5], and I dote
In mine own comforts.—I pr'ythee, good Iago,
Go to the bay, and diſembark my coffers:
Bring thou the maſter[6] to the citadel; He

[2] *And this, and this*, &c.—*kiſſing her.*] So, in Marlowe's *Luſt's Dominion*:

" I pr'ythee, chide, if I have done amiſs,
" But let my puniſhment be *this and this.*" [" *kiſſing the Moor.*"
MALONE.

Marlowe's play was written before that of Shakſpeare, who might poſſibly have acted in it. STEEVENS.

[3] *I'll* ſet *down*—] Thus the old copies, for which the modern editors, following Mr. Pope, have ſubſtituted—*let* down. But who can prove that to *ſet down* was not the language of Shakſpeare's time, when a viol was ſpoken of?—To *ſet* formerly ſignified to *tune*, though it is no longer uſed in that ſenſe. " It was then," ſays Anthony Wood in his *Diary*, " that I *ſet* and tuned in ſtrings and fourths," &c. So in *Skialetheia*, a Collection of Satires, &c. 1598:

" ——— to a nimbler key
" *Set* thy wind inſtrument." MALONE.

[4] *News, friends*;—] The modern editors read (after Mr. Rowe) *Now*, friends. I would obſerve once for all, that (in numberleſs inſtances in this play, as well as in others) where my predeceſſors had ſilently and without reaſon made alteration, I have as ſilently reſtored the old readings. STEEVENS.

[5] *I prattle out of faſhion*,—] Out of method, without any ſettled order of diſcourſe. JOHNSON.

[6] — *the maſter*—] Dr. Johnſon ſuppoſed, that by the *maſter* was meant the *pilot* of the ſhip, and indeed had high authority for this ſuppoſition; for our poet himſelf ſeems to have confounded them. See Act. III. ſc. ii. l. i. But the maſter is a diſtinct perſon, and has the principal command, and care of the navigation of the ſhip, under the

He is a good one, and his worthineſs
Does challenge much reſpect.—Come, Deſdemona,
Once more well met at Cyprus.

[*Exeunt* OTHELLO, DESDEMONA, *and Attendants.*

*Iago.* Do thou meet me preſently at the harbour. Come hither. If thou be'ſt valiant, as (they ſay) baſe men, being in love, have then a nobility in their natures more than is native to them*,—liſt me. The lieutenant to-night watches on the court of guard [7]:—Firſt, I muſt tell thee this—Deſdemona is directly in love with him.

*Rod.* With him! why, 'tis not poſſible.

*Iago.* Lay thy finger—thus [8], and let thy ſoul be inſtructed. Mark me with what violence ſhe firſt loved the Moor, but for bragging, and telling her fantaſtical lies: And will ſhe love him ſtill for prating [9]? let not thy diſcreet heart think it. Her eye muſt be fed; and what delight ſhall ſhe have to look on the devil? When the blood is made dull with the act of ſport, there ſhould be,—again to inflame it [1], and to give ſatiety a freſh appetite,—lovelineſs in favour; ſympathy in years, manners and beauties; all which the Moor is defective in: Now, for want of theſe required conveniences, her delicate tenderneſs will find itſelf abuſed, begin to heave the gorge, diſreliſh and abhor the Moor; very nature will inſtruct her in it, and compel her to ſome ſecond choice. Now, ſir, this granted, (as it is a moſt pregnant and unforced poſition,) who ſtands ſo eminently in

the captain, where there is a captain; and in chief, where there is none. The pilot is employed only in navigating the ſhip into or out of port. MALONE.

* — *baſe men, being in love, have then a nobility in their natures*—] So, in *Hamlet*:

"Nature is fine in love." MALONE.

7 — *the court of guard*:] i. e. the place where the guard muſters. So, in *The Family of Love*, 1608:

"Thus have I paſs'd the round and *court of guard*."

Again, in the *Beggar's Buſh*, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

"Viſit your *courts of guard*, view your munition." STEEV.

8 *Lay thy finger—thus*,—] On thy mouth, to ſtop it while thou art liſtening to a wiſer man. JOHNSON.

9 *And will ſhe love him ſtill for prating?*] The folio reads—To love *him ſtill for prating!* STEEVENS.

1 — again *to inflame it*,] Thus the quarto, 1622. The folio reads —*a game*. STEEVENS.

the

the degree of this fortune, as Caſſio does? a knave very voluble; no farther conſcionable, than in putting on the mere form of civil and humane ſeeming[2], for the better compaſſing of his ſalt and moſt hidden looſe affection? why, none; why, none: A ſlippery and ſubtle knave; a finder out of occaſions; that has an eye can ſtamp and counterfeit advantages, though true advantage never preſent itſelf: A deviliſh knave! beſides, the knave is handſome, young; and hath all thoſe requiſites in him, that folly and green minds[3] look after: A peſtilent complete knave; and the woman hath found him already.

*Rod.* I cannot believe that in her; ſhe is full of moſt bleſs'd condition[4].

*Iago.* Bleſs'd fig's end! the wine ſhe drinks is made of grapes: if ſhe had been bleſs'd, ſhe would never have loved the Moor: Bleſs'd pudding! Didſt thou not ſee her paddle with the palm of his hand? didſt not mark that?

*Rod.* Yes, that I did; but that was but courteſy.

*Iago.* Lechery, by this hand; an index, and obſcure prologue[5] to the hiſtory of luſt and foul thoughts. They met ſo near with their lips, that their breaths embraced together. Villanous thoughts, Roderigo! when theſe mutualities ſo marſhal the way, hard at hand comes the maſter and main exerciſe, the incorporate concluſion: Piſh!—But ſir, be you ruled by me: I have brought you from Venice. Watch you to-night; for the command, I'll lay't upon you: Caſſio knows you not;—I'll not be far from you: Do you find ſome occaſion to anger Caſſio, either by ſpeaking too loud, or tainting[6] his diſcipline; or from what other courſe[7] you pleaſe, which the time ſhall more favourably miniſter.

2 — *and humane ſeeming,*] Thus the folio. The quarto, 1622, reads—and *hand*-ſeeming. MALONE.

3 — *green minds*—] Minds unripe, minds not fully formed. JOHNS.

4 — *condition.*] Qualities, diſpoſition of mind. JOHNSON. See Vol. V. p. 600, n. 1. MALONE.

5 — *an* index *and obſcure prologue*, &c.] That indexes were formerly *prefixed* to books, appears from a paſſage in *Troilus and Creſſida*. See p. 334, n. 4, of this volume, and Vol. VIII. p. 180, n. 6. MALONE.

6 — *tainting*—] Throwing a ſlur upon his diſcipline. JOHNSON.

7 — *other* courſe—] The firſt quarto reads, *cauſe*. STEEVENS.

*Rod.*

*Rod.* Well.

*Iago.* Sir, he is raſh, and very ſudden in choler[8]; and, haply, with his truncheon may ſtrike at you: Provoke him, that he may: for, even out of that, will I cauſe theſe of Cyprus to mutiny; whoſe qualification ſhall come[9] into no true taſte[1] again, but by the diſplanting of Caſſio. So ſhall you have a ſhorter journey to your deſires, by the means I ſhall then have to prefer them *; and the impediment moſt profitably removed, without the which there were no expectation of our proſperity.

*Rod.* I will do this, if I can bring it to any opportunity[2].

*Iago.* I warrant thee. Meet me by and by at the citadel: I muſt fetch his neceſſaries aſhore. Farewel.

*Rod.* Adieu. [*Exit.*

*Iago.* That Caſſio loves her, I do well believe it,
That ſhe loves him, 'tis apt, and of great credit;
The Moor—howbeit that I endure him not,—
Is of a conſtant, loving, noble nature;
And, I dare think, he'll prove to Deſdemona
A moſt dear huſband. Now I do love her too;
Not out of abſolute luſt, (though, peradventure,
I ſtand accountant for as great a ſin,)
But partly led to diet my revenge,
For that I do ſuſpect the luſtful Moor
Hath leap'd into my ſeat: the thought whereof
Doth, like a poiſonous mineral[3], gnaw my inwards;
And nothing can or ſhall content my ſoul,

[8] — *ſudden in choler*;—] *Sudden*, is precipitately violent. JOHNSON.

[9] — *whoſe* qualification *ſhall come*, &c.] Whoſe reſentment ſhall not be ſo *qualified* or *tempered*, as to be *well taſted*, as not to retain *ſome bitterneſs*. The phraſe is harſh, at leaſt to our ears. JOHNSON.

Perhaps *qualification* means *fitneſs to preſerve good order*, or *the regularity of military diſcipline*. STEEVENS.

[1] — *no true taſte*—] So the folio. The quarto, 1622, reads—no true *truſt*. MALONE.

* — *to* prefer *them*;] i. e. to *advance* them. So, in *A Midſummer-Night's Dream*: "The ſhort and the long is, our play is *preferr'd*." MALONE.

[2] — *if I can bring it to any opportunity*.] Thus the quarto, 1622. The folio reads—if *you* can bring it, &c. MALONE.

[3] — *like a poiſonous mineral*,] This is philoſophical. Mineral poiſons kill by corroſion. JOHNSON.

Till

Till I am even with him [4], wife for wife;
Or, failing ſo, yet that I put the Moor
At leaſt into a jealouſy ſo ſtrong
That judgment cannot cure. Which thing to do,—
If this poor traſh of Venice, whom I cruſh
For his quick hunting, ſtand the putting on [5],

I'll

[4] *Till I am* even *with him,*] Thus the quarto, 1622; the firſt folio reads:

Till I am *even'd* with him—

*i. e.* Till I am on a level with him by retaliation.

So, in *Tancred and Giſmund*, 1592:

"For now the walls are *even'd* with the plain." STEEVENS.

[5] *If this poor traſh of Venice, whom I* cruſh
*For his quick hunting, ſtand the putting on,*—] Thus the quarto, 1622. The folio reads—whom I *trace.* To *cruſh* is again uſed in *Troilus* and *Creſſida*, where it ſignifies, to *diminiſh*, or *abaſe:*

"Why then we did our main opinion *cruſh*,
"In taint of our beſt man."

Again, in one of Shakſpeare's Sonnets:

"Bated and *cruſh'd* with tann'd antiquity."

Here therefore it may certainly mean to *keep down* and reſtrain.

Mr. Maſon is of opinion, that there is no proof that Roderigo was ſo eager in the chaſe, that Iago had occaſion to correct and reſtrain him, and therefore thinks the reading of the folio right; and that the meaning is, "If this poor traſh of Venice, whom I *follow* ſolely *in order to quicken him in his hunting*, does but purſue the trail on which I have put him, I ſhall have our Michael Caſſio on the hip." But the doubt which Iago expreſſes concerning Roderigo's *ſtanding the putting on*, proves, in my apprehenſion, that he *did* think him too impetuous in the chaſe.—Iago, I think, fears that Roderigo's impatience will haſten too faſt to the concluſion he had in view, the poſſeſſion of Deſdemona; and that by his impetuous folly their plan may be diſcovered before it is yet ripe for execution.

Our poet in *K. Henry V.* has made that king ſay, in his addreſs to his ſoldiers before Harfleur:

"I ſee you ſtand like *greyhounds* in the ſlips,
"Straining upon the ſtart.—The game's afoot."

This, I think, was the particular ſpecies of hound here in Shakſpeare's thoughts. Iago finding Roderigo too eager after his *game*, "*ſtraining upon the ſtart*," feared he would not *ſtand the putting on.*

It has been ſuggeſted by Mr. Pegge, that to *trace* ſignifies to put a trace or pair of couples on a dog; and that therefore *whom I trace, &c.* may mean here, "whom I *lead in my hand* on account of his too great eagerneſs in the purſuit." MALONE.

*If*

I'll have our Michael Caſſio on the hip [6];
Abuſe him to the Moor in the rank garb [7],—

*If this poor* traſh *of Venice, whom I* trace,

*For his quick hunting, ſtand the putting on,*] Dr. Warburton, with his uſual happy ſagacity, turned the old reading *traſh* into *brach*. But it ſeems to me, that *traſh* belongs to another part of the line, and that we ſhould read *traſh* for *trace*. The old quartos (in the ſame part of the line) read *cruſh*, ſignifying indeed the ſame as *traſh*, but plainly corrupted from it. To *traſh* a *hound* is a term of hunting ſtill uſed in the north, and perhaps not uncommon in other parts of England. It is, to *correct*, to *rate*. *Cruſh* was never the *technical* expreſſion on this occaſion; and only found a place here as a more familiar word with the printers. The ſenſe is, "If this hound Roderigo, whom I *rate* for *quick* hunting, for over-running the ſcent, will but *ſtand* the *putting on*, will but have patience to be fairly and properly put upon the ſcent," &c. This very hunting-term, to *traſh*, is metaphorically applied by our author in the *Tempeſt*, Act I. ſc. ii.

*Proſp.* "Being once perfected how to grant ſuits,
"How to deny them, whom to advance, and whom
"To *traſh* for *overtopping*,—"

*To traſh for overtoppings*; i. e. "what ſuitors to check for their too great forwardneſs." Here another phraſe of the field is joined with *to traſh*. To *overtop*, is when a hound gives his tongue above the reſt, too loudly or too readily: for which he ought to be *traſh'd* or rated. *Topper*, in the good ſenſe of the word, is a common name for a hound. Shakſpeare is fond of alluſions to hunting, and appears to be well acquainted with its language. WARTON.

To *traſh* likewiſe ſignifies to *follow*. So, in *The Puritan*, 1607: "A guarded lackey to run before it, and py'd liveries to come *traſhing* after it." The repetition of the word *traſh* is much in Shakſpeare's manner, though in his worſt. In a ſubſequent ſcene, Iago calls Bianca—*traſh*. STEEVENS.

To *traſh* is uſed in the inſtance quoted from the *Puritan*, to expreſs the aukward gait of the lackeys. and ought, I think, to be written *threſhing*. When coupled with the word *after*, as it is there, it may ſignify to *follow*; but to *thraſh*, ſimply by itſelf, I believe, never had that ſignification. MALONE.

[6] *I'll have our Michael Caſſio on the hip*;] A phraſe from the art of wreſtling. JOHNSON.

[7] — *in the rank garb*,] The quarto reads in the *rank* garb, which I think is right, *Rank garb*, I believe, means, *groſsly*, i. e. *without mincing the matter*. So, in Marſton's *Dutch Courtezan*, 1605:
"Whither, in the *rank* name of madneſs, whither?" STEEV.

The folio reads—in the *right* garb. *Rank* perhaps means not only *groſs*, but *laſcivious*. So, in *The Merchant of Venice*:
"—— the ewes, being *rank*,
"In end of autumn," &c. MALONE.

For

For I fear Caſſio with my night-cap too;
Make the Moor thank me, love me, and reward me,
For making him egregiouſly an aſs,
And practiſing upon his peace and quiet
Even to madneſs. 'Tis here, but yet confus'd;
Knavery's plain face is never ſeen [8], till us'd. [*Exit.*

## SCENE II.

*A Street.*

*Enter a* Herald, *with a proclamation: people following.*

*Her.* It is Othello's pleaſure, our noble and valiant general, that, upon certain tidings now arrived, importing the mere perdition [9] of the Turkiſh fleet, every man put himſelf into triumph; ſome to dance, ſome to make bonfires, each man to what ſport and revels his addiction [1] leads him; for, beſides theſe beneficial news, it is the celebration of his nuptials: So much was his pleaſure ſhould be proclaimed. All offices are open; and there is full liberty of feaſting*, from this preſent hour of five, till the bell hath told eleven. Heaven bleſs the iſle of Cyprus, and our noble general Othello!

## SCENE III.

*A Hall in the Caſtle.*

*Enter* OTHELLO, DESDEMONA, CASSIO, *and Attendants.*

*Oth.* Good Michael, look you to the guard to-night:
Let's teach ourſelves that honourable ſtop,
Not to out-ſport diſcretion.

*Caſ.* Iago hath direction what to do;
But, notwithſtanding, with my perſonal eye

[8] *Knavery's plain face is never ſeen,*—] An honeſt man acts upon a plan, and forecaſts his deſigns; but a knave depends upon temporary and local opportunities, and never knows his own purpoſe, but at the time of execution. JOHNSON.

[9] — mere *perdition*—] *Mere* in this place ſignifies *entire*. So, in *Hamlet*:

" ——— poſſeſs it *merely*. STEEVENS.

[1] — *his* addiction,] The firſt quarto reads, his *mind*. STEEVENS.

* — *of feaſting*—] Theſe words are not in the original quarto, 1622. MALONE.

Will I look to't.

*Oth.* Iago is moſt honeſt.
Michael, good night: To-morrow, with our earlieſt,
Let me have ſpeech with you.—Come, my dear love;
The purchaſe made, the fruits are to enſue; [*to* Deſ.
That profit's yet to come 'twixt me and you.—
Good night. [*Exeunt* OTH. DES. *and Attendants.*

*Enter* IAGO.

*Caſ.* Welcome, Iago: We muſt to the watch.

*Iago.* Not this hour, lieutenant; 'tis not yet ten o'clock: Our general caſt us[2] thus early, for the love of his Deſdemona: whom let us not therefore blame; he hath not yet made wanton the night with her; and ſhe is ſport for Jove.

*Caſ.* She's a moſt exquiſite lady.

*Iago.* And, I'll warrant her, full of game.

*Caſ.* Indeed, ſhe is a moſt freſh and delicate creature.

*Iago.* What an eye ſhe has! methinks, it ſounds a parley of provocation[3].

*Caſ.* An inviting eye; and yet, methinks, right modeſt.

*Iago.* And, when ſhe ſpeaks, is it not an alarm[4] to love[5]?

*Caſ.* She is, indeed, perfection.

[2] *Our general* caſt *us*—] That is, *appointed us to our ſtations.* To *caſt the play*, is, in the ſtile of the theatres, to aſſign to every actor his proper part. JOHNSON.

Perhaps *caſt* us only means, diſmiſſed us, or *got rid of our company*, So, in one of the following ſcenes, "You are but now *caſt* in his mood;" i. e. *turn'd out of office in his anger*; and in the firſt ſcene it means to *diſmiſs*.

So, in *The Witch*, a MS. Tragi-comedy, by Middleton:

" ——————— She *caſt off*

" My company betimes to night, by tricks," &c. STEEVENS.

[3] — *a parley* of *provocation.*] So the quarto, 1622. Folio:—*to* provocation. MALONE.

[4] — *an alarm*—] The *voice* may *ſound* an *alarm* more properly than the *eye* can *ſound* a *parley*. JOHNSON.

[5] — is it not *an alarm to love?*] The quartos read,—'*tis* an alarm to love. STEEVENS.

*Iago.*

*Iago.* Well, happineſs to their ſheets! Come, lieutenant, I have a ſtoop of wine; and here without are a brace of Cyprus gallants, that would fain have a meaſure to the health of the black Othello.

*Caſ.* Not to-night, good Iago; I have very poor and unhappy brains for drinking: I could well wiſh courteſy would invent ſome other cuſtom of entertainment.

*Iago.* O, they are our friends; but one cup: I'll drink for you.

*Caſ.* I have drunk but one cup to-night, and that was craftily qualified[6] too, and, behold, what innovation it makes here: I am unfortunate in the infirmity, and dare not taſk my weakneſs with any more.

*Iago.* What, man! 'tis a night of revels; the gallants deſire it.

*Caſ.* Where are they?

*Iago.* Here at the door; I pray you, call them in.

*Caſ.* I'll do't; but it diſlikes me. [*Exit* Caſſio.

*Iago.* If I can faſten but one cup upon him,
With that which he hath drunk to-night already,
He'll be as full of quarrel and offence
As my young miſtreſs' dog. Now, my ſick fool, Roderigo,
Whom love has turn'd almoſt the wrong ſide outward,
To Deſdemona hath to-night carous'd
Potations pottle deep; and he's to watch:
Three lads of Cyprus[7],—noble ſwelling ſpirits,
That hold their honours in a wary diſtance,
The very elements[8] of this warlike iſle,—
Have I to-night fluſter'd with flowing cups,
And they watch too. Now, 'mongſt this flock of drunkards,
Am I to put our Caſſio in ſome action
That may offend the iſle;—But here they come:

[6] — *craftily qualified* —] Silly mixed with water. JOHNSON.

[7] *Three* lads *of Cyprus*,—] The folio reads—Three *elſe* of Cyprus. STEEVENS.

[8] *The very elements*—] As quarrelſome as the *diſcordia ſemina rerum*; as quick in oppoſition as fire and water. JOHNSON.

If

If conſequence do but approve my dream [9],
My boat ſails freely, both with wind and ſtream.

*Re-enter* CASSIO; *with him* MONTANO, *and* Gentlemen.

*Caſ.* 'Fore heaven, they have given me a rouſe already [1].

*Mon.* Good faith, a little one; not paſt a pint,
As I am a ſoldier.

*Iago.* Some wine, ho!

*And let me the canakin clink, clink*; [ſings.
*And let me the canakin clink:*
*A ſoldier's a man*;
*A life's but a ſpan* [2];
*Why then, let a ſoldier drink.*

Some wine, boys! [*Wine brought in.*

*Caſ.* 'Fore heaven, an excellent ſong.

*Iago.* I learn'd it in England, where (indeed) they are moſt potent in potting: your Dane, your German [3], and your ſwag-bellied Hollander,—Drink, ho!—are nothing to your Engliſh.

*Caſ.* Is your Engliſhman ſo expert in his drinking [4]?

*Iago.* Why, he drinks you, with facility, your Dane dead

9 *If conſequence do but approve my* dream,] Every ſcheme ſubſiſting only in the imagination may be termed a *dream*. JOHNSON.

1 —*given me a* rouſe, &c.] A *rouſe* appears to be a quantity of liquor rather too large. So, in *Hamlet*: and in *The Chriſtian turn'd Turk*, 1612:

" —— our friends may tell,
" We drank a *rouſe* to them." STEEVENS.

2 *A life's but a ſpan*;] Thus the quarto. The folio reads:
*Oh, man's* life's but a ſpan. STEEVENS.

3 — *moſt potent in* potting: *your Dane, your* German, *&c.*] " Enquire at ordinaries: there muſt be ſallets for the Italian, toothpicks for the Spaniard, *pots* for the *German!*" Prologue to Lily's *Midas*, 1592. MALONE.

4 —*ſo* expert *in his drinking?*] Thus the quarto, 1622. Folio —*ſo exquiſite*. MALONE.

This accompliſhment in the Engliſh is likewiſe mentioned by Beaumont and Fletcher in *The Captain*:

*Lod.* " Are the Engliſhmen ſuch ſtubborn drinkers?

dead drunk; he ſweats not to overthrow your Almain; he gives your Hollander a vomit, ere the next pottle can be fill'd.

*Caſ.* To the health of our general.

*Mon.* I am for it, lieutenant; and I'll do you juſtice.

*Iago.* O ſweet England!

*King* Stephen [5] *was a worthy peer* [6],
*His breeches coſt him but a crown;*
*He held them ſix-pence all too dear,*
*With that he call'd the tailor—lown* [7].

*He was a wight of high renown,*
*And thou art but of low degree:*
*'Tis pride that pulls the country down,*
*Then take thine auld cloak about thee.*

Some wine, ho!

*Caſ.* Why, this is a more exquiſite ſong than the other.

*Iago.* Will you hear it again?

*Caſ.* No; for I hold him to be unworthy of his place, that does thoſe things.—Well,—Heaven's above all; and there be ſouls that muſt be ſaved, and there be ſouls muſt not be ſaved.

*Iago.* It's true, good lieutenant.

*Caſ.* For mine own part,—no offence to the general, nor any man of quality,—I hope to be ſaved.

*Piſo.* " Not a leak at ſea
" Can ſuck more liquor; you ſhall have their children
" Chriſten'd in mull'd ſack, and at five years old
" Able to knock a Dane down." STEEVENS.

[5] *King Stephen*, &c.] Theſe ſtanzas are taken from an old ſong, which the reader will find recovered and preſerved in a curious work lately printed, intitled *Relicks of Ancient Poetry*, conſiſting of old heroick ballads, ſongs, &c. 3 vols. 12°. JOHNSON.

So, in Greene's *Quip for an Upſtart Courtier*: " *King Stephen* wore a pair of cloth breeches of a noble a pair, and thought them paſſing coſtly." STEEVENS.

[6] — *a worthy* peer,] *i. e.* a worthy fellow. In this ſenſe *peer*, *fere*, and *pheere*, are often uſed by the writers of our earlieſt romances. STEEVENS.

See Vol. X. p. 429, n. 3. MALONE.

[7] — *lown.*] Sorry fellow, paltry wretch. JOHNSON.

*Iago.* And ſo I do too, lieutenant.

*Caſ.* Ay, but, by your leave, not before me; the lieutenant is to be ſaved before the ancient. Let's have no more of this; let's to our affairs,—Forgive us our ſins!—Gentlemen, let's look to our buſineſs. Do not think, gentlemen, I am drunk; this is my ancient;—this is my right hand, and this is my left hand:—I am not drunk now; I can ſtand well enough, and ſpeak well enough.

*All.* Excellent well.

*Caſ.* Why, very well then: you muſt not think then that I am drunk. [*Exit.*

*Mon.* To the platform, maſters; come let's ſet the watch.

*Iago.* You ſee this fellow, that is gone before;—
He is a ſoldier, fit to ſtand by Cæſar
And give direction: and do but ſee his vice;
'Tis to his virtue a juſt equinox,
The one as long as the other: 'tis pity of him.
I fear, the truſt Othello puts him in,
On ſome odd time of his infirmity,
Will ſhake this iſland.

*Mon.* But is he often thus?

*Iago.* 'Tis evermore the prologue to his ſleep:
He'll watch the horologe a double ſet [8],
If drink rock not his cradle.

*Mon.* It were well,
The general were put in mind of it.
Perhaps, he ſees it not; or his good nature
Prizes the virtue that appears in Caſſio,
And looks not on his evils; Is not this true?

[8] *He'll watch the* horologe *a double ſet,*] If he have no drink, he'll keep awake while the clock ſtrikes two rounds, or four-and-twenty hours.

Chaucer uſes the word *horologe* in more places than one:

"Well ſikerer was his crowing in his loge
"Than is a clock or abbey *horologe.*" JOHNSON.

So, in *The Devil's Charter*, 1607:

"—— my gracious lord,
"By Sifto's *horologe* 'tis ſtruck eleven." STEEVENS.

*Enter* RODERIGO.

*Iago*, How now, Roderigo? [*Aside.*
I pray you, after the lieutenant; go. [*Exit* Rod.

*Mon.* And 'tis great pity, that the noble Moor
Should hazard such a place, as his own second,
With one of an ingraft infirmity [9]:
It were an honest action, to say
So to the Moor.

*Iago.* Not I, for this fair island:
I do love Cassio well; and would do much
To cure him of this evil. But, hark! what noise?
[*Cry within*,—Help! help!

*Re-enter* CASSIO, *driving in* RODERIGO.

*Cas.* You rogue! you rascal!

*Mont.* What's the matter, lieutenant?

*Cas.* A knave!—teach me my duty!
I'll beat the knave into a twiggen bottle [1].

*Rod.* Beat me!

*Cas.* Dost thou prate, rogue? [*Striking* Rod.

*Mon.* Nay, good lieutenant? [*Staying him.*
I pray you, sir, hold your hand.

*Cas.* Let me go, sir,
Or I'll knock you o'er the mazzard.

*Mon.* Come, come, you're drunk.

*Cas.* Drunk? [*They fight.*

*Iago.* Away, I say! go out, and cry—a mutiny.
[*Aside to* Rod. *who goes out.*
Nay, good lieutenant,—alas, gentlemen,—
Help, ho!—Lieutenant.—sir,—Montano,—sir;—
Help, masters!—Here's a goodly watch, indeed!
[*Bell rings.*

9 — ingraft *infirmity:*] An infirmity *rooted, settled* in his constitution. JOHNSON.

Dr. Johnson's explanation is certainly just, though it has been controverted. So, in *King Lear*:—"then must we look to receive from his age not alone the *imperfection* of long *ingrafted* condition, but therewithal," &c. MALONE.

1 — *into a* twiggen *bottle.*] A twiggen bottle is a *wicker'd bottle*; and so the quarto reads. STEEVENS.

Who's

Who's that that rings the bell?—Diablo [2], ho!
The town will riſe: God's will, lieutenant! hold;
You will be ſham'd for ever.

*Enter* OTHELLO, *and Attendants.*

*Oth.* What is the matter here?

*Mon.* 'Zounds, I bleed ſtill, I am hurt to the death [3].

*Oth.* Hold, for your lives.

*Iago.* Hold, hold, lieutenant [4],—ſir, Montano,—gentlemen,—
Have you forgot all ſenſe of place and duty [5]?
Hold, hold! the general ſpeaks to you; hold, for ſhame!

*Oth.* Why, how now, ho! from whence ariſeth this?
Are we turn'd Turks; and to ourſelves do that,
Which heaven hath forbid the Ottomites?
For chriſtian ſhame, put by this barbarous brawl:
He that ſtirs next to carve forth his own rage,
Holds his ſoul light; he dies upon his motion.—
Silence that dreadful bell [6], it frights the iſle

From

[2] — *Diablo,*] I meet with this exclamation in Marlowe's *King Edward II.* "*Diablo!* what paſſions call you theſe?" STEEVENS.

[3] *'Zounds, I bleed ſtill, I am hurt to the death.*] Thus the quarto 1622. The editor of the folio, thinking it neceſſary to omit the firſt word in the line, abſurdly ſupplied its place by adding at the end of the line, *He dies.*

I had formerly inadvertently ſaid that the marginal direction, *He faints,* was found in the quarto, 1622: but this was a miſtake. It was inſerted in a quarto of no value or authority, printed in 1630. MALONE.

— *I am hurt to death*—he dies.] *Montano* thinks he is mortally wounded; yet by theſe words he ſeems determined to continue the duel, and to kill his antagoniſt *Caſſio.* So when *Roderigo* runs at *Caſſio,* in the fifth act, he ſays,—"Villain, thou dy'ſt." TOLLET.

*He dies,* i. e. he ſhall die. He may be ſuppoſed to ſay this as he renews the fight. STEEVENS.

[4] *Hold, hold,* lieutenant,] Thus the original quarto. The folio reads—Hold *ho,* lieutenant. MALONE.

[5] — *all ſenſe of place and duty?*] So Hanmer. The reſt,
—— *all place of ſenſe and duty?* JOHNSON.

[6] *Silence that dreadful bell,*] It was a common practice formerly, when any great affray happened in a town, to ring the alarum bell. When David Rizzio was murdered at Edinburgh, the Provoſt ordered

From her propriety[7].—What is the matter, maſters?—
Honeſt Iago, that look'ſt dead with grieving,
Speak, who began this? on thy love, I charge thee.

*Iago.* I do not know;—friends all but now, even now,
In quarter[8], and in terms like bride and groom
Deveſting them for bed: and then, but now,
(As if ſome planet had unwitted men,)
Swords out, and tilting one at other's breaſt,
In oppoſition bloody. I cannot ſpeak
Any beginning to this peeviſh odds;
And 'would in action glorious I had loſt
Theſe legs, that brought me to a part of it!

*Oth.* How comes it, Michael, you are thus forgot[9]?

*Caſ.* I pray you, pardon me, I cannot ſpeak.

*Oth.* Worthy Montano, you were wont be civil;
The gravity and ſtillneſs of your youth
The world hath noted, and your name is great
In mouths of wiſeſt cenſure; What's the matter,
That you unlace[1] your reputation thus,

the *common bell* to be rung, and five hundred perſons were immediately aſſembled. See Saunderſon's Hiſt. of Queen Mary, p. 41. MALONE.

7 *From her* propriety.—] From her regular and *proper ſtate.* JOHNSON.

8 *In* quarter,] i. e. on our ſtation. So, in *Timon of Athens:*

" ——— ——— to atone your fears
" With my more noble meaning, not a man
" Shall paſs his *quarter.*"

Their *ſtation* or *quarter* in the preſent inſtance, was the guard-room in Othello's caſtle. In *Cymbeline* we have—" their *quarter'd* fires," i. e. their fires *regularly diſpoſed.*

*In quarter* Dr. Johnſon ſuppoſed to mean, *at their lodgings*; but that cannot be the meaning, for Montano and the gentlemen who accompanied him, had continued, from the time of their entrance, in the apartment in Othello's caſtle, in which the carouſal had been; and Caſſio had only gone forth for a ſhort time to the platform, to ſet the watch. On his return from the platform into the apartment, in which he left Montano and Iago, he meets Roderigo; and the ſcuffle, firſt between Caſſio and Roderigo, and then between Montano and Caſſio, enſues. MALONE.

9 —*you are thus forgot?*] i. e. you have forgot yourſelf. STEEVENS.

1 *That you unlace*—] Slacken, or *looſen.* Put in danger of dropping; or perhaps ſtrip of its ornaments. JOHNSON.

And

And ſpend your rich opinion [2], for the name
Of a night-brawler? give me anſwer to it.
*Mon.* Worthy Othello, I am hurt to danger;
Your officer, Iago, can inform you—
While I ſpare ſpeech, which ſomething now offends me,—
Of all that I do know: nor know I aught,
By me that's ſaid or done amiſs this night;
Unleſs ſelf-charity [3] be ſometime a vice;
And to defend ourſelves it be a ſin,
When violence aſſails us.
*Oth.* Now, by heaven,
My blood begins my ſafer guides to rule;
And paſſion, having my beſt judgment collied [4],
Aſſays to lead the way: If I once ſtir,
Or do but lift this arm, the beſt of you
Shall ſink in my rebuke. Give me to know
How this foul rout began, who ſet it on;
And he that is approv'd in this offence [5],
Though he had twinn'd with me, both at a birth,
Shall loſe me.—What! in a town of war,
Yet wild, the people's hearts brimfull of fear,
To manage private and domeſtick quarrel,

[2] —*ſpend your rich opinion,*] Throw away and ſquander a reputation ſo valuable as yours. JOHNSON.

[3] —*ſelf-charity*—] Care of one's ſelf. JOHNSON.

[4] *And paſſion, having my beſt judgment* collied,] Thus the folio reads, and I believe rightly. Othello means, that paſſion has diſcoloured his judgment. The word is uſed in *The Midſummer-Night's Dream:*

" —— like lightning in the *collied* night."

To *colly* anciently ſignified to *beſmut, to blacken as with coal.* So, in a comedy called *The Family of Love*, 1608:—" carry thy link a t'other ſide the way, thou *collow'ſt* me and my ruffe." The word (as I am aſſured) is ſtill uſed in the midland counties. STEEVENS.

Coles in his Dictionary, 1679, renders " *collow'd* by *denigratus:*—" to *colly*," *denigro.*

The quarto, 1622, reads—having my beſt judgment *cool'd.* A modern editor ſuppoſed that *quell'd* was the word intended. MALONE.

[5] *And he that is* approv'd *in this offence,*] He that is convicted by proof, of having been engaged in this offence. JOHNSON.

In night, and on the court of guard and ſafety [6]!
'Tis monſtrous *.—Iago, who began it?

*Mon.* If partially affin'd [7], or leagu'd in office [8],

[6] *In night, and on* the court of guard *and ſafety!*] The old copies have—on the court *and guard of* ſafety; the words having undoubtedly been tranſpoſed by negligence at the preſs. For this emendation, of which I am confident every reader will approve, I am anſwerable. The *court of guard* was the common phraſe of the time for the *guard-room*. It has already been uſed by Iago in a former ſcene; and what ſtill more ſtrongly confirms the emendation, Iago is there ſpeaking of *Caſſio*, and deſcribing him as about to be placed in the very ſtation where he now appears: "The *lieutenant* to-night watches on *the court of guard*."

Again, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

"If we be not reliev'd within this hour,
"We muſt return to *the court of guard*."

The ſame phraſe occurs in *Sir John Oldcaſtle*, 1600, and in many other old plays. A ſimilar miſtake has happened in the preſent ſcene, where in the original copy we find,

"Have you forgot *all place of ſenſe* and duty?"

inſtead of—*all ſenſe of place* and duty.

I may venture to aſſert with confidence, that no editor of Shakſpeare has more ſedulouſly adhered to the ancient copies than I have done, or more ſteadily oppoſed any change grounded merely on obſolete or unuſual phraſeology. But the error in the preſent caſe is ſo apparent, and the phraſe, *the court of guard*, ſo eſtabliſhed by the uniform uſage of the poets of Shakſpeare's time, that not to have corrected the miſtake of the compoſitor in the preſent inſtance, would in my apprehenſion have been unwarrantable. If the phraſeology of the old copies had merely been unuſual, I ſhould not have ventured to make the ſlighteſt change: but the frequent occcurrence of the phraſe, *the court of guard*, in all our old plays, and that being *the word of art*, leave us not room to entertain a doubt of its being the true reading.

Mr. Steevens ſays, a phraſeology as unuſual occurs in *A Midſummer-Night's Dream*; but he forgets that it is ſupported by the uſage of contemporary writers. When any ſuch is produced in ſupport of that before us, it ought certainly to be attended to.

I may add, that *the court of ſafety* may in a metaphorical ſenſe be underſtood; but who ever talked of *the guard* [i. e. the *ſafety*] *of ſafety*? MALONE.

* *'Tis* monſtrous.] This word was uſed as a triſyllable, as if it were written *monſter-ous*. MALONE.

[7] *If partially* affin'd,] *Affin'd* is bound by proximity of relationſhip; but here it means related by nearneſs of office. In the firſt ſcene it is uſed in the former of theſe ſenſes:

"If I, in any juſt term, am *affin'd*
"To love the Moor." STEEVENS.

[8] —leagu'd *in office*,] Old copies—*league*. Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

Thou

Thou doſt deliver more or leſs than truth,
Thou art no ſoldier.

*Iago.* Touch me not ſo near:
I had rather have this tongue cut from my mouth [9],
Than it ſhould do offence to Michael Caſſio;
Yet, I perſuade myſelf, to ſpeak the truth
Shall nothing wrong him.—Thus it is, general.
Montano and myſelf being in ſpeech,
There comes a fellow, crying out for help;
And Caſſio following him [1] with determin'd ſword,
To execute upon him: Sir, this gentleman
Steps in to Caſſio, and entreats his pauſe;
Myſelf the crying fellow did purſue,
Leſt, by his clamour (as it ſo fell out)
The town might fall in fright: he, ſwift of foot,
Out-ran my purpoſe; and I return'd the rather
For that I heard the clink and fall of ſwords,
And Caſſio high in oath; which, till to-night,
I ne'er might ſay before: When I came back,
(For this was brief,) I found them cloſe together,
At blow, and thruſt; even as again they were,
When you yourſelf did part them.
More of this matter can I not report:—
But men are men; the beſt ſometimes forget:—
Though Caſſio did ſome little wrong to him,—
As men in rage ſtrike thoſe that wiſh them beſt,—
Yet, ſurely, Caſſio, I believe, receiv'd,
From him that fled, ſome ſtrange indignity,
Which patience could not paſs.

*Oth.* I know, Iago,
Thy honeſty and love doth mince this matter,
Making it light to Caſſio:—Caſſio, I love thee;
But never more be officer of mine.—

9 —cut *from my mouth*,] Thus the folio. The quarto, 1622, reads —this tongue *out* from my mouth. MALONE.

1 *And Caſſio following* him—] The word *him* in this line ſeems to have crept into it from the compoſitor's eye glancing on that below. MALONE.

*Enter*

*Enter* Desdemona, *attended*,

Look, if my gentle love be not rais'd up;—
I'll make thee an example.

*Des.* What is the matter, dear?

*Oth.* All's well now, sweeting; Come away to bed. Sir, for your hurts, myself will be your surgeon: [*to* Mon. Lead him off[2]. [Montano *is led off*.

Iago, look with care about the town;
And silence those whom this vile brawl distracted.—
Come, Desdemona; 'tis the soldiers' life,
To have their balmy slumbers wak'd with strife.

[*Exeunt all but* Iago *and* Cassio.

*Iago.* What, are you hurt, lieutenant?

*Cas.* Ay, past all surgery.

*Iago.* Marry, heaven forbid!

*Cas.* Reputation, reputation, reputation! O, I have lost my reputation! I have lost the immortal part, sir, of myself, and what remains is bestial.—My reputation, Iago, my reputation.

*Iago.* As I am an honest man, I thought you had received some bodily wound; there is more offence[3] in that, than in reputation. Reputation is an idle and most false imposition; oft got without merit, and lost without deserving: You have lost no reputation at all, unless you repute yourself such a loser. What, man! there are ways to recover the general again: You are but now cast in his mood[4], a punishment more in policy than in malice; even so as one would beat his offenceless dog, to affright an imperious lion: sue to him again, and he's yours.

*Cas.* I will rather sue to be despised, than to deceive

[2] *Lead him off.*] I am persuaded, these words were originally a marginal direction. In our old plays all the stage-directions were couched in imperative terms: *Play musick*;—*Ring the bell*;—Lead him off. Malone.

[3] —*there is more* offence, &c.] Thus the quartos. The folio reads, —there is more *sense*, &c. Steevens.

[4] —*cast in his mood,*] Ejected in his anger. Johnson.

so

ſo good a commander, with ſo ſlight [5], ſo drunken, and ſo indiſcreet an officer. Drunk? and ſpeak parrot [6]? and ſquabble? ſwagger? ſwear? and diſcourſe fuſtian with one's own ſhadow?—O thou inviſible ſpirit of wine, if thou haſt no name to be known by, let us call thee—devil!

*Iago.* What was he that you follow'd with your ſword? What had he done to you?

*Caſ.* I know not.

*Iago.* Is it poſſible?

*Caſ.* I remember a maſs of things, but nothing diſtinctly; a quarrel, but nothing wherefore.—O, that men ſhould put an enemy in their mouths, to ſteal away their brains! that we ſhould, with joy, revel, pleaſure, and applauſe, transform ourſelves into beaſts!

*Iago.* Why, but you are now well enough; How came you thus recover'd?

*Caſ.* It hath pleaſed the devil, drunkenneſs, to give place to the devil, wrath: one unperfectneſs ſhews me another, to make me frankly deſpiſe myſelf.

*Iago.* Come, you are too ſevere a moraler: As the time, the place, and the condition of this country ſtands, I could heartily wiſh this had not befallen; but, ſince it is as it is, mend it for your own good.

*Caſ.* I will aſk him for my place again; he ſhall tell me, I am a drunkard! Had I as many mouths as Hydra, ſuch an anſwer would ſtop them all. To be now a ſenſible man, by and by a fool, and preſently a beaſt! O

[5] — *ſo* ſlight,] Thus the folio. The quarto, 1622, reads—ſo *light*. MALONE.

[6] — *and ſpeak parrot?*] A phraſe ſignifying to act fooliſhly and childiſhly. So Skelton:

" Theſe maidens full mekely with many a divers flour
" Freſhly they dreſs and make ſweete my boure,
" With *ſpake parrot* I pray you full courteouſly thei ſaye."
WARBURTON.

So, in Lylly's *Woman in the Moon*, 1597:

" Thou pretty *parrot, ſpeak*, awhile." STEEVENS.

From *Drunk*, &c. to *ſhadow*, incluſively, is wanting in the quarto, 1622. By "*ſpeak parrot*," ſurely the poet meant, "*talk* idly," and not, as Dr. Warburton ſuppoſes, "*act* fooliſhly." MALONE.

ſtrange!

ſtrange!—Every inordinate cup is unbleſs'd, and the ingredient is a devil.

*Iago.* Come, come, good wine is a good familiar creature, if it be well uſed; exclaim no more againſt it. And, good lieutenant, I think, you think I love you.

*Caſ.* I have well approved it, ſir.—I drunk!

*Iago.* You, or any man living, may be drunk at ſome time, man. I'll tell you what you ſhall do. Our general's wife is now the general;—I may ſay ſo in this reſpect, for that he hath devoted and given up himſelf to the contemplation, mark, and denotement[7] of her parts and graces:—confeſs yourſelf freely to her; importune her; ſhe'll help to put you in your place again: ſhe is of ſo free, ſo kind, ſo apt, ſo bleſſed a diſpoſition, that ſhe holds it a vice in her goodneſs, not to do more than ſhe is requeſted: This broken joint[8], between you and her huſband, entreat her to ſplinter; and, my fortunes againſt any lay worth naming, this crack of your love ſhall grow ſtronger than it was before.

*Caſ.* You adviſe me well.

*Iago.* I protеſt, in the ſincerity of love, and honeſt kindneſs.

*Caſ.* I think it freely; and, betimes in the morning, will I beſeech the virtuous Deſdemona to undertake for me: I am deſperate of my fortunes, if they check me here.

*Iago.* You are in the right. Good night, lieutenant; I muſt to the watch.

*Caſ.* Good night, honeſt Iago. [*Exit* Caſſio.

*Iago.* And what's he then, that ſays—I play the villain?

When this advice is free[9], I give, and honeſt,

[7] —*mark, and* denotement—] The old copies, by an accidental inverſion of the letter *u*, have—*devotement*. The ſame miſtake has happened in *Hamlet*, and in ſeveral other places. See Vol. I. p. 292, n. 9. Mr. Theobald made the correction. MALONE.

[8] *This* broken joint,] Thus the folio. The original copy reads—This *brawl*. MALONE.

[9] —*this advice is free,*] This counſel has an appearance of honeſt openneſs, of frank good-will. JOHNSON.

Probal

Probal to thinking[1], and (indeed) the courſe
To win the Moor again? For 'tis moſt eaſy
The inclining Deſdemona to ſubdue[2]
In any honeſt ſuit; ſhe's fram'd as fruitful
As the free elements[3]. And then for her
To win the Moor,—were't to renounce his baptiſm,
All ſeals and ſymbols of redeemed ſin,—
His ſoul is ſo enfetter'd to her love,
That ſhe may make, unmake, do what ſhe liſt,
Even as her appetite ſhall play the god
With his weak function. How am I then a villain,
To counſel Caſſio to this parallel courſe[4],
Directly to his good? Divinity of hell!
When devils will their blackeſt ſins put on,
They do ſuggeſt[5] at firſt with heavenly ſhews,
As I do now: For, while this honeſt fool
Plies Deſdemona to repair his fortunes,
And ſhe for him pleads ſtrongly to the Moor,
I'll pour this peſtilence[6] into his ear,—

[1] Probal *to thinking*,] Mr. Steevens obſerves, that "the old editions concur in reading *probal*. There may be ſuch a contraction of the word, [*probable*] but I have not met with it in any other book. Yet, abbreviations as violent occur in our ancient writers." He, however, reads—*probable*. MALONE.

[2] *The* inclining *Deſdemona*—] *Inclining* here ſignifies *compliant*. MALONE.

[3] —*as fruitful as the free elements:*] Liberal, bountiful, as the elements, out of which all things are produced. JOHNSON.

[4] —*to this* parallel *courſe*,] Parallel, for even, becauſe parallel lines run even and equidiſtant. WARBURTON.

So, in our authour's 70th Sonnet:

"Time doth transfix the flouriſh ſet on youth,
"And delves the *parallels* in beauty's brow." MALONE.

*Parallel courſe*; i. e. a courſe level, and even with his deſign. JOHNSON.

[5] *When devils will their blackeſt ſins* put on,
*They do* ſuggeſt—] When devils mean to *inſtigate* men to commit the moſt atrocious crimes. So, in *Hamlet*:

"Of deaths *put on* by cunning and forc'd cauſe."

To *put on*, has already occurred twice in the preſent play, in this ſenſe. To *ſuggeſt* in old language is to *tempt*. See Vol. I. p. 139, n. 6. MALONE.

[6] *I'll pour this peſtilence*—] Peſtilence, for poiſon. WARBURTON.

That

That she repeals him [7] for her body's lust;
And, by how much she strives to do him good,
She shall undo her credit with the Moor.
So will I turn her virtue into pitch;
And out of her own goodness make the net,
That shall enmesh them all[8].—How now, Roderigo?

*Enter* RODERIGO.

*Rod.* I do follow here in the chace, not like a hound that hunts, but one that fills up the cry. My money is almost spent; I have been to-night exceedingly well cudgell'd; and, I think, the issue will be—I shall have so much experience for my pains: and so, with no money at all, and a little more wit[9], return to Venice.

*Iago.* How poor are they, that have not patience!—
What wound did ever heal, but by degrees?
Thou know'st, we work by wit, and not by witchcraft
And wit depends on dilatory time.
Does't not go well? Cassio hath beaten thee,
And thou, by that small hurt, hast cashier'd Cassio:
Though other things grow fair against the sun,

Content

[7] *That she* repeals *him*—] That is, recalls him. JOHNSON.

[8] *That shall enmesh them all.*—] A metaphor from taking birds in meshes. POPE.

Why not from taking fish, for which purpose nets are more frequently used. MASON.

[9] — *a little more wit,*] Thus the folio. The first quarto reads—And *with that wit.* STEEVENS.

[1] *Though other things grow fair against the sun,*
*Yet fruits, that blossom first, will first be ripe:*] Of many different things, all planned with the same art, and promoted with the same diligence, some must succeed sooner than others, by the order of nature. Every thing cannot be done at once; we must proceed by the necessary gradation. We are not to *despair* of slow events any *more* than of tardy fruits, while the causes are in regular progress, and the fruits *grow fair against the sun.* Hanmer has not, I think, rightly conceived the sentiment; for he reads,

*Those fruits which blossom first,* are not first *ripe.*

I have therefore drawn it out at length, for there are few to whom that will be easy which was difficult to Hanmer. JOHNSON.

The *blossoming*, or fair appearance of things, to which Iago alludes, is, the removal of Cassio. As their plan had already *blossomed*, so there was good ground for expecting that it would *soon* be *ripe.* Iago does not

Yet fruits, that bloſſom firſt, will firſt be ripe[1]:
Content thyſelf a while.—By the maſs, 'tis morning[2];
Pleaſure, and action, make the hours ſeem ſhort.—
Retire thee; go where thou art billeted:
Away, I ſay; thou ſhalt know more hereafter:
Nay, get thee gone. [*Exit* Rod.] Two things are to be done,—
My wife muſt move for Caſſio to her miſtreſs;
I'll ſet her on;
Myſelf, the while, to draw[3] the Moor apart,
And bring him jump when he may Caſſio find
Soliciting his wife:—Ay, that's the way;
Dull not device by coldneſs and delay. [*Exit.*

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## ACT III. SCENE I.

*Before the Caſtle.*

*Enter* CASSIO, *and ſome Muſicians.*

*Caſ.* Maſters, play here, I will content your pains,
Something that's brief; and bid—good-morrow, general.
[*Muſick.*

*Enter* Clown.

*Clown.* Why, maſters, have your inſtruments been at Naples, that they ſpeak i' the noſe thus[4]?

1. *Muſ.* How, ſir, how!

*Clown.* Are theſe, I pray you, call'd wind inſtruments?

not, I think, mean to compare *their* ſcheme to *tardy* fruits, as Dr. Johnſon ſeems to have ſuppoſed. MALONE.

[2] By the maſs, *'tis morning*;] Here we have one of the numerous arbitrary alterations made by the Maſter of the Revels in the playhouſe copies, from which a great part of the folio was printed. It reads—*In troth*, 'tis morning. See *The Hiſtorical Account of the Engliſh Stage*, Vol. I. Part II. MALONE.

[3] *Myſelf*, the *while*, *to draw*—] The old copies have *awhile*. Mr. Theobald made the correction.

The modern editors read—Myſelf, the while, *will* draw. But the old copies are undoubtedly right. An imperfect ſentence was intended. Iago is ruminating on his plan. MALONE.

[4] *Why, maſters, have your inſtruments been at Naples, that they ſpeak i' the noſe thus?*] The venereal diſeaſe firſt appeared at the ſiege of Naples. JOHNSON.

*Muſ.*

1. *Muſ.* Ay, marry, are they, ſir.

*Clown.* O, thereby hangs a tail.

1. *Muſ.* Whereby hangs a tale, ſir?

*Clown.* Marry, ſir, by many a wind inſtrument that I know. But, maſters, here's money for you: and the general ſo likes your muſick, that he deſires you, of all loves [5], to make no more noiſe with it.

1. *Muſ.* Well, ſir, we will not.

*Clown.* If you have any muſick that may not be heard, to't again: but, as they ſay, to hear muſick, the general does not greatly care.

1. *Muſ.* We have none ſuch, ſir.

*Clown.* Then put up your pipes in your bag, for I'll away [6]: Go; vaniſh into air [7]; away. [*Exeunt* Muſ.

*Caſ.* Doſt thou hear, my honeſt friend?

*Clown.* No, I hear not your honeſt friend; I hear you.

*Caſ.* Pr'ythee, keep up thy quillets [8]. There's a poor piece of gold for thee: if the gentlewoman that attends the general's wife, be ſtirring, tell her, there's one Caſſio entreats her a little favour of ſpeech: Wilt thou do this?

*Clown.* She is ſtirring, ſir; if ſhe will ſtir hither, I ſhall ſeem to notify unto her. [*Exit.*

*Enter* IAGO.

*Caſ.* Do, good my friend.—In happy time, Iago,

*Iago.* You have not been a-bed then?

*Caſ.* Why, no; the day had broke
Before we parted. I have made bold, Iago,
To ſend in to your wife: My ſuit to her
Is, that ſhe will to virtuous Deſdemona
Procure me ſome acceſs.

*Iago.* I'll ſend her to you preſently;
And I'll deviſe a mean to draw the Moor
Out of the way, that your converſe and buſineſs
May be more free. [*Exit,*

*Caſ.* I humbly thank you for't. I never knew

5 — *of all loves,*] The folio reads — *for love's ſake.* STEEVENS.

6 — *for I'll away:*] Hanmer reads, *and hie away.* JOHNSON.

7 — *vaniſh into air;*] So the folio and one of the quartos. The eldeſt quarto reads—Vaniſh *away.* STEEVENS.

8 — *thy quillets.*] See p. 390, n. 9. MALONE.

A Flo-

A Florentine more kind and honeſt[9].

*Enter* EMILIA.

*Emil.* Good morrow, good lieutenant: I am ſorry
For your diſpleaſure; but all will ſoon be well.
The general, and his wife, are talking of it;
And ſhe ſpeaks for you ſtoutly: The Moor replies,
That he, you hurt, is of great fame in Cyprus,
And great affinity; and that, in wholeſome wiſdom,
He might not but refuſe you: but, he proteſts, he loves you;
And needs no other ſuitor, but his likings,
To take the ſafeſt occaſion by the front[1],
To bring you in again.

*Caſ.* Yet, I beſeech you,—
If you think fit, or that it may be done,—
Give me advantage of ſome brief diſcourſe
With Deſdemona alone.

*Emil.* Pray you, come in;
I will beſtow you where you ſhall have time
To ſpeak your boſom freely.

*Caſ.* I am much bound to you[2]. [*Exeunt.*

9 ——— *I never knew*
*A Florentine more kind and honeſt.*] In conſequence of this line, a doubt has been entertained concerning the country of Iago. Caſſio was undoubtedly a Florentine, as appears by the firſt ſcene of the play, where he is expreſsly called one. That Iago was a *Venetian*, is proved by a ſpeech in the third ſcene of this act, and by what he ſays in the fifth act, after having ſtabbed Roderigo:

*Iago.* Alas, my dear friend and countryman, Roderigo!
*Gra.* What, of *Venice?*
*Iago.* Yes.

All that Caſſio means to ſay in the paſſage before us is, I never experienced more honeſty and kindneſs even in one of my own countrymen, than in this man.

Mr. Steevens has made the ſame obſervation in another place. MALONE.

1 *To take the ſafeſt occaſion by the front,*] This line is wanting in the folio. STEEVENS.

2 *I am much bound to you.*] This ſpeech is omitted in the firſt quarto. STEEVENS.

## SCENE II.

*A Room in the Caſtle.*

*Enter* OTHELLO, IAGO, *and Gentlemen.*

*Oth.* Theſe letters give, Iago, to the pilot;
And, by him, do my duties to the ſtate [3]:
That done, I will be walking on the works,
Repair there to me.

*Iago.* Well, my good lord, I'll do't.

*Oth.* This fortification, gentlemen,—ſhall we ſee't?

*Gent.* We'll wait upon your lordſhip. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE III.

*Before the Caſtle.*

*Enter* DESDEMONA, CASSIO, *and* EMILIA.

*Deſ.* Be thou aſſur'd, good Caſſio, I will do
All my abilities in thy behalf.

*Emil.* Good madam, do; I know it grieves my huſband,
As if the caſe were his [4].

*Deſ.* O, that's an honeſt fellow.—Do not doubt, Caſſio,
But I will have my lord and you again
As friendly as you were.

*Caſ.* Bounteous madam,
Whatever ſhall become of Michael Caſſio,
He's never any thing but your true ſervant.

*Deſ.* O, ſir, I thank you [5]: You do love my lord;
You have known him long; and be you well aſſur'd,
He ſhall in ſtrangeneſs ſtand no farther off
Than in a politick diſtance.

*Caſ.* Ay, but lady,

[3] — *to the* ſtate:] Thus the quarto, 1622. Folio: to the *ſenate.* MALONE.

[4] *As if the* caſe *were his.*] The folio reads—as if the *cauſe* were his. STEEVENS.

[5] O, ſir, *I thank you:*] Thus the quarto, 1622. The folio reads —*I know't*, I thank you. MALONE.

That

That policy may either laſt ſo long [6],
Or feed upon ſuch nice and wateriſh diet,
Or breed itſelf ſo out of circumſtance,
That, I being abſent, and my place ſupply'd,
My general will forget my love and ſervice.

*Def.* Do not doubt that; before Emilia here,
I give thee warrant of thy place: aſſure thee,
If I do vow a friendſhip, I'll perform it
To the laſt article: my lord ſhall never reſt;
I'll watch him tame [7], and talk him out of patience;
His bed ſhall ſeem a ſchool, his board a ſhrift;
I'll intermingle every thing he does
With Caſſio's ſuit: Therefore be merry, Caſſio;
For thy ſolicitor ſhall rather die,
Than give thy cauſe away.

*Enter* OTHELLO *and* IAGO, *at a diſtance.*

*Emil.* Madam, here comes my lord.

*Caſ.* Madam, I'll take my leave.

*Def.* Why, ſtay, and hear me ſpeak.

*Caſ.* Madam, not now; I am very ill at eaſe,
Unfit for mine own purpoſes.

*Def.* Well, do your diſcretion. [*Exit* Caſſio.

*Iago.* Ha! I like not that.

*Oth.* What doſt thou ſay?

[6] *That policy may either laſt ſo long,*] He may either of himſelf think it politick to keep me out of office ſo long, or he may be ſatisfied with ſuch ſlight reaſons, or ſo many accidents may make him think my re-admiſſion at that time improper, that I may be quite forgotten. JOHNSON.

[7] *I'll watch him tame,*—] It is ſaid, that the ferocity of beaſts, inſuperable and irreclaimable by any other means, is ſubdued by keeping them from ſleep. JOHNSON.

Hawks and other birds are tamed by keeping them from ſleep, and it is to the management of thoſe Shakſpeare alludes. So in Cartwright's *Lady Errant*:

" ——— we'll keep you,
" As they do hawks, *watching*, untill you leave
" Your wildneſs."

Again, in Sir W. D'Avenant's *Juſt Italian*, 1630:

" They've *watch'd* my hardy violence ſo *tame*."

Again in the *Booke of Haukyng, Huntyng*, &c. bl. l. no date: " *Wake* her all nyght, and on the morrowe all daye, and then ſhe will be previ enough to be reclaymed." STEEVENS.

*Iago.* Nothing, my lord: or if—I know not what.
*Oth.* Was not that Caſſio, parted from my wife?
*Iago.* Caſſio, my lord? No, ſure, I cannot think it,
That he would ſteal away ſo guilty-like,
Seeing you coming.
*Oth.* I do believe, 'twas he.
*Deſ.* How now, my lord?
I have been talking with a ſuitor here,
A man that languiſhes in your diſpleaſure.
*Oth.* Who is't, you mean?
*Deſ.* Why, your lieutenant Caſſio. Good my lord,
If I have any grace, or power to move you,
His preſent reconciliation take [8];
For, if he be not one that truly loves you,
That errs in ignorance, and not in cunning [9],
I have no judgment in an honeſt face:
I pr'ythee, call him back.
*Oth.* Went he hence now?
*Deſ.* Ay, ſooth; ſo humbled,
That he hath left part of his grief with me;
I ſuffer with him [1]. Good love, call him back.
*Oth.* Not now, ſweet Deſdemona; ſome other time.
*Deſ.* But ſhall't be ſhortly?
*Oth.* The ſooner, ſweet, for you.
*Deſ.* Shall't be to-night at ſupper?
*Oth.* No, not to-night.
*Deſ.* To-morrow dinner then?
*Oth.* I ſhall not dine at home;
I meet the captains at the citadel.
*Deſ.* Why then, to-morrow night; or tueſday morn;

[8] *His preſent reconciliation take;*] To *take his reconciliation*, may be, to accept the ſubmiſſion which he makes in order to be reconciled. JOHNSON.

9 — *and not in* cunning,] *Cunning*, for deſign, or purpoſe, ſimply. WARBURTON.

Perhaps rather for *knowledge*, the ancient ſenſe of the word. So, in *Meaſure for Meaſure*: "In the boldneſs of my *cunning* I will lay myſelf in hazard." The oppoſition which ſeems to have been intended between cunning and ignorance, favours this interpretation. MALONE.

[1] I *ſuffer with him.*] Thus the quarto, 1622. The folio reads—*To* ſuffer with him. MALONE.

Or tueſday noon, or night; or wedneſday morn;—
I pray thee, name the time; but let it not
Exceed three days: in faith he's penitent;
And yet his treſpaſs, in our common reaſon,
(Save that, they ſay, the wars muſt make examples
Out of their beſt [2],) is not almoſt a fault
To incur a private check: When ſhall he come?
Tell me, Othello. I wonder in my ſoul,
What you could aſk me, that I ſhould deny,
Or ſtand ſo mammering on [3]. What! Michael Caſſio,
That came a wooing with you [4]; and ſo many a time,
When I have ſpoke of you diſpraiſingly,
Hath ta'en your part; to have ſo much to do
To bring him in! Truſt me, I could do much,—

*Oth.* Pr'ythee, no more: let him come when he will;
I will deny thee nothing.

*Deſ.* Why, this is not a boon;
'Tis as I ſhould entreat you wear your gloves,
Or feed on nouriſhing diſhes, or keep you warm;
Or ſue to you to do a peculiar profit
To your own perſon: Nay, when I have a ſuit,
Wherein I mean to touch your love indeed,

[2] —— *the wars muſt make examples*
*Out of* their beſt,] The ſeverity of military diſcipline muſt not ſpare the *beſt men* of the army, when their puniſhment may afford a wholeſome *example*. JOHNSON.
The old copies read—*ber* beſt. Mr. Rowe made this neceſſary emendation. MALONE.

[3] — *ſo* mammering *on*.] To heſitate, to ſtand in ſuſpenſe. The word often occurs in old Engliſh writings, and probably takes its original from the French *M'Amour*, which men were apt often to repeat when they were not prepared to give a direct anſwer. HANMER.
I find the ſame word in *Acolaſtus*, a comedy, 1540: "I ſtand in doubt, or in a *mamorynge* between hope and fear." STEEVENS.
Again in Lily's *Euphues*, 1580:—"neither *ſtand in a mamering* whether it be beſt to depart or not." The quarto, 1622, reads *muttering*. *Mammering* is the reading of the folio. MALONE.

[4] —— *What!* Michael Caſſio,
*That came a wooing with you*;] And yet in the firſt act Caſſio appears perfectly ignorant of the amour, and is indebted to Iago for the information of Othello's marriage, and of the perſon to whom he is married. STEEVENS.
See the notes on the paſſage alluded to, p. 459, n. 8. MALONE.

It ſhall be full of poize [5] and difficulty,
And fearful to be granted.

*Oth.* I will deny thee nothing:
Whereon, I do beſeech thee, grant me this,
To leave me but a little to myſelf.

*Def.* Shall I deny you? no: Farewel, my lord.

*Oth.* Farewel, my Deſdemona: I will come to thee ſtraight.

*Def.* Emilia, come:—Be it as your fancies teach you;
Whate'er you be, I am obedient. [*Exit, with* Emil.

*Oth.* Excellent wretch! Perdition catch my ſoul,
But I do love thee [6]! and when I love thee not,
Chaos is come again [7].

*Iago.* My noble lord,— *Oth.*

[5] —— *full of* poize—] *i. e.* of weight. So, in *The Dumb Knight*, 1633:

"But we are all preſt down with other *poize*." STEEVENS.

[6] *Excellent* wretch!—*Perdition catch my ſoul,*

*But I do love thee!* &c.] The meaning of the word *wretch*, is not generally underſtood. It is now, in ſome parts of England, a term of the ſofteſt and fondeſt tenderneſs. It expreſſes the utmoſt degree of amiableneſs, joined with an idea, which perhaps all tenderneſs includes, of feebleneſs, ſoftneſs, and want of protection. Othello, conſidering Deſdemona as excelling in beauty and virtue, ſoft and timorous by her ſex, and by her ſituation abſolutely in his power, calls her—*Excellent wretch!* It may be expreſſed:

*Dear harmleſs, helpleſs excellence.* JOHNSON.

Sir *W. D'Avenant* uſes the ſame expreſſion in his *Cruel Brother*, 1630, and with the ſame meaning. It occurs twice: "— *Excellent wretch!* with a timorous modeſty ſhe ſtifleth up her utterance." STEEV.

[7] —— *when I love thee not,*

*Chaos is come again.*] When my love is for a moment ſuſpended by ſuſpicion, I have nothing in my mind but diſcord, tumult, perturbation, and confuſion. JOHNSON.

—— *when I love thee not,*

*Chaos is come again.*] There is another meaning poſſible. *When I ceaſe to love thee, the world is at an end*; i. e. there remains nothing valuable or important. The firſt explanation may be elegant, the ſecond is perhaps more eaſy. Shakſpeare has the ſame thought in his *Venus and Adonis*:

"For he being dead, with him is beauty ſlain,
"And, beauty dead, black *Chaos comes again*." STEEVENS.

This paſſage does not ſtrike me in the ſame light in which it appeared to Dr. Johnſon; as Othello had not yet any experience of that perturbation and diſcord, by which he afterwards is ſo fatally agitated. He means

*Oth.* What doſt thou ſay, Iago?

*Iago.* Did Michael Caſſio, when you woo'd my lady, Know of your love?

*Oth.* He did, from firſt to laſt: Why doſt thou aſk?

*Iago.* But for a ſatisfaction of my thought; No further harm.

*Oth.* Why of thy thought, Iago?

*Iago.* I did not think, he had been acquainted with her.

*Oth.* O, yes; and went between us very oft.

*Iago.* Indeed?

*Oth.* Indeed! ay, indeed;—Diſcern'ſt thou aught in that? Is he not honeſt?

*Iago.* Honeſt, my lord?

*Oth.* Honeſt! ay, honeſt.

*Iago.* My lord, for aught I know.

*Oth.* What doſt thou think?

*Iago.* Think, my lord?

*Oth.* Think, my lord!—By heaven, he echoes me, As if there were ſome monſter in his thought [8],

means, I think, to ſay,—*and ere I ceaſe to love thee, the world itſelf ſhall be reduced to its primitive chaos.* Shakſpeare probably preferred—"chaos *is* come again,", to "chaos *ſhall* come again," as more bold and expreſſive. *Muretus*, a poet of the 16th century, has exactly the ſame thought:

"Tune meo elabi poſſis de pectore, Lacci,
"Aut ego, dum vivam, non meminiſſe tui?
"Ante, vel iſtius mundi compage ſoluta,
"*Tetras in antiquum ſit reditura Chaos.*"

The meaning of Shakſpeare appears very clearly from the following paſſage in *The Winter's Tale*, where the ſame thought is more fully expreſſed:

"It cannot fail, but by
"The violation of my faith,—and then
"Let nature cruſh the ſides o' the earth together,
"And mar the ſeeds within!" MALONE.

[8] — By heaven, *he echoes me,*
*As if there were ſome monſter in his thought*, &c.] Thus the eldeſt quarto. The ſecond quarto reads:

——— ———*Why doſt thou echo* me,
As if there were ſome monſter in thy thought, &c.

The folio reads:

——— ———*Alas, thou echo'ſt* me. STEEVENS.

This is one of the numerous alterations made in the folio copy by the Licenſer. MALONE.

Too hideous to be ſhewn.—Thou doſt mean ſomething:
I heard thee ſay but now,—Thou lik'dſt not that,
When Caſſio left my wife; What did'ſt not like?
And, when I told thee—he was of my counſel
In my whole courſe of wooing, thou cry'dſt, *Indeed?*
And did'ſt contract and purſe thy brow together,
As if thou then had'ſt ſhut up in thy brain
Some horrible conceit: If thou doſt love me,
Shew me thy thought.

*Iago.* My lord, you know I love you.

*Oth.* I think, thou doſt;
And,—for I know thou art full of love and honeſty,
And weigh'ſt thy words before thou giv'ſt them breath,—
Therefore theſe ſtops of thine fright me the more:
For ſuch things in a falſe diſloyal knave
Are tricks of cuſtom; but, in a man that's juſt,
They are cloſe denotements [9], working from the heart,
That paſſion cannot rule.

9 *They are cloſe* denotements, &c.] i. e. indications, or diſcoveries, not openly revealed, but involuntarily working from the heart, which cannot rule and ſuppreſs its feelings.

Thus the original copy, 1622. The folio reads—They are cloſe *dilations*; but nothing is got by the change, for *dilations* was undoubtedly uſed in the ſenſe of *dilatements*, or *large and full expoſitions*. See Minſheu's Dict. 1617: "To *dilate* or make large."

*Dilatement* is uſed in the ſenſe of *dilation* by Lodge, our poet's contemporary: "After all this foul weather follows a calm *dilatement* of others too forward harmfulneſs" *Roſalynde, or Euphues Golden Legacie*, 4to. 1592.

Dr. Johnſon very elegantly reads—They are cloſe *delations*; "i. e. *occult* and *ſecret accuſations*, working involuntarily from the heart, which, though reſolved to conceal the fault, cannot rule its paſſion of reſentment."

But the objection to this conjectural reading is, that there is ſtrong ground for believing that the word was not uſed in Shakſpeare's age. It is not found in any dictionary of the time, that I have ſeen, nor has any paſſage been quoted in ſupport of it. On the contrary, we find in Minſheu the verb, "To *delate*," not ſignifying, to *accuſe*, but thus interpreted: "to *ſpeak at large* of any thing. vid. to *dilate*:" ſo that if even *delations* were the word of the old copy, it would mean no more than *dilations*. To the reading of the quarto no reaſonable objection can be made. MALONE.

*Iago.*

*Iago.* For Michael Caſſio,—
I dare be ſworn, I think that he is honeſt.
*Oth.* I think ſo too.
*Iago.* Men ſhould be what they ſeem;
Or, thoſe that be not, 'would they might ſeem none [1]!
*Oth.* Certain, men ſhould be what they ſeem.
*Iago.* Why then, I think Caſſio's an honeſt man.
*Oth.* Nay, yet there's more in this:
I pray thee, ſpeak to me as to thy thinkings,
As thou doſt ruminate; and give thy worſt of thoughts
The worſt of words.
*Iago.* Good my lord, pardon me;
Though I am bound to every act of duty,
I am not bound to that all ſlaves are free to [2].
Utter my thoughts? Why, ſay, they are vile and falſe,—
As where's that palace, whereinto foul things
Sometimes intrude not [3]? who has a breaſt ſo pure,
But ſome uncleanly apprehenſions
Keep leets, and law-days [4], and in ſeſſion ſit
With meditations lawful? *Oth.*

[1] *Or, thoſe that be not, 'would they might ſeem* none!] I believe the meaning is, *would they might no longer ſeem*, or bear the ſhape of *men*. JOHNSON.
May not the meaning be, 'Would they might not ſeem *honeſt!* MALONE.

[2] — *to that all ſlaves are* free to.] I am not bound to do that, *which* even ſlaves are *not bound* to do. MALONE.

[3] — *where's that palace, whereinto foul things*
*Sometimes intrude not?*] So, in *The Rape of Lucrece*:
"——— no perfection is ſo abſolute,
"That ſome impurity doth not pollute." MALONE.

[4] ——— *who has a breaſt ſo pure,*
*But ſome uncleanly apprehenſions*
*Keep leets, and law-days, and in ſeſſion ſit*
*With meditations lawful?*] Who has ſo virtuous a breaſt, that ſome uncharitable ſurmizes and impure conceptions will not ſometimes enter into it; hold a ſeſſion there as in a regular court, and "bench by the ſide" of authoriſed and lawful thoughts?—In our poet's 30th Sonnet we find the ſame imagery:
"When to the *ſeſſions* of ſweet ſilent *thought*
"I ſummon up remembrance of things paſt."
A *leet* and *law-day* were ſynonymous terms. "A leet," ſays Bullokar, in

*Oth.* Thou doſt conſpire againſt thy friend, Iago,
If thou but think'ſt him wrong'd, and mak'ſt his ear
A ſtranger to thy thoughts.

*Iago* I do beſeech you,—
Though I, perchance, am vicious in my gueſs[5],
As, I confeſs, it is my nature's plague

in his *Engliſh Expoſitor*, 1616, "is a court or law-day, holden commonly every half year." To *keep* a leet was the *verbum juris*; the title of one of the chapters in Kitchin's book on Courts, being, "The manner of *keeping* a court-leet." The leet, according to Lambard, was a court or juriſdiction above the wapentake or hundred, comprehending three or four hundreds. The juriſdiction of this court is now in moſt places merged in that of the County Court. MALONE.

[5] *Though I, perchance, am vicious in my gueſs,*] That abruptneſs in the ſpeech which Dr. Warburton complains of, and would alter, may be eaſily accounted for. Iago ſeems deſirous, by his ambiguous hint, *Though I*—to inflame the jealouſy of Othello, which he knew would be more effectually done in this manner, than by any expreſſion that bore a determinate meaning. The jealous Othello would fill up the pauſe in the ſpeech, which Iago turns off at laſt to another purpoſe, and find a more certain cauſe of diſcontent, and a greater degree of torture ariſing from the doubtful conſideration how it might have concluded, than he could have experienced, had the whole of what he enquired after been reported to him with every circumſtance of aggravation.

We may ſuppoſe him imagining to himſelf, that Iago mentally continued the thought thus, *Though I—know more than I chooſe too ſpeak of.*

*Vicious in my gueſs* does not mean that he is an *ill gueſſer*, but that he is apt to put the worſt conſtruction on every thing he attempts to account for. STEEVENS.

The reader ſhould be informed, that the mark of abruption which I have placed after the word *you*, was placed by Mr. Steevens after the word *perchance*: and his note, to which I do not ſubſcribe, is founded on that regulation. I think the poet intended that Iago ſhould break off at the end of the firſt hemiſtich, as well as in the middle of the fifth line. What he would have added, it is not neceſſary very nicely to examine. The adverſative particle, *though*, in the ſecond line, does not indeed appear very proper; but in an abrupt and ſtudiouſly clouded ſentence like the preſent, where more is meant to be conveyed than meets the ear, ſtrict propriety may well be diſpenſed with. The word *perchance*, if ſtrongly marked in ſpeaking, would ſufficiently ſhew that the ſpeaker did not ſuppoſe himſelf *vicious in his gueſs*.

By the latter words, Iago, I apprehend, means only, "though I perhaps am miſtaken, led into an errour by my natural diſpoſition, which is apt to ſhape faults that have no exiſtence." MALONE.

To

To ſpy into abuſes; and, oft, my jealouſy
Shapes faults that are not,—I entreat you then [6],
From one that ſo imperfectly conjects,
You'd take no notice; nor build yourſelf a trouble
Out of his ſcattering and unſure obſervance:—
It were not for your quiet, nor your good,
Nor for my manhood, honeſty, or wiſdom,
To let you know my thoughts.

*Oth.* What doſt thou mean?

*Iago.* Good name, in man, and woman, dear my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their ſouls:
Who ſteals my purſe, ſteals traſh [7]; 'tis ſomething, nothing;
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been ſlave to thouſands;
But he, that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that, which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed.

*Oth.* By heaven, I'll know thy thought.

*Iago.* You cannot, if my heart were in your hand;
Nor ſhall not, whilſt 'tis in my cuſtody.

*Oth.* Ha!

*Iago.* O, beware, my lord, of jealouſy;

6 — *I entreat you then, &c.*] Thus the quarto, 1622. The folio reads:

——— —— *and* of, *my jealouſy*
*Shapes faults that are not)* that your wiſdom
*From one that ſo imperfectly* conceits,
Would *take no notice.* MALONE.

To *conject*, i. e. to *conjecture*, is a verb uſed by other writers. So, in *Acolaſtus*, a comedy, 1540:

"Now reaſon I, or *conject* with myſelf."

Again:

"I cannot forget thy ſaying, or thy *conjecting* words."
STEEVENS.

7 Good name, *in man, and woman, dear my lord,*
*Is the immediate jewel of their ſouls:*
*Who ſteals* my purſe, *ſteals traſh*; &c.] The ſacred writings were here perhaps in our poet's thoughts: "A *good name* is rather to be choſen than great *riches*, and loving favour than *ſilver and gold.*" PROVERBS, chap. xxii. verſe 1. MALONE.

It

It is the green-ey'd monſter, which doth make
The meat it feeds on[9]: That cuckold lives in bliſs,
Who,

[9] *It is the green-ey'd monſter, which doth* make
*The meat it feeds on:*] The old copies have *mock*. The correction was made by Sir Thomas Hanmer. MALONE.

—*which doth* mock
*The meat it feeds on:*] i. e. loaths that which nouriſhes and ſuſtains it. This being a miſerable ſtate, Iago bids him beware of it. The Oxford editor reads:

——— *which doth* make
*The meat it feeds on.*

Implying that its ſuſpicions are unreal and groundleſs, which is the very contrary to what he would here make his General think, as appears from what follows:

*That cuckold lives in bliſs*, &c.

In a word, the villain is for fixing him jealous: and therefore bids him beware of jealouſy, not that it was an *unreaſonable*, but a *miſerable* ſtate; and this plunges him into it, as we ſee by his reply, which is only, *O miſery!* WARBURTON.

I have received Hanmer's emendation; becauſe *to mock* does not ſignify *to loath*; and becauſe, when Iago bids Othello *beware of jealouſy, the green-ey'd monſter*, it is natural to tell why he ſhould beware; and for caution he gives him two reaſons, that jealouſy *often* creates its own cauſe, and that, when the cauſes are real, jealouſy is miſery. JOHNSON.

In this place and ſome others, to *mock* ſeems the ſame with to *mammock*. FARMER.

If Shakſpeare had written—*a* green-ey'd monſter, we might have ſuppoſed him to refer to ſome creature exiſting only in his particular imagination; but *the* green ey'd monſter ſeems to have reference to an object as familiar to his readers as to himſelf.

It is known that the *tyger* kind have *green eyes*, and always play with the victim to their hunger, before they devour it. So, in our author's *Tarquin and Lucrece*:

" Like foul night-waking *cat*, he doth but *dally*,
" While in his hold-faſt foot the weak mouſe panteth;—."

Thus, a jealous huſband, who diſcovers no certain cauſe why he may be divorced, continues to ſport with the woman whom he ſuſpects, and, on more certain evidence, determines to puniſh. There is no beaſt that can be literally ſaid to *make* its own food, and therefore I am unwilling to receive the emendation of Hanmer, eſpecially as I flatter myſelf that a glimpſe of meaning may be produced from the ancient reading.

In *Antony and Cleopatra* the conteſted word occurs again:

" ——— —— tell him
" He *mocks* the pauſes that he makes."

*i. e.*

Who, certain of his fate, loves not his wronger;
But, O, what damned minutes tells he o'er,
Who

*i. e.* he plays wantonly with thoſe intervals of time which he ſhould improve to his own preſervation.

Should ſuch an explanation be admiſſible, the advice given by Iago will amount to this:—*Beware, my lord, of yielding to a paſſion which as yet has no proofs to juſtify its exceſs. Think how the interval between ſuſpicion and certainty muſt be filled. Though you doubt her fidelity, you cannot yet refuſe her your bed, or drive her from your heart; but like the capricious ſavage, muſt continue to ſport with one whom you wait for an opportunity to deſtroy.*

A ſimilar idea occurs in *All's well that ends well:*

" ——— ſo luſt doth *play*
" With what it loaths."

Such is the only ſenſe that I am able to draw from the original text. What I have ſaid, may be liable to ſome objections, but I have nothing better to propoſe. That jealouſy is *a monſter* which often *creates* the ſuſpicions on which it feeds, may be well admitted according to Hanmer's propoſition; but is it *the* monſter? (*i. e.* a well known and conſpicuous animal) or whence has it *green eyes? Yellow* is the colour which Shakſpeare appropriates to jealouſy. It muſt be acknowledged that he afterwards characterizes it as

" ——— a monſter,
" Begot upon itſelf, born on itſelf."

but yet—— " What damned minutes counts he o'er, &c." is the beſt illuſtration of my attempt to explain the paſſage. To produce Hanmer's meaning, a change in the text is neceſſary. I am counſel for the old reading. STEEVENS.

I have not the ſmalleſt doubt that Shakſpeare wrote *make*, and have therefore inſerted it in the text. The words *make* and *mocke* (for ſuch was the old ſpelling) are often confounded in theſe plays, and I have aſſigned the reaſon in a note on *Meaſure for Meaſure*, Vol. II. p. 21, n. 5.

Mr. Steevens in his paraphraſe on this paſſage interprets the word *mock* by *ſport*; but in what poet or proſe-writer, from Chaucer and Mandeville to this day, does the verb *to mock* ſignify to *ſport with?* In the paſſage from *Anthony and Cleopatra*, I have proved, I think inconteſtably, from the metre, and from our poet's uſage of this verb in other places, (in which it is followed by a perſonal pronoun,) that Shakſpeare muſt have written—

" Being ſo fruſtrate, tell him, he mocks *us by*
" The pauſes that he makes." [See Vol. VII. p. 575, n. 8.]

Beſides; is it true as a general poſition, that jealouſy (*as* jealouſy) *ſports* or *plays with* the object of love (allowing this not very delicate interpretation of the words, *the meat it feeds on*, to be the true one)? The poſition certainly is not true. It is *Love*, not *Jealouſy*, that ſports with

Who dotes, yet doubts; ſuſpects, yet ſtrongly loves[9]!

*Oth.* O miſery!

*Iago.*

with the object of its paſſion; nor can thoſe circumſtances which create ſuſpicion, and which are *the meat it feeds on*, with any propriety be called the *food* of LOVE, when the poet has clearly pointed them out as the food or cauſe of JEALOUSY; giving it not only being, but nutriment.

"There is no beaſt," it is urged, "that can *literally* be ſaid to make its own food." It is indeed acknowledged, that jealouſy is *a* monſter which often *creates* the ſuſpicions on which it feeds, but is it, we are aſked, "*the* monſter? (i. e. *a well known and conſpicuous animal*;) and whence has it *green-eyes? Yellow* is the colour which Shakſpeare appropriates to jealouſy."

To this I anſwer, that *yellow* is not the only colour which Shakſpeare *appropriates* to jealouſy, for we have in *The Merchant of Venice*,

"—ſhuddering fear, and *green-ey'd jealouſy*."

and I ſuppoſe, it will not be contended that he was *there* thinking of any of the tyger kind.

If our poet had written only—"It is *the* green-ey'd monſter; beware of it;" the other objection would hold good, and ſome particular monſter, κατ' ἐξοχην, muſt have been meant; but the words, "It is *the* green-ey'd monſter, *which* doth, &c. in my apprehenſion have preciſely the ſame meaning, as if the poet had written, "it is *that* green-ey'd monſter, which, &c." or, "it is *a* green-ey'd monſter." He is *the* man in the world *whom* I would leaſt wiſh to meet,—is the common phraſeology of the preſent day.

When Othello ſays to Iago in a former paſſage, "By heaven, he echoes me, as if there were ſome *monſter* in his thought," does any one imagine that any *animal* whatever was meant?

The paſſage in a ſubſequent ſcene, to which Mr. Steevens has alluded, ſtrongly ſupports the emendation which has been made:

"—*jealouſy* will not be anſwer'd ſo;
"They are not ever jealous for the cauſe,
"But jealous, for they are jealous; 'tis a *monſter*,
"*Begot upon itſelf, born on itſelf*."

It is, *ſtrictly* ſpeaking, as falſe that any monſter can be *begot*, or *born*, on itſelf, as it is, that any monſter (whatever may be the colour of its eyes, whether green or yellow) can *make* its own food; but, poetically, both are equally true of that monſter, JEALOUSY. Mr. Steevens ſeems to have been aware of this, and therefore has added the word *literally*: "No monſter can be *literally* ſaid to make its own food."

It ſhould always be remembered, that Shakſpeare's alluſions ſcarcely ever anſwer preciſely on both ſides; nor had he any care upon this ſubject. Though he has introduced the word *monſter*,—when he talk'd of its *making its own food*, and being *begot by itſelf*, he was ſtill thinking

*Iago.* Poor, and content, is rich, and rich enough [1];
But riches, fineleſs [2], is as poor as winter [3],
To him that ever fears he ſhall be poor:—
Good heaven, the ſouls of all my tribe defend
From jealouſy!

*Oth.* Why? why is this?

thinking of jealouſy *only*, careleſs whether there was any animal in the world that would correſpond with his deſcription.

That by the words, *the meat it feeds on*, is meant, not *Deſdemona* herſelf, as has been maintained, but *pabulum zelotypiæ*, may be likewiſe inferred from a preceding paſſage in which a kindred imagery is found:

" That *policy* may either laſt ſo long,
" Or *feed* upon ſuch nice and wateriſh *diet*," &c.

And this obvious interpretation is ſtill more ſtrongly confirmed by Daniel's *Roſamond*, 1592, a poem which Shakſpeare had diligently read, and has more than once imitated in *Romeo and Juliet*:

" O *Jealouſy*, ——— ———
" *Feeding* upon *ſuſpect* that doth *renew* thee,
" Happy were lovers, if they never knew thee."

In this and the few other places in which I have ventured to depart from the ancient copies, I have thought it my duty to ſtate in the fulleſt and cleareſt manner the grounds on which the emendation ſtands: which in ſome caſes I have found not eaſily accompliſhed, without running into greater prolixity than would otherwiſe be juſtifiable.

MALONE.

The ſame idea occurs in Maſſinger's *Picture*, where Mathias, ſpeaking of the groundleſs jealouſy which he entertained of Sophia's poſſible inconſtancy, ſays,

" I am ſtrangely troubled; yet why ſhould I *nouriſh*
" A *fury* here, and with *imagin'd food*,—
" Holding no real ground on which to raiſe
" A building of ſuſpicion ſhe was ever
" Or can be falſe hereafter?"

*Imagin'd food* is food created by imagination, the food that jealouſy *makes*, and feeds on. MASON.

9 — ſtrongly *loves!*] Thus the quarto; the folio,—*ſoundly* loves. STEEVENS.

1 Poor, *and* content, *is* rich, *and rich enough*;] So in *Doraſtus and Fawnia*, (the novel on which *The Winter's Tale* is formed,) 1592: " We are rich, in that we are poor with content." MALONE.

2 *But riches, fineleſs,*] Unbounded, endleſs, unnumbered treaſures. JOHNSON.

3 — *as poor as* winter,] Finely expreſſed: *winter* producing no fruits. WARBURTON.

Think'ſt

Think'ſt thou, I'd make a life of jealouſy,
To follow ſtill the changes of the moon
With freſh ſuſpicions? No: to be once in doubt,
Is—once to be reſolv'd: Exchange me for a goat,
When I ſhall turn the buſineſs of my ſoul
To ſuch exſufflicate and blown ſurmiſes [4].
Matching thy inference. 'Tis not to make me jealous,
To ſay—my wife is fair, feeds well, loves company,
Is free of ſpeech, ſings, plays, and dances well;
Where virtue is, theſe are more virtuous [5]:
Nor from mine own weak merits will I draw
The ſmalleſt fear, or doubt of her revolt;
For ſhe had eyes, and choſe me: No, Iago;
I'll ſee, before I doubt; when I doubt, prove;
And, on the proof, there is no more but this,—
Away at once with love, or jealouſy.

4 *To ſuch* exſufflicate *and blown ſurmiſes,*] Whether our poet had any authority for the word *exſufflicate*, which I think is uſed in the ſenſe of *ſwollen*, and appears to have been formed from *ſufflatus*, I am unable to aſcertain: but I have not thought it ſafe to ſubſtitute for it another word equally unauthoriſed. *Suffolare* in Italian ſignifies to *whiſtle*. How then can Dr. Johnſon's interpretation of *exſuffolate* be ſupported? The introducer of this word explains it, by "whiſpered, buzz'd in the ears." MALONE.

*To ſuch* exſuffolate *and blown ſurmiſes.*] This old and far-fetched word was made yet more uncouth in all the editions before Hanmer's by being printed, *exſuffificate*. The alluſion is to a bubble. Do not think, ſays the Moor, that I ſhall change the noble deſigns that now employ my thoughts, to ſuſpicions which, like bubbles *blown* into a wide extent, have only an empty ſhew without ſolidity; or that, in conſequence of ſuch empty fears, I will cloſe with thy inference againſt the virtue of my wife. JOHNSON.

5 *Where virtue is, theſe* are more *virtuous:*] An action in itſelf indifferent, grows *virtuous* by its end and application. JOHNSON.

I know not why the modern editors, in oppoſition to the firſt quarto and folio, read *moſt* inſtead of *more*.

A paſſage in *All's well that ends well*, is perhaps the beſt comment on the ſentiment of Othello: "I have thoſe good hopes of her, education promiſes: his diſpoſition ſhe inherits; which *makes fair gifts fairer.*" *Gratior e pulchro veniens et corpore virtus.* STEEVENS.

*Moſt* was arbitrarily introduced by the ignorant editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

*Iago.*

*Iago.* I am glad of this; for now I ſhall have reaſon
To ſhew the love and duty that I bear you
With franker ſpirit: therefore, as I am bound,
Receive it from me:—I ſpeak not yet of proof.
Look to your wife; obſerve her well with Caſſio;
Wear your eye—thus, not jealous, nor ſecure:
I would not have your free and noble nature,
Out of ſelf-bounty, be abus'd[6]; look to't:
I know our country diſpoſition well;
In Venice[7] they do let heaven ſee the pranks
They dare not ſhew their huſbands; their beſt conſcience
Is—not to leave undone, but keep unknown[8].

*Oth.* Doſt thou ſay ſo?

*Iago.* She did deceive her father, marrying you;
And, when ſhe ſeem'd to ſhake and fear your looks[9],
She lov'd them moſt.

[6] *Out of* ſelf-bounty, *be abus'd*;] *Self-bounty* for inherent generoſity. WARBURTON.

[7] —— *our country diſpoſition*—
*In Venice*——] Here Iago ſeems to be a Venetian. JOHNSON. Various other paſſages, as well as the preſent, prove him to have been a Venetian, nor is there any ground for doubting the poet's intention on this head. See p. 529, n. 9. MALONE.

[8] *Is—not to* leave *undone, but* keep *unknown.*] The folio perhaps more clearly reads:

Is not to leav't undone, but keep't undone. STEEVENS.

The folio, by an evident errour of the preſs, reads—*kept* unknown. MALONE.

[9] *And, when ſhe ſeem'd,* &c.] This and the following argument of Iago ought to be deeply impreſſed on every reader. Deceit and falſehood, whatever conveniencies they may for a time promiſe or produce, are, in the ſum of life, obſtacles to happineſs. Thoſe, who profit by the cheat, diſtruſt the deceiver, and the act, by which kindneſs was ſought, puts an end to confidence.

The ſame objection may be made with a lower degree of ſtrength againſt the imprudent generoſity of diſproportionate marriages. When the firſt heat of paſſion is over, it is eaſily ſucceeded by ſuſpicion, that the ſame violence of inclination, which cauſed one irregularity, may ſtimulate to another; and thoſe who have ſhewn, that their paſſions are too powerful for their prudence, will with very ſlight appearances againſt them, be cenſured, as not very likely to reſtrain them by their virtue. JOHNSON.

*Oth.* And so she did.

*Iago.* Why, go to, then;
She that, so young, could give out such a seeming,
To seel her father's eyes up, close as oak[1],—
He thought, 'twas witchcraft:—But I am much to blame;
I humbly do beseech you of your pardon,
For too much loving you.

*Oth.* I am bound to thee for ever.

*Iago.* I see, this hath a little dash'd your spirits.

*Oth.* Not a jot, not a jot.

*Iago* Trust me, I fear it has.
I hope, you will consider, what is spoke
Comes from my love;—But, I do see you are mov'd:—
I am to pray you, not to strain my speech
To grosser issues[2], nor to larger reach,
Than to suspicion.

*Oth.* I will not.

*Iago.* Should you do so, my lord,
My speech should fall into such vile success[3]

As

[1] *To seel her father's eyes up, close as* oak,—] The *oak* is, I believe, the most *close-grained* wood of general use in England. *Close as oak*, means, *close as the grain of the oak.* To seel is an expression from falconry. STEEVENS.

To *seel* a hawk is to sew up his eyes-lids. See Vol. VII. p. 589, n. 9. In *the Winter's Tale*, Paulina says,

"The root of his opinion, which is rotten
"As ever *oak*, or stone, was *sound*." MALONE.

[2] *To grosser* issues,] *Issues*, for conclusions. WARBURTON.

[3] *My speech should fall into such vile* success,] If *success* be the right word, it seems to mean *consequence* or *event*, as *successo* is used in Italian. JOHNSON.

I think *success* may, in this instance, bear its common interpretation. What Iago means, seems to be this: "Should you do so, my lord, my words would be attended by such an infamous degree of success, as my thoughts do not even aim at." Iago, who counterfeits the feelings of virtue, might have said *fall into success*, and *vile success*, because he would appear to Othello, to wish that the enquiry into Desdemona's guilt might prove fruitless and unsuccessful. STEEVENS.

The

As my thoughts aim not at. Caſſio's my worthy friend :—
My lord, I ſee you are mov'd.
*Oth.* No, not much mov'd :—
I do not think, but Deſdemona's honeſt.
*Iago.* Long live ſhe ſo! and long live you to think ſo!
*Oth.* And yet, how nature erring from itſelf,—
*Iago.* Ay, there's the point: As,—to be bold with you,—
Not to affect many propoſed matches,
Of her own clime, complexion, and degree;
Whereto, we ſee, in all things nature tends:
Foh! one may ſmell, in ſuch, a will moſt rank [4],
Foul diſproportion, thoughts unnatural.—
But pardon me; I do not, in poſition,
Diſtinctly ſpeak of her: though I may fear,
Her will, recoiling to her better judgment,
May fall to match you with her country forms,
And (hapily) repent.
*Oth.* Farewel, Farewel:
If more thou doſt perceive, let me know more;
Set on thy wife to obſerve: Leave me, Iago.
*Iago.* My lord, I take my leave. [*going.*
*Oth.* Why did I marry? —This honeſt creature, doubtleſs,
Sees and knows more, much more, than he unfolds.
*Iago.* My lord, I would, I might entreat your honour
To ſcan this thing no further; leave it to time:
And though it be fit that Caſſio have his place,
(For, ſure, he fills it up with great ability,)
Yet, if you pleaſe to hold him off a while,

The following paſſages will perhaps be conſidered as proofs of Dr. Johnſon's explanation:

"Then the poore deſolate women, fearing leſt their caſe would ſorte to ſome pitifull *ſucceſſe*,—." *Palace of Pleaſure*, bl. let.

"God forbid all his hope ſhould turne to ſuch *ſucceſſe*." *Promos and Caſſandra*, 1578. HENDERSON.

4 — a will *moſt rank*,] *Will*, is for wilfulneſs. It is ſo uſed by Aſcham. A *rank will*, is *ſelf-will*, overgrown and exuberant. JOHNSON.

You ſhall by that perceive him and his means[5]:
Note, if your lady ſtrain his entertainment[6]
With any ſtrong or vehement importunity;
Much will be ſeen in that. In the mean time,
Let me be thought too buſy in my fears,
(As worthy cauſe I have, to fear—I am,)
And hold her free, I do beſeech your honour.

*Oth.* Fear not my government[7].

*Iago.* I once more take my leave. [*Exit.*

*Oth.* This fellow's of exceeding honeſty,
And knows all qualities, with a learned ſpirit[8],
Of human dealings: If I do prove her haggard[9],
Though that her jeſſes were my dear heart-ſtrings[1],
I'd

[5] *You ſhall by that perceive him, and his means:*] You ſhall diſcover whether he thinks his beſt *means*, his moſt powerful *intereſt*, is by the ſolicitation of your lady. JOHNSON.

[6] —*ſtrain his* entertainment—] Preſs hard his re-admiſſion to his pay and office. *Entertainment* was the military term for admiſſion of ſoldiers. JOHNSON.

[7] *Fear not my government.*] Do not diſtruſt my ability to contain my paſſion. JOHNSON.

[8] —*with a* learned *ſpirit,*] *Learned*, for experienced. WARBURTON.

The conſtruction is, He knows with a learned ſpirit all qualities of human dealings. JOHNSON.

[9] —*If I do prove her* haggard,] A *haggard* hawk is a *wild* hawk, a *hawk unreclaimed*, or *irreclaimable*. JOHNSON.

A *haggard* is a particular ſpecies of hawk. It is *difficult to be reclaimed*, but not *irreclaimable*.

From a paſſage in *Vittoria Corombona*, it appears that *haggard* was a term of reproach ſometimes applied to a wanton: "Is this your perch, you *haggard*? fly to the ſtews."

*Turbervile* ſays, that "the *haggart* falcons are the moſt excellent birds of all other falcons." *Latham* gives to the *haggart* only the ſecond place in the *valued file*. In *Holland's Leaguer*, a comedy, by Shakerly Marmyon, 1633, is the following illuſtrative paſſage:

"Before theſe courtiers lick their lips at her,
"I'll truſt a wanton *haggard* in the wind."

*Haggard*, however, had a popular ſenſe, and was uſed for *wild* by thoſe who thought not on the language of falconers. STEEVENS.

[1] *Though that her* jeſſes *were my dear heart-ſtrings,*] *Jeſſes* are ſhort ſtraps of leather tied about the foot of a hawk, by which ſhe is held on the fiſt. HANMER.

In

I'd whiſtle her off, and let her down the wind,
To prey at fortune [2]. Haply, for I am black;
And have not thoſe ſoft parts of converſation
That chamberers [3] have: Or, for I am declin'd
Into the vale of years;—yet that's not much;—
She's gone; I am abus'd; and my relief
Muſt be—to loath her. O curſe of marriage,
That we can call theſe delicate creature ours,
And not their appetites! I had rather be a toad,
And live upon the vapour of a dungeon,
Than keep a corner in the thing I love,
For others' uſes. Yet, 'tis the plague of great ones;
Prerogativ'd are they leſs than the baſe [4]:

'Tis

In Heywood's comedy, called *A Woman killed with Kindneſs*, 1617, a number of theſe terms relative to hawking occur together:

"Now ſhe hath ſeiz'd the fowl, and 'gins to plume her;
"Rebeck her not; rather ſtand ſtill and check her.
"So: ſeize her gets, her *jeſſes*, and her bells." STEEVENS.

2 *I'd whiſtle her off, and let her down the wind,*
*To prey at fortune.*] The falconers always let fly the hawk againſt the wind; if ſhe flies with the wind behind her, ſhe ſeldom returns. If therefore a hawk was for any reaſon to be diſmiſſed, ſhe was *let down the wind*, and from that time ſhifted for herſelf, and *preyed at fortune*. This was told me by the late Mr. Clark. JOHNSON.

*I'd whiſtle her off*, &c.] This paſſage may poſſibly receive illuſtration from a ſimilar one in Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy, p. 2. ſect. 1. mem. 3. "As a long-winged hawke, when he is firſt *whiſtled off the fiſt*, mounts aloft, and for his pleaſure fetcheth many a circuit in the ayre, ſtill ſoaring higher and higher, till he come to his full pitch, and in the end, when the game is ſprung, comes down amaine, and *ſtoupes* upon a ſudden." PERCY.

Again, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Bonduca*:

"——— he that baſely
"*Whiſtled* his honour *off to the wind*," &c. STEEVENS.

3 — *chamberers*—] i. e. men of intrigue. So, in the Counteſs of Pembroke's *Antonius*, 1590:

"Fal'n from a ſouldier to a *chamberer*." STEEVENS.

*Chambering* and *wantonneſs* are mentioned together in the ſacred writings. MALONE.

4 *Prerogativ'd are they leſs than the baſe:*] In aſſerting that the

'Tis deſtiny unſhunnable, like death [5];
Even then this [6] forked plague is fated to us,
When we do quicken. Deſdemona comes [7]:

baſe have more prerogative in this reſpect than the great, that is, that the baſe or poor are leſs likely to endure this forked plague, our poet has maintained a doctrine contrary to that laid down in *As you like it*:—"Horns? even ſo.—*Poor men* alone? No, no; the *nobleſt* deer has them as huge as the *raſcal*." Here we find all mankind are placed on a level in this reſpect, and that it is "deſtiny unſhunnable, like death."

Shakſpeare would have been more conſiſtent, if he had written,

"Prerogativ'd are they *more* than the baſe?

Othello would then have anſwered his own queſtion: [*No*;] 'Tis deſtiny, &c. MALONE.

5 *'Tis deſtiny unſhunnable, like death*;] To be conſiſtent, Othello muſt mean, that it is deſtiny unſhunnable by *great ones*, not by all mankind. MALONE.

6 —*forked plague*—] In alluſion to a *barbed* or *forked* arrow, which, once infixed, cannot be extracted. JOHNSON.

Or rather, the *forked plague* is the cuckold's horns. PERCY.

Dr. Johnſon may be right. I meet with the ſame thought in Middleton's comedy of, *A Mad World my Maſters*, 1608:

"While the broad arrow, with the *forked head*,
"Miſſes his brows but narrowly."

Again, in *King Lear*:

"—though the *fork* invade
"The region of my heart,—." STEEVENS.

I have no doubt that Dr. Percy's interpretation is the true one. Let our poet ſpeak for himſelf. "Quoth ſhe," ſays Pandarus, in *Troilus and Creſſida*, "which of theſe hairs is Paris, my huſband? The *forked* one, quoth he; pluck it out, and give it him." Again, in *The Winter's Tale*:

"——— o'er head and ears a *fork'd* one."

So, in Tarleton's *News out of Purgatorie*:—"but the old ſquire, knight of *the forked order*,—."

One of Sir John Harrington's epigrams, in which our poet's very expreſſion is found, puts the matter beyond a doubt:

"Actæon guiltleſs unawares eſpying
"Naked Diana bathing in her bowre,
"Was plagu'd with *hornes*; his dogs did him devoure;
"Wherefore take heed, ye that are curious, prying,
"With ſome ſuch *forked plague* you be not ſmitten,
"And in your foreheads ſee your faults be written."
MALONE.

7 *Deſdemona comes*:] Thus the quartos. The folio reads: *Look where ſhe comes*. STEEVENS.

*Enter* DESDEMONA, *and* EMILIA.

If she be false, O, then heaven mocks itself[8]!—
I'll not believe it.

*Des.* How now, my dear Othello?
Your dinner, and the generous islanders[9]
By you invited, do attend your presence.

*Oth.* I am to blame.

*Des.* Why is your speech so faint? are you not well?

*Oth.* I have a pain upon my forehead here.

*Des.* Faith, that's with watching; 'twill away again:
Let me but bind it hard, within this hour
It will be well.

*Oth.* Your napkin[1] is too little;

[*He puts the handkerchief from him, and it drops.*

Let it alone. Come, I'll go in with you.

*Des.* I am very sorry that you are not well.

[*Exeunt* DES. *and* OTH.

*Emil.* I am glad, I have found this napkin;
This was her first remembrance from the Moor:
My wayward husband hath a hundred times
Woo'd me to steal it: but she so loves the token,
(For he conjur'd her, she should ever keep it,)
That she reserves it evermore about her,

[8] *If she be false, O, then heaven mocks itself!*—] i. e. renders its own labours fruitless, by forming so beautiful a creature as Desdemona, and suffering the elegance of her person to be disgraced and sullied by the impurity of her mind.—Such, I think is the meaning.—The construction, however, may be different. If she be false, O, then even *heaven itself* cheats us with "unreal mockeries," with false and specious appearances, intended only to deceive. MALONE.

[9] — *the* generous *islanders*—] are the islanders of *rank, distinction*. So, in *Measure for Measure*.

"The *generous* and graveſt citizens
"Have hent the gates."

*Generous* has here the power of *generosus*, Lat. This explanation, however, may be too particular. STEEVENS.

[1] *Your* napkin—] In the North of England, and in Scotland, this term for a handkerchief is still used. The word has already often occurred. See Vol. IV. p. 337, n. 7, and Vol. VII. p. 374, n. 7. MALONE.

To kiſs, and talk to. I'll have the work ta'en out [2],
And give it Iago:
What he'll do with it, heaven knows, not I;
I nothing, but to pleaſe his fantaſy [3].

*Enter* IAGO.

*Iago.* How now! what do you here alone?
*Emil.* Do not you chide; I have a thing for you.
*Iago.* A thing for me?—it is a common thing.
*Emil.* Ha!
*Iago.* To have a fooliſh wife.
*Emil.* O, is that all? What will you give me now
For that ſame handkerchief?
*Iago.* What handkerchief?
*Emil.* What handkerchief?
Why, that the Moor firſt gave to Deſdemona;
That which ſo often you did bid me ſteal.
*Iago.* Haſt ſtolen it from her?
*Emil.* No, faith; ſhe let it drop by negligence;

[2] — *I'll have the work* ta'en out,] That is, copied. Her firſt thoughts are, to have a copy made of it for her huſband, and reſtore the original to Deſdemona. But the ſudden coming in of Iago, in a ſurly humour, makes her alter her reſolution, to pleaſe him. The ſame phraſe afterwards occurs between Caſſio and Bianca, in ſc. iv.

BLACKSTONE.

This ſcheme of getting the work of this valued handkerchief copied, and reſtoring the original to Deſdemona, was, I ſuppoſe, introduced by the poet, to render Emilia leſs unamiable.

It is remarkable, that when ſhe perceives Othello's fury on the loſs of this token, though ſhe is repreſented as affectionate to her miſtreſs, ſhe never attempts to relieve her from her diſtreſs; which ſhe might eaſily have done by demanding the handkerchief from her huſband, or divulging the ſtory, if he refuſed to reſtore it.—But this would not have ſerved the plot.

Shakſpeare fell into this incongruity by departing from Cinthio's novel; for there, while the artleſs Deſdemona is careſſing the child of Othello's ancient, (the Iago of our play,) the villain ſteals the handkerchief which hung at her girdle, without the knowledge of his wife.

MALONE.

[3] *I nothing, but to pleaſe his fantaſy.*] Thus the folio. The quarto, 1622, reads:

I nothing *know but for* his fantaſy. STEEVENS.

And,

And, to the advantage[4], I, being here, took it up.
Look, here it is.

*Iago.* A good wench; give it me.

*Emil.* What will you do with it, that you have been so earneſt
To have me filch it?

*Iago.* Why, what's that to you? [*ſnatching it.*

*Emil.* If it be not for ſome purpoſe of import,
Give it me again: Poor lady! ſhe'll run mad,
When ſhe ſhall lack it.

*Iago.* Be not you known of 't[5]; I have uſe for it.
Go, leave me. [*Exit* Emil.
I will in Caſſio's lodging loſe this napkin,
And let him find it: Trifles, light as air,
Are, to the jealous, confirmations ſtrong
As proofs of holy writ. This may do ſomething.
The Moor already changes with my poiſon[6]:—
Dangerous conceits are, in their natures, poiſons,
Which, at the firſt, are ſcarce found to diſtaſte;
But, with a little act upon the blood,
Burn like the mines of ſulphur.—I did ſay ſo[7]:

*Enter*

4 — *to the advantage*, &c.] I being *opportunely* here, took it up. JOHNSON.

5 *Be not you* known of 't;] Thus the quarto, except that it has *on't*, the vulgar corruption in ſpeaking and writing, of *of't* or *of it*; as is proved by various paſſages in theſe plays as exhibited in the folio and quarto, where in one copy we find the corrupt and in the other the genuine words: and both having the ſame meaning. The folio reads, as Mr. Steevens has obſerved—Be not *acknown* on't, i. e. do not acknowledge any thing of this matter. The reading of the quarto affords the ſame meaning.

The participial adjective, found in the folio, is uſed by Thomas Kyd, in his *Cornelia*, a tragedy, 1594:

" Our friends' misfortune doth increaſe our own,
" *Cic.* But ours of others will not be *acknown*." MALONE.

Again, in *The Life of Arioſto*, ſubjoined to Sir John Harrington's tranſlation of *Orlando*, p. 418. edit. 1607: " Some ſay, he married to her privilie, but durſt not be *acknowne of it*." PORSON.

6 *The Moor already*, &c.] Thus the folio. The line is not in the original copy, 1622. MALONE.

7 — *I did ſay ſo:*] As this paſſage is ſuppoſed to be obſcure, I ſhall attempt an explanation of it.

Iago

*Enter* OTHELLO.

Look, where he comes! Not poppy, nor mandragora [7],
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,
Shall ever med'cine thee to that sweet sleep
Which thou ow'dst yesterday [8].

*Oth.* Ha! ha! false to me? to me?

*Iago.* Why, how now, general? no more of that.

*Oth.* Avaunt! be gone! thou hast set me on the rack:—
I swear, 'tis better to be much abus'd,
Than but to know't a little.

*Iago.* How now, my lord?

*Oth.* What sense had I of her stolen hours of lust [9]?
I saw it not, thought it not, it harm'd not me:

I slept

Iago first ruminates on the qualities of the passion which he is labouring to excite; and then proceeds to comment on its effects. *Jealousy* (says he) *with the smallest operation on the blood, flames out with all the violence of sulphur*, &c.

——I did say so;
Look where he comes!—

i. e. I knew that the least touch of such a passion would not permit the Moor to enjoy a moment of repose:—I have just said that jealousy is a restless commotion of the mind; and look where Othello approaches, to confirm the propriety and justice of my observation. STEEVENS.

7 — *nor mandragora,*] The *mandragoras* or *mandroke* has a soporifick quality, and the ancients used it when they wanted an opiate of the most powerful kind. So *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act. I. sc. vi.

" ——— give me to drink *mandragora*,
" That I may sleep out this great gap of time
" My Antony is away." STEEVENS.

See Vol. VII. p. 451, n. 9. MALONE.

8 *Shall ever med'cine thee to that sweet sleep,*
*Which thou* ow'dst *yesterday.*] To *owe*, as Dr. Johnson has observed, signified formerly to *possess*. See Vol. IV. p. 473, n. 7. MALONE.

9 *What sense had I*, &c.] A similar passage to this and what follows it, is found in an *unpublished* tragi-comedy by Thomas Middleton, called *The Witch*:

I feele

I ſlept the next night well [1], was free and merry;
I found not Caſſio's kiſſes on her lips:
He that is robb'd, not wanting what is ſtolen,
Let him not know it, and he's not robb'd at all.

*Iago.* I am ſorry to hear this.

*Oth.* I had been happy, if the general camp,

" I feele no eaſe; the burthen's not yet off,
" So long as the abuſe ſticks in my knowledge.
" Oh, 'tis a paine of hell to know one's ſhame!
" Had it byn hid and done, it had ben don happy,
" For he that's ignorant lives long and merry."

Again:

" Had'ſt thou byn ſecret, then had I byn happy,
" And had a hope (like man) of joies to come.
" Now here I ſtand a ſtayne to my creation;
" And, which is heavier than all torments to me,
" The underſtanding of this baſe adultery," &c.

This is utter'd by a jealous huſband, who ſuppoſes himſelf to have juſt deſtroy'd his wife.

Again, *Iago* ſays:

Dangerous conceits, &c.
————with a little act upon the blood
Burn like the mines of ſulphur.

Thus *Sebaſtian*, in Middleton's play:

" When a ſuſpect doth catch once, it burns maynely."

A ſcene between *Franciſca* and her brother *Antonio*, when ſhe firſt excites his jealouſy, has likewiſe ſeveral circumſtances in common with the dialogue which paſſes between *Iago* and *Othello* on the ſame ſubject.

This piece contains alſo a paſſage very ſtrongly reſembling another in *Hamlet*, who ſays:—" I am but mad north-north weſt: when the wind is ſoutherly, I know a hawk from a handſaw."—Thus, *Almachildes*:—" There is ſome difference betwixt my jovial condition and the lunary ſtate of madneſs. I am not quite out of my wits: I know a bawd from an aqua-vitæ ſhop, a ſtrumpet from wild fire, and a beadle from brimſtone."

For a further account of this MS. play, ſee a note on Mr. Malone's *Attempt to aſcertain the order in which the pieces of Shakſpeare were written*:—Article, *Macbeth*. STEEVENS.

[1] *I ſlept the next night well, was free and merry*;] Thus the quartos. The folio reads:

I ſlept the next night well, *fed well*; was free and merry.

STEEVENS.

Pioneers

Pioneers and all [2], had tasted her sweet body,
So I had nothing known: O now, for ever,
Farewel the tranquil mind! farewel content!
Farewel the plumed troop, and the big wars,
That make ambition virtue! O, farewel!
Farewel the neighing steed [3], and the shrill trump,
The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife [4],

The

2 —— *if the general camp,*

Pioneers *and all,*] That is, the most abject and vilest of the camp. Pioneers were generally degraded soldiers, appointed to the office of pioneer, as a punishment for misbehaviour.

"A soldier ought ever to retaine and keep his arms in saftie and forth comming, for he is more to be detested than a coward, that will lose or play away any part thereof, or refuse it for his ease, or to avoid paines; wherefore such a one is to be dismissed with punishment, or to be made some *abject pioner*." *The Art of War and Englands Traynings*, &c. by Edward Davies, Gent. 1619.

So, in *The Laws and Ordinances of War* established by the earl of Essex, printed in 1640: "If a trooper shall loose his horse or hackney, or a footman any part of his arms, by negligence or lewdnesse, by dice or cardes; he or they shall remain in qualitie of *pioners*, or scavengers, till they be furnished with as good as were lost, at their own charge." GROSE.

3 *Farewel the plumed troop and the big wars,*——

*Farewel the neighing steed,* &c.] In a very ancient drama entitled *Common Conditions*, printed about 1576, Sedmond, who has lost his sister in a wood, thus expresses his grief:

"But farewell now, my coursers brave, attraped to the ground!
"Farewell! adue all pleasures eke, with comely hauke and hounde!
"Farewell, ye nobles all, farewell eche marsial knight,
"Farewell, ye famous ladies all, in whom I did delight!
"Adue, my native soile, adue, Arbaccus kyng,
"Adue, eche wight, and marsial knight, adue, eche living thyng!"

One is almost tempted to think that Shakspeare had read this old play. MALONE.

4 *The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,*] In mentioning the *fife* joined with the *drum*, Shakspeare, as usual, paints from the life; those instruments accompanying each other being used in his age by English soldiery. The *fife*, however, as a martial instrument, was afterwards entirely discontinued among our troops for many years, but at length revived in the war before the last. It is commonly supposed that our soldiers borrowed it from the Highlanders in the last rebellion: but

The royal banner; and all quality,

Pride

but I do not know that the *fife* is peculiar to the Scotch, or even uſed at all by them. It was firſt uſed within the memory of man among our troops by the Britiſh guards, by order of the duke of Cumberland, when they were encamped at Maeſtricht, in the year 1747, and thence ſoon adopted into other Engliſh regiments of infantry. They took it from the Allies with whom they ſerved. This inſtrument accompanying the drum is of conſiderable antiquity in the European armies, particularly the German. In a curious picture in the Aſhmolean Muſeum at Oxford, painted 1525, repreſenting the ſiege of Pavia by the French king, where the emperor was taken priſoner, we ſee *fifes* and *arums*. In an old Engliſh treatiſe written by William Garrard before 1587, and publiſhed by one captain Hichcock in 1591, intitled *The Art of Warre*, there are ſeveral wood cuts of military evolutions, in which theſe inſtruments are both introduced. In *Rymer's Fœdera*, in a diary of king Henry's ſiege of Bulloigne 1544, mention is made of the *drommes* and *wiffleurs* marching at the head of the king's army. Tom. xv. p. 53.

The *drum* and *fife* were alſo much uſed at ancient feſtivals, ſhews, and proceſſions. Gerard Leigh in his *Accidence of Armorie*, printed in 1576, deſcribing a Chriſtmas magnificently celebrated at the Inner Temple, ſays, "We entered the prince his hall, where anon we heard the noiſe of *drum* and *fife*." p. 119. At a ſtately maſque on Shrove-Sunday 1510, in which Henry VIII. was an actor, Holinſhed mentions the entry "of a *drum* and *fife* apparelled in white damaſke and grene bonettes." Chron. iii. 805. col. 2. There are many more inſtances in Holinſhed, and Stowe's *Survey of London*.

From the old French word *viffleur*, above-cited, came the Engliſh word *whiffler*, which anciently was uſed in its proper *literal* ſenſe. Strype, ſpeaking of a grand tilting before the court in queen Mary's reign 1554, ſays, from an old journal, that king Philip and the challengers entered the liſts, preceded by "their *whifflers*, their footmen, and their armourers." Eccleſ. Memor. iii. p. 211. This explains the uſe of the word in Shakſpeare, where it is alſo literally applied. *Hen.* V. Act. IV. ſc. ult.

"——— behold, the Britiſh beach
"Pales in the flood with men, with wives and boys,
"Whoſe ſhouts and claps out-voice the deep-mouth'd ſea,
"Which, like a *mighty whiffler* 'fore the king,
"Seems to prepare his way."

By degrees, the word *whiffler* hence acquired the metaphorical meaning, which it at preſent obtains in common ſpeech, and became an application of contempt: *Whiffler*, a light trivial character, *a fellow hired to pipe at proceſſions*. T. WARTON.

In

Pride, pomp, and circumſtance of glorious war[5]!
And O you mortal engines, whoſe rude throats[6]
The immortal Jove's dread clamours counterfeit,
Farewel! Othello's occupation's gone!

*Iago.* Is it poſſible?—My lord,—

*Oth.* Villain, be ſure thou prove my love a whore;
Be ſure of it; give me the ocular proof;
[*taking him by the throat.*
Or, by the worth of mine eternal ſoul[7],
Thou hadſt been better have been born a dog,
Than anſwer my wak'd wrath.

*Iago.* Is it come to this?

*Oth.* Make me to ſee it; or (at the leaſt) ſo prove it,
That the probation bear no hinge, nor loop,
To hang a doubt on: or, woe upon thy life!

In the old dramatic piece, intitled *Wine, Beer, Ale, and Tobacco*, 2d edit. 1630, *Tobacco* ſays to *Beer*:

"——— it will become your duty to obey me."

To which *Wine* replies:

"You our ſovereign! a mere *whiffler!*"

Again, in *Ram-alley*, or *Merry Tricks*, 1611:

"——— he was known
"But only for a ſwaggering *whiffler*. STEEVENS.

5 *Pride, pomp, and circumſtance of glorious war!*] Sir *William D'Avenant* does not appear to have been ſcrupulous of adopting almoſt Shakſpeare's own words. So, in *Albovine*, 1629:

"Then *glorious war*, and all *proud circumſtance*
"That gives a ſoldier noiſe, *for evermore farewell!*"
STEEVENS.

Fletcher has parodied this paſſage of *Othello*, in his *Prophetefs*, which was firſt repreſented in May, 1622:

"——— and to keep
"My faith untainted, *farewel pride, and pomp*,
"*And circumſtance of glorious* majeſty,
"Farewel, for ever! MALONE.

6 —*whoſe rude throats*—] So Milton, *P. L.* B. VI.

"From thoſe *deep-throated* engines," &c.

The quarto, 1622, reads—whoſe *wide* throats. STEEVENS.

7 — mine *eternal ſoul*,] Perhaps the quarto, 1622, more forcibly reads:

—*man's* eternal ſoul.

Shakſpeare might have deſigned an oppoſition between *man* and *dog*. STEEVENS.

*Iago.*

*Iago.* My noble lord,—
*Oth.* If thou doſt ſlander her, and torture me,
Never pray more: abandon all remorſe [8];
On horrour's head horrours accumulate:
Do deeds to make heaven weep [9], all earth amaz'd,
For nothing canſt thou to damnation add,
Greater than that.
*Iago.* O grace! O heaven defend me!
Are you a man? have you a ſoul, or ſenſe?—
God be wi' you; take mine office.—O wretched fool,
That liv'ſt [1] to make thine honeſty a vice!—
O monſtrous world! Take note, take note, O world,
To be direct and honeſt, is not ſafe.—
I thank you for this profit; and, from hence,
I'll love no friend, ſince love [2] breeds ſuch offence.
*Oth.* Nay, ſtay:—Thou ſhould'ſt be honeſt.
*Iago.* I ſhould be wiſe; for honeſty's a fool,
And loſes that it works for.
*Oth.* By the world [3],
I think my wife be honeſt, and think ſhe is not;
I think that thou art juſt, and think thou art not;
I'll have ſome proof: My name [4], that was as freſh

As

[8] — *abandon all* remorſe;] All tenderneſs of nature, all pity; in which ſenſe, as Mr. Steevens has juſtly obſerved, the word was frequently uſed in Shakſpeare's time. See p. 565, n. 5. The next line ſhews it is uſed in this ſenſe here. MALONE.

[9] *Do deeds to make heaven weep,*] So, in *Meaſure for Meaſure*:
" Plays ſuch fantaſtick tricks before high heaven,
" *As make the angels weep.*" STEEVENS.

[1] *That* liv'ſt—] Thus the quarto. The folio—that *lov'ſt*—. STEEVENS.

[2] — ſince *love*—] So, the quarto, 1622. Folio: *fith* love—. MALONE.

[3] *By the world*, &c.] This ſpeech is not in the firſt edition. POPE.

[4] — My *name*, &c.] Thus the folio, where alone this ſpeech is found. Mr. Pope and all the ſubſequent editors read—*Her* name: but this, like a thouſand other changes introduced by the ſame editor, was made without either authority or neceſſity. Shakſpeare undoubtedly might have written *Her* name; but the word which the old copy furniſhes, affords alſo good ſenſe. Othello's name or reputation, according

As Dian's visage, is now begrim'd and black
As mine own face.—If there be cords, or knives,
Poison, or fire, or suffocating streams,
I'll not endure it,—Would, I were satisfied!

*Iago.* I see, sir, you are eaten up with passion:
I do repent me, that I put it to you.
You would be satisfied?

*Oth.* Would? nay, I will.

*Iago.* And may: But, how? how satisfied, my lord?
Would you, the supervisor, grossly gape on?
Behold her tupp'd [5]?

*Oth.* Death and damnation! O!

*Iago.* It were a tedious difficulty, I think,
To bring 'em to that prospect: Damn them then,
If ever mortal eyes do see them bolster,
More than their own! What then? how then?
What shall I say? Where's satisfaction?
It is impossible, you should see this,
Were they as prime as goats [6], as hot as monkeys,
As salt as wolves in pride, and fools as gross
As ignorance made drunk. But yet, I say,
If imputation, and strong circumstances,—
Which lead directly to the door of truth,—
Will give you satisfaction, you may have it.

*Oth.* Give me a living reason that she's disloyal [7].

*Iago.*

ing to the usual unjust determination of the world, would be sullied by the infidelity of his wife. Besides, how could either trranscriber or printer have substituted *My* for *Her*. MALONE.

5 *Behold her* tupp'd?] A ram in Staffordshire and some other counties is called a *tup*. So, in the first act:

" ——— an old black ram
" Is *tupping* your white ewe." STEEVENS.

The old copies have—*topp'd*. Mr. Theobald made the correction. MALONE.

6 *Were they as* prime *as goats,*] *Prime* is *prompt*, from the Celtic or British *prim*. HANMER.

So, in the *Vow-breaker, or the Faire Maid of Clifton*, 1636:

" More *prime* than goats or monkies in their prides." STEEV.

7 *Give me a* living *reason that she's disloyal.*] Thus the quarto, 1622. The folio omits the word *that*, probably for the sake of the metre; but our poet often uses such words as *reason*, as a monosyllable.

A li-

*Iago.* I do not like the office:
But, ſith I am enter'd in this cauſe ſo far,—
Prick'd to it by fooliſh honeſty and love,—
I will go on. I lay with Caſſio lately;
And, being troubled with a raging tooth,
I could not ſleep.
There are a kind of men ſo looſe of ſoul,
That in their ſleeps will mutter their affairs;
One of this kind is Caſſio:
In ſleep I heard him ſay,—"*Sweet Deſdemona,*
*Let us be wary, let us hide our loves!*"
And then, ſir, would he gripe, and wring my hand,
Cry,—*O ſweet creature!* and then kiſs me hard,
As if he pluck'd up kiſſes by the roots,
That grew upon my lips: then lay'd his leg
Over my thigh, and ſigh'd, and kiſs'd; and then
Cry'd,—[8] *Curſed fate! that gave thee to the Moor!*

*Oth.* O monſtrous! monſtrous!

*Iago.* Nay, this was but his dream.

*Oth.* But this denoted a foregone concluſion [9];
'Tis a ſhrewd doubt, though it be but a dream [1].

*Iago.* And this may help to thicken other proofs,
That do demonſtrate thinly.

*Oth.* I'll tear her all to pieces.

*Iago.* Nay, but be wiſe: yet we ſee nothing done [2];

A *living* reaſon is a reaſon founded on fact and experience, not on ſurmiſe or conjecture: a reaſon that convinces the underſtanding as perfectly as if the fact were exhibited *to the life*. MALONE.

[8] — *and ſigh'd, and kiſs'd; and then*
*Cry'd,—*] Thus the quarto, 1622. The folio reads:
——— then lay'd his leg o'er my thigh,
And *ſigh*, and *kiſs*, and then *cry*, curſed fate, &c.
The omiſſion of the perſonal pronoun before *lay'd* is much in our authour's manner. See Vol. VIII. p. 560, n. 8. MALONE.

[9] — *a foregone* concluſion;] A *concluſion* in Shakſpeare's time meant an experiment or trial. See Vol. VII. p. 384, n. 3. MALONE.

[1] Othel. *'Tis a ſhrewd doubt*, &c.] The old quarto gives this line, with the two following, to Iago; and rightly. WARBURTON.
In the folio this line is given to Othello. MALONE.
I think it more naturally ſpoken by Othello, who, by dwelling ſo long upon the proof, encouraged Iago to enforce it. JOHNSON.

[2] —— *yet we* ſee *nothing done*;] This is an oblique and ſecret mock at Othello's ſaying, *Give me the ocular proof*. WARBURTON

She may be honeſt yet. Tell me but this,—
Have you not ſometimes ſeen a handkerchief,
Spotted with ſtrawberries, in your wife's hand?

*Oth.* I gave her ſuch a one; 'twas my firſt gift.

*Iago.* I know not that: but ſuch a handkerchief,
(I am ſure, it was your wife's,) did I to-day
See Caſſio wipe his beard with.

*Oth.* If it be that,—

*Iago.* If it be that, or any that was her's [3],
It ſpeaks againſt her, with the other proofs.

*Oth.* O, that the ſlave had forty thouſand lives;
One is too poor, too weak for my revenge!
Now do I ſee 'tis true [4].—Look here, Iago;
All my fond love thus do I blow to heaven [5]:
'Tis gone.—
Ariſe, black vengeance, from thy hollow cell [6]!
Yield

3 — that *was her's*,] The only authentick copies, the quarto, 1622, and the folio, read—or any, *it* was hers. For the emendation I am anſwerable. The miſtake probably aroſe from *yt* only being written in the manuſcript. The modern editors, following an amendment made by the editor of the ſecond folio, read—*if 'twas* her's. MALONE.

4 *Now do I ſee 'tis* true.—] The old quarto reads,

*Now do I ſee 'tis* time.

And this is Shakſpeare's, and has in it much more force, and ſolemnity, and preparation for what follows: as alluding to what he had ſaid before:

——— *No, Iago!*
*I'll ſee before I doubt, when I doubt, prove;*
*And, on the proof, there is no more but this,*
Away at once with love *or jealouſy.*

This *time* was now come. WARBURTON.

5 *All my fond love thus do* I blow to heaven:] So, in Marlowe's *Luſt's Dominion*, 1657:

"Are theſe your fears? thus *blow them into air.*" MALONE.

6 — *from thy* hollow cell!] Thus the quarto, 1622. The folio reads—from the *hollow hell*. *Hollow*, Dr. Warburton conſiders as "a poor unmeaning epithet." MALONE.

I do not perceive that the epithet *hollow* is at all unmeaning, when applied to hell, as it gives the idea of what Milton calls

"——— the void profound
"Of uneſſential night." STEEVENS.

And in *Paradiſe Loſt*, B. I. ver. 314, the ſame epithet and ſubject occur:

He

Yield up, O love, thy crown, and hearted throne [7],
To tyrannous hate! ſwell, boſom, with thy fraught [8],
For 'tis of aſpicks' tongues!

*Iago.* Pray, be content.

*Oth.* O, blood, Iago, blood!

*Iago.* Patience, I ſay; your mind, perhaps, may change.

*Oth.* Never, Iago [9]. Like to the Pontick ſea [1],
Whoſe icy current and compulſive courſe
Ne'er feels retiring ebb [2], but keeps due on

To

" He call'd ſo loud, that all the *hollow* deep
" Of *hell* reſounded." H. T. W.

Milton was a great reader and copier of Shakſpeare, and he undoubtedly read his plays in the folio, without thinking of examining the more ancient quartos. In the firſt book of *Paradiſe Loſt*, we find—

" ——— the univerſal hoſt up ſent
" A ſhout that tore *hell's concave.*" MALONE.

7 —— hearted *throne,*] *Hearted* throne, is the heart on which thou waſt *enthroned.* JOHNSON.

So, in *Twelfth Night:*

" It gives a very echo to the *ſeat,*
" Where love is *thron'd.*"

See alſo *Romeo and Juliet*, p. 154, n. 5. MALONE.

8 — *ſwell, boſom,* &c.] i. e. *ſwell,* becauſe the fraught is of poiſon. WARBURTON.

9 *Never, Iago.*] From the word *Like* to *marble heaven,* incluſively, is not found in the quarto, 1622. MALONE.

1 — *Like to the Pontick ſea,* &c.] This ſimile is omitted in the firſt edition: I think it ſhould be ſo, as an unnatural excurſion in this place. POPE.

Every reader will, I durſt ſay, abide by Mr. Pope's cenſure on this paſſage. When Shakſpeare grew acquainted with ſuch particulars of knowledge, he made a diſplay of them as ſoon as opportunity offered. He found this in the ſecond book and 97th Chapter of Pliny's *Nat. Hiſt.* as tranſlated by Philemon Holland, 1601: " And the ſea Pontus evermore floweth and runneth out into Propontis, but the ſea never retireth backe againe within Pontus."

Mr. Edwards, in his MSS. notes, conceives this ſimile to allude to Sir Philip Sidney's device, whoſe impreſs, Camden, in his *Remains,* ſays, was the Caſpian ſea, with this motto, SINE REFLUXU. STEEVENS.

2 *Ne'er* feels *retiring ebb,*] The folio, where alone this paſſage is found, reads—Ne'er *keeps* retiring ebb, &c. Many ſimilar miſtakes have

 happened

To the Propontick, and the Hellespont;
Even so my bloody thoughts, with violent pace,
Shall ne'er look back, ne'er ebb to humble love,
Till that a capable and wide revenge [3]
Swallow them up.—Now, by yond' marble heaven [4],
In the due reverence of a sacred vow [*kneels.*
I here engage my words.
*Iago.* Do not rise yet.— [*kneels.*
Witness, you ever-burning lights above!
You elements that clip us round about!
Witness, that here Iago doth give up
The execution [5] of his wit, hands, heart,
To wrong'd Othello's service! let him command,
And to obey shall be in me remorse,

happened in that copy, by the compositor's repeating a word twice in the same line. So, in *Hamlet*:

"My *news* shall be the *news* [r. fruit] to that great feast."

Again, *ibidem*:

"The spirit, upon whose *spirit* depend and rest," &c.

instead of—upon whose *weal*. The correction was made by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

3 — *a* capable *and wide revenge*—] *Cap able* perhaps signifies ample, capacious. So, in *As you like it*:

"The cicatrice and *capable* impressure."

Again, in *Pierce Pennilesse his Supplication to the Devil*, by Nashe, 1592: "Then belike, quoth I, you make this word, Dæmon, a *Capable* name, of Gods, of men, and of devils."

It may however mean *judicious*. In *Hamlet* the word is often used in the sense of *intelligent*. What Othello says in another place seems to favour this latter interpretation:

"Good; good;—the *justice* of it pleases me." MALONE.

4 — *by yond'* marble *heaven*,] In *Soliman and Perseda*, 1599, I find the same expression:

"Now by the *marble* face of the welkin," &c. STEEVENS.

So, in Marston's *Antonio and Mellida*, 1602:

"And pleas'd the *marble* heavens." MALONE.

5 *The* execution—] The first quarto reads *excellency*. STEEVENS.

By *execution* Shakspeare meant *employment* or *exercise*. So, in *Love's Labour's Lost*:

"Full of comparisons and wounding flouts,
"Which you on all estates will *execute*."

The quarto, 1622, reads—*hand*. MALONE.

What

What bloody work ſoever [6].

*Oth.* I greet thy love,

Not with vain thanks, but with acceptance bounteous,

And

[6] —— *let him command,*
*And to obey ſhall be in me remorſe,*
*What bloody work ſoever.*] *Let him command whatever bloody buſineſs*, and in me it ſhall be an act, not of cruelty, but *of tenderneſs, to obey him*; not of malice to others, but of *tenderneſs* for him. If this ſenſe be thought too violent, I ſee nothing better than to follow Pope's reading, as it is improved by Theobald. JOHNSON.

The quarto, 1622, has not the words—*in me.* They firſt appeared in the folio. Theobald reads, *Nor* to obey, &c.

Dr. Johnſon's explanation of this paſſage is ſo juſt, that any further comment on it appears to me unneceſſary. We have ſo often had occaſion to point out the ancient uſage of the word *remorſe*, i. e. *pity*, that I ſhall only here refer to ſome of the paſſages in which it may be found. See Vol. II. p. 112, n. 1, and Vol. IV. p. 295, n. 2, and p. 544, n. 1. See alſo p. 559, n. 8, of the play before us. About the year 1680 the word began to be diſuſed in this ſenſe; for in Anthony Wood's *Diary*, we find the following paſſage, *ad ann.* 1652: "One of theſe, a moſt handſome virgin, arrai'd in coſtly and gorgeous apparel, kneel'd down to Thomas Wood, with tears and prayers to ſave her life: And, being ſtrucken with a deep *remorſe*, took her under his arme, went with her out of the church," &c. In his reviſed work, which he appears to have finiſhed about the year 1680, inſtead of the words "a deep *remorſe*," we find "a profound *pitie*." In the prologue to *Town Shifts*, a comedy, printed in 1671, *remorſe* is employed in its ancient ſenſe:

"Why ſhould you be ſuch ſtrangers to *remorſe*,
"To judge before you try?" MALONE.

Again, in *King Edward III.* 1599, that prince ſpeaking to the citizens of Calais:

"But for yourſelves, look you for no *remorſe*."

I could add many more inſtances, but ſhall content myſelf to obſerve that the ſentiment of *Iago* bears no ſmall reſemblance to that of *Arviragus* in *Cymbeline*:

"I'd let a pariſh of ſuch Clotens blood,
"And praiſe myſelf for charity." STEEVENS.

Before I ſaw Dr. Johnſon's edition of Shakſpeare, my opinion of this paſſage was formed, and written, and thus I underſtood it: "Let him command any bloody buſineſs, and to obey ſhall be in me an act of pity and compaſſion for wrong'd Othello." *Remorſe* frequently ſignifies pity, mercy, compaſſion, or a tenderneſs of heart, unattended with the ſtings of a guilty conſcience. So, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act IV. ſc. iii. the crimeleſs Eglamour is called *remorſefull*. So, in *King Richard III.* Act III. ſc. vii.

And will upon the inſtant put thee to't:
Within theſe three days let me hear thee ſay,
That Caſſio's not alive.

*Iago.* My friend is dead; 'tis done, at your requeſt *:
But let her live.

*Oth.* Damn her, lewd minx! O, damn her [7]!
Come, go with me apart; I will withdraw,
To furniſh me with ſome ſwift means of death
For the fair devil. Now art thou my lieutenant.

*Iago.* I am your own for ever. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE IV.

*The ſame.*

*Enter* DESDEMONA, EMILIA, *and* Clown.

*Deſ.* Do you know, ſirrah, where lieutenant Caſſio lies?

*Clown.* I dare not ſay, he lies any where.

*Deſ.* Why, man?

*Clown.* He is a ſoldier; and for me to ſay a ſoldier lies, is ſtabbing.

*Deſ.* Go to; Where lodges he?

" As well we know your tenderneſs of heart,
" And gentle, kind, effeminate *remorſe*."

So, in Holinſhed's *Conqueſt of Ireland*, p. 13. " —to have *remorſe* and compaſſion upon others diſtreſſes;" and in the dedication, " to have regard and *remorſe* to your ſaid land." TOLLET.

If I am not deceived, this paſſage has been entirely miſtaken. I read:

" ——— Let *him* command,
" *An'* to obey ſhall be in *me* remorſe,
" What bloody buſineſs ever——"

*And* for *if* is ſufficiently common: and *Othello's* impatience breaks off the ſentence; I think, with additional beauty.

FARMER.

*What bloody work ſoever.*] So the quartos. The folio:
What bloody *buſineſs ever.* STEEVENS.

* —at your *requeſt:*] Thus the folio. The quarto, 1622, reads—*as you* requeſt. MALONE.

[7] *O, damn her!*] Thus the quarto, 1622. Folio: O damn her, damn her. MALONE.

*Clown.*

*Clown.* To tell you [8] where he lodges, is to tell you where I lie.

*Def.* Can any thing be made of this?

*Clown.* I know not where he lodges; and for me to deviſe a lodging, and ſay—he lies here, or he lies there, were to lie in my own throat.

*Def.* Can you enquire him out? and be edify'd by report?

*Clown.* I will catechize the world for him; that is, make queſtions, and by them anſwer [9].

*Def.* Seek him, bid him come hither: tell him, I have moved my lord in his behalf, and hope, all will be well.

*Clown.* To do this, is within the compaſs of man's wit; and therefore I will attempt the doing of it [1].

[*Exit.*

*Def.* Where ſhould I loſe that handkerchief, Emilia?

*Emil.* I know not, madam.

*Def.* Believe me, I had rather have loſt my purſe
Full of cruzadoes [2]. And, but my noble Moor
Is true of mind, and made of no ſuch baſeneſs
As jealous creatures are, it were enough
To put him to ill thinking.

*Emil.* Is he not jealous?

[8] *To tell you*, &c.] This and the following ſpeech are wanting in the firſt quarto. STEEVENS.

[9]— and *by* them anſwer.] i. e. and by them, *when anſwered*, form my own anſwer to you. The quaintneſs of the expreſſion is in character. Dr. Warburton for *by*, which is found both in the quarto, 1622, and the folio, reads—*bid*, "i. e. bid the world, thoſe whom he queſtions."

The modern editors, following a quarto of no authority, printed in 1630, read—and *make* them anſwer. MALONE.

[1] *To do this is* within the compaſs of man's wit; *and therefore*, &c.] So, in *K. Lear*:

"I cannot draw a cart, nor eat wild oats;
"*If it be man's work, I'll do it.*" MALONE.

[2] —*cruzadoes*:—] A Portugueze coin, in value three ſhillings ſterling. GREY.

So called from the croſs ſtamped upon it. JOHNSON.

*Def.* Who, he? I think, the ſun, where he was born,
Drew all ſuch humours from him.

*Emil.* Look, where he comes.

*Def.* I will not leave him now, till Caſſio be call'd to him [3].—How is it with you, my lord?

*Enter* OTHELLO.

*Oth.* Well, my good lady:—[*Aſide.*] O, hardneſs to diſſemble!—
How do you, Deſdemona?

*Def.* Well, my good lord.

*Oth.* Give me your hand: This hand is moiſt, my lady.

*Def.* It yet has felt no age, nor known no ſorrow.

*Oth.* This argues fruitfulneſs, and liberal heart;—
Hot, hot, and moiſt [4]: This hand of yours requires
A ſequeſter from liberty, faſting and prayer,
Much caſtigation, exerciſe devout [5];
For here's a young and ſweating devil here,
That commonly rebels. 'Tis a good hand,
A frank one.

*Def.* You may, indeed, ſay ſo;
For 'twas that hand that gave away my heart.

[3] — till *Caſſio be call'd to him.*—] Thus the folio. The quarto, 1622, reads—*Let* Caſſio be call'd to him. MALONE.

[4] *Hot, hot, and moiſt:*] Ben Jonſon ſeems to have attempted a ridicule on this paſſage, in *Every man out of his Humour*, Act. V. ſc. ii. where Sogliardo ſays to Saviolina: "How does my ſweet lady? *hot and moiſt?* beautiful and luſty?" STEEVENS.

Ben Jonſon was ready enough on allo occaſions to depretiate and ridicule our authour, but in the preſent inſtance, I believe, he muſt be acquitted; for *Every Man out of his Humour* was printed in 1600, and written probably in the preceding year; at which time, we are almoſt certain that *Othello* had not been exhibited. MALONE.

[5] — exerciſe *devout*;] *Exerciſe* was the religious term. Henry the ſeventh (ſays Bacon) "had the fortune of a true *chriſtian* as well as of a great king, in living *exerciſed*, and dying repentant."

So, Lord Haſtings in *K. Richard III.* ſays to a prieſt:

"I am in debt for your laſt *exerciſe*."

See Vol. VI. p. 531, n. 1. MALONE.

*Oth.*

*Oth.* A liberal hand: The hearts, of old, gave hands;
But our new heraldry is—hands, not hearts[6].

*Def.*

[6] — *The hearts, of old, gave hands;*
*But our* new heraldry *is—hands, not hearts.*] It is evident that the firſt line ſhould be read thus,

*The hands of old gave hearts:*

Otherwiſe it would be no reply to the preceding words,

*For 'twas that hand that gave away my heart:*

Not ſo, ſays her huſband: *The hands of old indeed gave hearts; but the cuſtom now is to give hands without hearts.* The expreſſion of *new heraldry* was a ſatirical alluſion to the times. Soon after James the Firſt came to the crown, he created the new dignity of baronets for money. Amongſt their other prerogatives of honour, they had an addition to their paternal *arms*, of a hand *gules* in an eſcutcheon *argent*. And we are not to doubt but that this was the *new heraldry* alluded to by our author: by which he inſinuates, that ſome then created had *hands* indeed, but not *hearts*; that is, *money* to pay for the *creation*, but no *virtue* to purchaſe the *honour*. But the fineſt part of the poet's addreſs in this alluſion, is the compliment he pays to his old miſtreſs Elizabeth. For James's pretence for raiſing money by this creation, was the reduction of Ulſter, and other parts of Ireland; the memory of which he would perpetuate by that addition to their arms, it being the arms of Ulſter. Now the method uſed by Elizabeth in the reduction of that kingdom was ſo different from this, the dignities ſhe conferred being on thoſe who uſed their *ſteel*, and not their *gold* in this ſervice, that nothing could add more to her glory, than the being compared to her ſucceſſor in this point of view: nor was it uncommon for the dramatick poets of that time to ſatirize the ignominy of James's reign. So Fletcher in *The Fair Maid of the Inn*. One ſays, *I will ſend thee to Amboyna in the Eaſt Indies for pepper.* The other replies, *To Amboyna? ſo I might be pepper'd.* Again in the ſame play, a ſailor ſays, *Deſpiſe not this pitch'd canvas; the time was, we have known them lined with Spaniſh ducats.* WARBURTON.

The hiſtorical obſervation is very judicious and acute, but of the emendation there is no need. She ſays, that her hand gave away *her heart*. He goes on with his ſuſpicion, and the hand which he had before called *frank* he now terms *liberal*; then proceeds to remark that *the hand was formerly given by the heart*; but now it neither gives it, nor is given by it. JOHNSON.

— *our new* heraldry, &c.] I believe this to be only a figurative expreſſion, without the leaſt reference to King James's creation of baronets. The abſurdity of making Othello ſo familiar with Britiſh heraldry, the utter want of conſiſtency as well as policy in any ſneer of Shakſpeare at the badge of honours inſtituted by a Prince whom on all other occaſions he was ſolicitous to flatter, and at whoſe court this

*Def.* I cannot speak of this. Come now your promise.
*Oth.* What promise, chuck?

*Def.*

this very piece was acted in 1613, very strongly incline me to question the propriety of Dr. Warburton's historical explanation.

STEEVENS.

To almost every sentence of Dr. Warburton's note, an objection may be taken; but I have preserved it as a specimen of this commentator's manner.

It is not true that king James created the order of baronets *soon* after he came to the throne. It was created in the year 1611.—The conceit that by the word *hearts* the poet meant to allude to the gallantry of the reign of Elizabeth, in which men distinguished themselves by their *steel*, and that by *hands* those courtiers were pointed at, who served her inglorious successor only by their *gold*, is too fanciful to deserve an answer.

Thus Dr. Warburton's note stood as it appeared originally in Theobald's edition; but in his own, by way of confirmation of his notion, we are told, that "it was not uncommon for the satirical poets of that time to satirise the ignominy of James's reign;" and for this assertion we are referred to Fletcher's *Fair Maid of the Inn*. But, unluckily, it appears from the office-book of Sir Henry Herbert, a MS. of which an account is given in Vol. I. Part II. that Fletcher's plays were generally performed at court soon after they were first exhibited at the theatre, and we may be assured that he would not venture to offend his courtly auditors. *The Fair Maid of the Inn*, indeed, never was performed before King James, being the last play but one that Fletcher wrote, and not produced till the 22d of Jan. 1625-6, after the death both of its authour and king James; but when it was written, he must, from the circumstance already mentioned, have had the court before his eyes.

In various parts of our poet's works he has alluded to the custom of plighting troth by the union of hands. So, in *Hamlet*:

"Since love our *hearts*, and *Hymen* did our *hands*
"Unite co-mutual in most sacred bands."

Again, in *The Tempest*, which was probably written at no great distance of time from the play before us:

"*Mir.* My husband then?
"*Fer.* Ay, with a heart as willing
"As bondage e'er of freedom. Here's my *hand*.
"*Mir.* And mine, with my *heart* in't."

The hearts of old, says Othello, dictated the union of *hands*, which formerly were joined with the *the hearts* of the parties *in them*; but in our modern marriages, *hands* alone are united, without *hearts*. Such evidently is the plain meaning of the words. I do not, however, undertake to maintain that the poet, when he used the word *heraldry*, had

*Def.* I have ſent to bid Caſſio come ſpeak with you.

*Oth.* I have a ſalt and ſullen rheum [7] offends me;
Lend me thy handkerchief.

*Def.* Here, my lord.

*Oth.* That which I gave you.

*Def.* I have it not about me.

*Oth.* Not?

*Def.* No, indeed, my lord.

*Oth.* That is a fault: That handkerchief
Did an Egyptian to my mother give [8];

She

had not the new order of baronets in his thoughts, without intending any ſatirical alluſion. MALONE.

I think, with Dr. Warburton, that the new order of baronets is here again alluded to. See *Merry Wives of Windſor*, p. 221, and Spelman's Epigram there cited;

" ——————— florentis nomen honoris
" Indicat in clypei fronte cruenta manus.
" Non quod ſævi aliquid, aut ſtricto fortiter enſe
" Hoſtibus occiſis geſſerit iſte cohors." BLACKSTONE.

The reader will not find the epigram alluded to by Sir William Blackſtone, in the page to which he has referred; for I have omitted that part of his note, (an omiſſion of which I have there given notice,) becauſe it appeared to me extremely improbable that any paſſage in that play ſhould allude to an event that did not take place till 1611. The omitted words I add here, (diſtinguiſhing them by Italick characters,) as they may appear to add weight to his opinion and that of Dr. Warburton.

" *I ſuſpect this is an oblique reflection on the prodigality of James the firſt in beſtowing theſe honours, and erecting a new order of knighthood called baronets; which few of the ancient gentry would condeſcend to accept. See Sir Henry Spelman's epigram on them,* GLOSS. *p.* 76, *which ends thus:*

" ——————— *dum cauponare recuſant*
" *Ex verâ geniti nobilitate viri,*
" *Interea è caulis hic prorepit, ille tabernis,*
" *Et modo fit dominus, qui modo ſervus erat.*

*See another ſtroke at them in Othello.*" MALONE.

[7] — *ſalt and* ſullen *rheum*—] Thus the quarto, 1622. The folio, for *ſullen*, has *ſorry*. MALONE.

*Sullen*, that is, a *rheum obſtinately troubleſome*. I think this better. JOHNSON.

[8] — *That handkerchief*
*Did an Egyptian to my mother give:*] In the account of this tremendous handkerchief, are ſome particulars, which lead me to think that

She was a charmer, and could almoſt read
The thoughts of people: ſhe told her, while ſhe kept it,
'Twould make her amiable, and ſubdue my father
Entirely to her love; but if ſhe loſt it,
Or made a gift of it, my father's eye
Should hold her loathly, and his ſpirits ſhould hunt
After new fancies: She, dying, gave it me;
And bid me, when my fate would have me wive,
To give it her. I did ſo: and take heed of't,
Make it a darling like your precious eye;
To loſe't or give't away, were ſuch perdition,
As nothing elſe could match.

*Deſ.* Is it poſſible?

*Oth.* 'Tis true: there's magick in the web of it:
A ſibyl[9], that had number'd in the world

that here is an alluſion to a fact, heightened by poetical imagery. It is the practice in the eaſtern regions for perſons of both ſexes to carry handkerchiefs very curiouſly wrought. In the Mſ. papers of Sir J. Chardin, that great oriental traveller, is a paſſage which fully deſcribes the cuſtom. "The mode of wrought handkerchiefs (ſays this learned inquirer) is general in Arabia, in Syria, in Paleſtine, and in all the Turkiſh empire. They are wrought with a needle, and it is the amuſement of the fair ſex there, as among us the making tapeſtry and lace. The young women make them for their fathers, their brothers, and by way of preparation before hand for their ſpouſes; beſtowing them as favours on their lovers. They have them almoſt conſtantly in their hands, in thoſe warm countries, to wipe off ſweat." But whether this circumſtance ever came to Shakſpeare's knowledge and gave riſe to the incident, I am not able to determine.

WHALLEY.

Shakſpeare found in Cinthio's novel the incident of Deſdemona's loſing a handkerchief finely wrought in Moriſco work, which had been preſented to her by her huſband, or rather of its being ſtolen from her by the villain who afterwards by his machinations robbed her of her life. The eaſtern cuſtom of brides preſenting ſuch gifts to their huſbands, certainly did not *give riſe* to the incident on which this tragedy turns, though Shakſpeare ſhould ſeem to have been apprized of it. However, I have retained the preceding note as illuſtrative of the paſſage before us. MALONE.

[9] *A ſibyl*, &c.] This circumſtance perhaps is imitated by Ben Jonſon in *The Sad Shepherd*:

"A Gypſan lady, and a right beldame,
"Wrought it by moon-ſhine for me, and ſtar-light," &c.

STEEVENS.

The

The ſun to make [1] two hundred compaſſes,
In her prophetick fury ſew'd the work:
The worms were hallow'd, that did breed the ſilk;
And it was dy'd in mummy [2], which the ſkilful
Conſerv'd of maidens' hearts [3].

*Deſ.* Indeed! is it true?

*Oth.* Moſt veritable; therefore look to it well.

*Deſ.* Then 'would to heaven, that I had never ſeen it.

*Oth.* Ha! wherefore?

*Deſ.* Why do you ſpeak ſo ſtartingly and raſh [4]?

*Oth.* Is't loſt? is't gone? ſpeak, is it out of the way?

*Deſ.* Heaven bleſs us!

*Oth.* Say you?

*Deſ.* It is not loſt; But what an if it were?

[1] *The ſun to* make *two hundred compaſſes,*] Thus the quarto, 1622. The folio reads—to *courſe* two hundred compaſſes. I have preferred the original reading, becauſe we have in *Hamlet*,

"When yon ſame ſtar, that's eaſtward from the pole,
"Had *made* his *courſe*, to illume that part of heaven."

MALONE.

— *number'd* ——

*The ſun to courſe*, &c.] i. e. number'd the ſun's courſes: badly expreſſed. WARBURTON.

The expreſſion is not very infrequent: we ſay, *I counted the clock to ſtrike four*; ſo ſhe *number'd* the ſun to *courſe*, to run *two hundred compaſſes*, two hundred circuits. JOHNSON.

[2] *And it was dy'd in* mummy,] The balſamick liquor running from *mummies* was formerly celebrated for its anti-epileptick virtues. We are now wiſe enough to know, that the qualities aſcribed to it are all imaginary; and yet I have been informed that this fanciful medicine ſtill holds a place in the ſhops where drugs are ſold. So, in *The Bird in a Cage*, by Shirley, 1633:

"—make *mummy* of my fleſh, and ſell me to the apothecaries."

Again, in *The Honeſt Lawyer*, 1616:

"That I might tear their fleſh in mamocks, raiſe
"My loſſes, from their carcaſes turn'd *mummy*."

STEEVENS.

[3] — *which the ſkilful*
*Conſerv'd of maidens' hearts.*] Thus the folio. The quarto reads:

——*with the ſkilful*
*Conſerves*, &c. STEEVENS.

[4] — *raſh?*] Is *vehement, violent.* JOHNSON.

*Oth.*

*Oth.* Ha!

*Def.* I ſay, it is not loſt.

*Oth.* Fetch it, let me ſee it.

*Def.* Why, ſo I can, ſir, but I will not now;
This is a trick, to put me from my ſuit;
I pray, let Caſſio be receiv'd again.

*Oth.* Fetch me that handkerchief: my mind miſgives.

*Def.* Come, come;
You'll never meet a more ſufficient man.

*Oth.* The handkerchief,—

*Def.* I pray, talk me of Caſſio [5].

*Oth.* The handkerchief,—

*Def.* A man that, all his time,
Hath founded his good fortune on your love;
Shar'd dangers with you;—

*Oth.* The handkerchief,—

*Def.* In ſooth you are to blame.

*Oth.* Away! [*Exit* OTHELLO.

*Emil.* Is not this man jealous?

*Def.* I ne'er ſaw this before.
Sure, there's ſome wonder in this handkerchief:
I am moſt unhappy in the loſs of it.

*Emil.* 'Tis not a year or two ſhews us a man [6]:

They

5 *I pray, talk me of Caſſio.*] This and the following ſhort ſpeech are omitted in all ancient editions but the firſt quarto. STEEVENS.

6 *'Tis not a year or two ſhews us a man:*] From this line it may be conjectured, that the author intended the action of this play to be conſidered as longer than is marked by any note of time. Since their arrival at Cyprus, to which they were hurried on their wedding-night, the fable ſeems to have been in one continual progreſs, nor can I ſee any vacuity into which a *year or two*, or even a month or two, could be put. On the night of Othello's arrival, a feaſt was proclaimed; at that feaſt Caſſio was degraded, and immediately applies to Deſdemona to get him reſtored. Iago indeed adviſes Othello to hold him off a while, but there is no reaſon to think, that he has been held off long. A little longer interval would increaſe the probability of the ſtory, though it might violate the rules of the drama. See Act. V. ſc. ii. JOHNSON.

This line has no reference to the duration of the action of this play, or to the length of time that Deſdemona had been married. What

They are all but ſtomachs, and we all but food;
They eat us hungerly, and when they are full,
They belch us. Look you! Caſſio, and my huſband.

*Enter* IAGO, *and* CASSIO.

*Iago.* There is no other way; 'tis ſhe muſt do't;
And, lo, the happineſs! go, and impórtune her.
*Def.* How now, good Caſſio? what's the news with you?
*Caſ.* Madam, my former ſuit: I do beſeech you,
That, by your virtuous means, I may again
Exiſt, and be a member of his love,
Whom I, with all the duty of my heart [7],
Intirely honour; I would not be delay'd:
If my offence be of ſuch mortal kind,
That neither ſervice paſt, nor preſent ſorrows,
Nor purpos'd merit in futurity,
Can ranſom me into his love again,
But to know ſo muſt be my benefit [8];

What Emilia ſays, is a ſort of proverbial remark, of general application, where a definite time is put for an indefinite. Beſides; there is no neceſſity for fixing the commencement of Emilia's *year or two*, to the time of the marriage or the opening of the piece. She would with more propriety refer to the beginning of the acquaintance and intimacy between the married couple, which might extend beyond that period. STEEVENS.

7 — *the* duty *of my heart*,] The elder quarto reads,
—— *the* duty *of my heart*.
The author uſed the more proper word, and then changed it I ſuppoſe, for faſhionable diction; [" the *office* of my heart," the reading of the folio;] but, as faſhion is a very weak protectreſs, the old word is now ready to reſume its place. JOHNSON.

A careful compariſon of the quartos and folio inclines me to believe that many of the variations which are found in the later copy, did not come from the pen of Shakſpeare. See p. 395, n. 9. That *duty* was the word intended here, is highly probable from other paſſages in his works. So, in his 26th *Sonnet:*

" Lord of my *love*, to whom in vaſſalage
" Thy merit has my *duty* ſtrongly knit."

Again, in his Dedication of *Lucrece*, to Lord Southampton: "Were my worth greater, my *duty* would ſhew greater; mean time, as it is, it is bound to your lordſhip." MALONE.

8 *But to know ſo, muſt be my benefit*;]

" Si nequeo placidas affari Cæſaris aures,
" Saltem aliquis veniat, qui mihi, dicat, abi." JOHNSON.

So ſhall I clothe me in a forc'd content,
And ſhut myſelf up in ſome other courſe,
To fortune's alms [9].

*Def.* Alas! thrice-gentle Caſſio,
My advocation is not now in tune;
My lord is not my lord; nor ſhould I know him,
Were he in favour [1], as in humour, alter'd.
So help me every ſpirit ſanctified,
As I have ſpoken for you all my beſt:
And ſtood within the blank of his diſpleaſure [2],
For my free ſpeech! You muſt a while be patient:
What I can do, I will; and more I will,
Than for myſelf I dare: let that ſuffice you.

9 *And* ſhut *myſelf up in ſome other courſe,*
*To fortune's alms.*] The quarto, 1622, reads—And *ſhoot* myſelf, &c. I think, with Mr. Steevens, that it was a corruption, and that the reading of the folio is the true one.

Hanmer reads:

And *ſhoot* myſelf *upon* ſome other courſe,
To fortune's alms.

*To fortune's alms* means, waiting patiently for whatever bounty fortune or chance may beſtow upon me.

We have the ſame uncommon phraſe in *King Lear*:

" —— —— Let your ſtudy
" Be to content your lord, who hath receiv'd you
" *At fortune's alms.*" MALONE.

The quarto, 1630, (like the folio) reads,

*And* ſhut *myſelf up* ——

I cannot help thinking this reading to be the true one. The idea ſeems taken from the confinement of a monaſtick life. The words, *forc'd content*, help to confirm the ſuppoſition. The meaning will therefore be, " I will put on a conſtrained appearance of being contented, and ſhut myſelf up in a different courſe of life, no longer to depend on my own efforts, but to wait for relief from the accidental hand of charity."

Shakſpeare uſes the ſame expreſſion in *Macbeth*:

" —— and *ſhut up*
" In meaſureleſs content."

Again, in *All's well that ends well*:

" Whoſe baſeſt ſtars do *ſhut us up* in wiſhes." STEEVENS.

1 — *in favour,*] In *look*, in *countenance*. JOHNSON.

2 — *within the blank of his diſpleaſure,*] Within the *ſhot* of his anger. JOHNSON.

*Iago.*

*Iago.* Is my lord angry?
*Emil.* He went hence but now,
And, certainly, in ſtrange unquietneſs.
*Iago.* Can he be angry? I have ſeen the cannon,
When it hath blown his ranks into the air[3];
And, like the devil, from his very arm
Puff'd his own brother;—And can he be angry?
Something of moment, then: I will go meet him;
There's matter in't indeed, if he be angry.
*Deſ.* I pr'ythee, do ſo.—Something, ſure, of ſtate,—
[*Exit* IAGO.
Either from Venice; or ſome unhatch'd practice[4],
Made démonſtrable here in Cyprus to him,—
Hath puddled his clear ſpirit: and, in ſuch caſes,
Men's natures wrangle with inferior things,
Though great ones are their object. 'Tis ev'n ſo;
For let our finger ach, and it indues
Our other healthful members ev'n to that ſenſe
Of pain[5]: Nay, we muſt think, men are not gods;
Nor of them look for ſuch obſervances
As fit the bridal.—Beſhrew me much, Emilia,
I was (unhandſome warrior as I am[6])
Arraigning his unkindneſs with my ſoul;

3 — *I have ſeen the cannon,*
*When it hath blown,* &c.] In Iago's ſpeech ſomething is ſuppreſſed. He means to ſay, I have ſeen his ranks blown into the air, and his own brother puff'd from his ſide,—*and mean while have ſeen him quite cool and unruffled.* And can he now be angry? MALONE.

4 — *ſome unhatch'd practice,*] Some treaſon that has not taken effect. JOHNSON.

5 — *for let our finger ache, and it* indues
*Our other healthful members, ev'n to that ſenſe*
*Of pain:*] I believe it ſhould be rather, Subdues *our other healthful members to a ſenſe of pain.* JOHNSON.

To *indue* appears to have ſignified in Shakſpeare's time, to *tincture* or *embrue*, and is ſo uſed here. See p. 383, n. 7.

The words—*'Tis even ſo*, relate to what Deſdemona has juſt conjectured. "*This is certainly the caſe*; ſome ſtate affair has diſturbed him." MALONE.

6 — *(unhandſome* warrior *as I am)*] *Unhandſome warrior*, is *unfair aſſailant.* JOHNSON.

But now I find, I had ſuborn'd the witneſs,
And he's indited falſely.

*Emil.* Pray heaven, it be ſtate matters as you think;
And no conception, nor no jealous toy,
Concerning you.

*Deſ.* Alas, the day! I never gave him cauſe.

*Emil.* But jealous ſouls will not be anſwer'd ſo;
They are not ever jealous for the cauſe,
But jealous for they are jealous: 'tis a monſter,
Begot upon itſelf, born on itſelf.

*Deſ.* Heaven keep that monſter from Othello's mind!

*Emil.* Lady, amen.

*Deſ.* I will go ſeek him.—Caſſio, walk hereabout:
If I do find him fit, I'll move your ſuit,
And ſeek to effect it to my uttermoſt.

*Caſ.* I humbly thank your ladyſhip.

[*Exeunt* DESDEMONA, *and* EMILIA.

*Enter* BIANCA.

*Bian.* Save you, friend Caſſio!

*Caſ.* What make you from home?
How is it with you, my moſt fair Bianca?
I'faith, ſweet love, I was coming to your houſe.

*Bian.* And I was going to your lodging, Caſſio.
What! keep a week away? ſeven days and nights?
Eight ſcore eight hours? and lovers' abſent hours,
More tedious than the dial eight ſcore times?
O weary reckoning!

*Caſ.* Pardon me, Bianca;
I have this while with leaden thoughts been preſs'd;
But I ſhall, in a more continuate time[7],

7 — *in a more* continuate *time,*] Thus the folio. The quarto, 1622, has—a more *convenient* time. MALONE.

A more *continuate* time is time *leſs interrupted*, time which I can call more my own. It gives a more diſtinct image than *convenient*. JOHNSON.

The word occurs again in *Timon*, ſc. i.

" ——— breath'd, as it were,
" To an untirable and *continuate* goodneſs." STEEVENS.

Strike

Strike off this ſcore of abſence. Sweet Bianca,
[*giving her* Deſdemona's *handkerchief.*
Take me this work out [8].

*Bian.* O, Caſſio, whence came this?
This is ſome token from a newer friend.
To the felt abſence now I feel a cauſe:
Is it come to this? Well, well.

*Caſ.* Go to, woman!
Throw your vile gueſſes in the devil's teeth,
From whence you have them. You are jealous now,
That this is from ſome miſtreſs, ſome remembrance:
No, in good troth, Bianca.

*Bian.* Why, whoſe is it?

*Caſ.* I know not, ſweet: I found it in my chamber.
I like the work well; ere it be demanded,
(As like enough, it will,) I'd have it copy'd:
Take it, and do't; and leave me for this time.

*Bian.* Leave you! wherefore?

*Caſ.* I do attend here on the general;
And think it no addition, nor my wiſh,
To have him ſee me woman'd.

*Bian.* Why, I pray you [9]?

*Caſ.* Not, that I love you not.

*Bian.* But that you do not love me.
I pray you, bring me on the way a little;
And ſay, if I ſhall ſee you ſoon at night.

[8] *Take me this work out.*] The meaning is not, "Pick out the work, and leave the ground plain;" but, "Copy this work in another handkerchief." JOHNSON.

So, in a comedy, by Middleton, called *Women beware Women:*

"——— ſhe intends
"To *take out* other *works* in a new ſampler."

Again, in the preface to P. Holland's Pliny, 1601: "Nicophanes (a famous painter) gave his mind wholly to antique pictures, partly to exemplifie and *take out* their patterns, after that in long continuance of time they were decaied." STEEVENS.

So, in Hearne's *Liber Niger Scaccarii*, Vol. II. p. 578, 581, and 585, "to *take out* the arms," means, to copy them.
TOLLET.

[9] *Why, I pray you?*] This and the following ſpeech are wanting in the firſt quarto. STEEVENS.

*Caſ.* 'Tis but a little way, that I can bring you,
For I attend here: but I'll ſee you ſoon.

*Bian.* 'Tis very good; I muſt be circumſtanc'd [1].

[*Exeunt.*

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## ACT IV. SCENE I.

*The ſame.*

*Enter* OTHELLO, *and* IAGO.

*Iago.* Will you think ſo?

*Oth.* Think ſo, Iago?

*Iago.* What,
To kiſs in private?

*Oth.* An unauthoriz'd kiſs.

*Iago.* Or to be naked with her friend abed,
An hour, or more, not meaning any harm?

*Oth.* Naked abed, Iago, and not mean harm?
It is hyprocriſy againſt the devil [2]:
They that mean virtuouſly, and yet do ſo,

The

[1] — *I muſt be* circumſtanc'd.] i. e. your civility is now grown conditional. WARBURTON.

Particular circumſtances and your own convenience have, I ſee, more weight with you than Bianca has. I muſt be poſtponed to theſe conſiderations. MALONE.

[2] *Naked abed, Iago, and not mean harm?*
*It is hyprocriſy againſt the devil:*] This obſervation ſeems ſtrangely abrupt and unoccaſioned. We muſt ſuppoſe that Iago had, before they appear in this ſcene, been applying caſes of falſe comfort to Othello; as that, though the parties had been even found in bed together, there might be no harm done; it might be only for the trial of their virtue; as was reported of the Romiſh ſaint, Robert D'Arbriſſel and his nuns: To this we muſt ſuppoſe Othello here replies; and like a good proteſtant. For ſo the ſentiment does but ſuit the character of the ſpeaker, Shakſpeare little heeds how theſe ſentiments are circumſtanced. WARBURTON.

*Hypocriſy againſt the devil,* means, hypocriſy to cheat the devil. As common hypocrites cheat men, by ſeeming good, and yet living wickedly, theſe men would cheat the devil, by giving him flattering hopes,

The devil their virtue tempts, and they tempt heaven [3].
*Iago.* So they do nothing, 'tis a venial ſlip:
But if I give my wife a handkerchief,—
*Oth.* What then?
*Iago.* Why, then 'tis hers, my lord; and, being hers,
She may, I think, beſtow't on any man.
*Oth.* She is protectreſs of her honour too;
May ſhe give that?
*Iago.* Her honour is an eſſence that's not ſeen;
They have it very oft, that have it not:
But, for the handkerchief,—
*Oth.* By heaven, I would moſt gladly have forgot it:—
Thou ſaid'ſt,—O, it comes o'er my memory,
As doth the raven o'er the infected houſe,
Boding to all [4],—he had my handkerchief.
*Iago.* Ay, what of that?
*Oth.* That's not ſo good now.
*Iago.* What, if I had ſaid, I had ſeen him do you wrong?
Or heard him ſay,—As knaves be ſuch abroad,
Who having, by their own importunate ſuit,

hopes, and at laſt avoiding the crime which he thinks them ready to commit. JOHNSON.

3 *The devil their virtue* tempts, *and they tempt heaven.*] As the devil makes a trial of their virtue by often throwing temptation in their way, ſo they preſumptuouſly make a trial whether the divine goodneſs will enable them to reſiſt a temptation which they have voluntarily created for themſelves, or abandon them to the government of their paſſions. MALONE.

Shakſpeare had probably in view a very popular book of his time, *The Beehive of the Roman Church.* "There was an old wife, called *Julia*, which would take the young men and maides, and lay them together in a bed. And for that they ſhould not one byte another, nor kicke backewards with their heeles, ſhe did lay a crucifix between them." FARMER.

4 *Boding to all,—*] Thus all the old copies. The moderns, leſs grammatically, *Boding to* ill. JOHNSON.

The raven was thought to be a conſtant attendant on a houſe in which there was infection. So, in Marlowe's *Jew of Malta*, 1633:

"Thus, like the ſad-preſaging *raven*, that tolls
"The ſick man's paſſport in her hollow beak,
"And in the ſhadow of the ſilent night
"Does ſhake contagion from her ſable wing." MALONE.

Or voluntary dotage of some mistress,
Convinced or supplied them [5], cannot choose
But they must blab—

*Oth.* Hath he said any thing?

*Iago.* He hath, my lord; but be you well assur'd,
No more than he'll unswear.

*Oth.* What hath he said?

*Iago.* Faith, that he did,—I know not what he did.

*Oth.* What? what?

*Iago.* Lie—

*Oth.* With her?

*Iago.* With her, on her; what you will.

*Oth.* Lie with her! lie on her!—We say, lie on her, when they belie her: Lie with her! that's fulsome. Handkerchief,—confessions,—handkerchief.—To confess, and be hang'd for his labour[6].—First, to be hang'd, and then to confess:—I tremble at it. Nature would not

[5] *Who having, by their own importunate suit,*
*Or voluntary dotage of some mistress,*
*Convinced or* supplied *them,*—] Mr. Theobald for *supplied* would read *suppled*; but the emendation evidently hurts, instead of improving, the sense; for what is *suppled*, but *convinced*, i. e. subdued. *Supplied* relates to the words—"voluntary dotage," as *convinced* does to "their own importunate suit." *Having by their importunacy* conquered *the resistance of a mistress, or, in compliance with her own request, and in consequence of her unsolicited fondness*, gratified her desires. MALONE.

*Convinced*, for conquer'd, subdued. WARBURTON.

So, in *Macbeth:*

"—— his two chamberlains
"Will I with wine and wassel so *convince*."

Again, in the same play:

"—— their malady *convinces*
"The great assay of art." STEEVENS.

[6] —*to confess and be hang'd*—] This is a proverbial saying. It is used by Marlowe in his *Jew of Malta*, 1633:

"Blame us not, but the proverb—*Confess, and be hang'd.*"

It occurs again, in *The Travels of the 3 English Brothers*, 1607: And in one of the old collections of small poems there is an epigram on it. All that remains of this speech, including the words *to confess*, is wanting in the first quarto. STEEVENS.

invest,

inveſt herſelf in ſuch ſhadowing paſſion[7], without ſome inſtruction[8]. It is not words, that ſhake me thus:—
Piſh!

[7] — *ſhadowing paſſion,*] The modern editions have left out *paſſion.* JOHNSON.

[8] — *without ſome inſtruction.*] The ſtarts and broken reflections in this ſpeech have ſomething very terrible, and ſhew the mind of the ſpeaker to be in inexpreſſible agonies. But the words we are upon, when ſet right, have a ſublime in them that can never be enough admired. The ridiculous blunder of writing *inſtruction* for *induction* (for ſo it ſhould be read) has indeed ſunk it into arrant nonſenſe. Othello is juſt going to fall into a ſwoon; and, as is common for people in that circumſtance, feels an unuſual miſt and darkneſs, accompanied with horrour, coming upon him. This, with vaſt ſublimity of thought, is compared to the ſeaſon of the ſun's eclipſe, at which time the earth becomes ſhadowed by the *induction* or bringing over of the moon between it and the ſun. This being the alluſion, the reaſoning ſtands thus: "My nature could never be thus overſhadowed, and "falling, as it were, into diſſolution, for no cauſe. There muſt be an "*induction* of ſomething: there muſt be a real cauſe. My jealouſy "cannot be merely imaginary. Ideas, *words* only, could not ſhake "me thus, and raiſe all this diſorder. My jealouſy therefore muſt be "grounded on matter of fact." Shakſpeare uſes this word in the ſame ſenſe, in *Richard III.*

"A dire *induction* am I witneſs to."

Marſton ſeems to have read it thus in ſome copy, and to allude to it in theſe words of his *Fame:*

"Plots ha' you laid? *inductions* dangerous!" WARBURTON.

This is a noble conjecture, and whether right or wrong does honour to its author. Yet I am in doubt whether there is any neceſſity of emendation. There has always prevailed in the world an opinion, that when any great calamity happens at a diſtance, notice is given of it to the ſufferer by ſome dejection or purturbation of mind, of which he diſcovers no external cauſe. This is aſcribed to that general communication of one part of the univerſe with another, which is called ſympathy and antipathy; or to the ſecret monition, *inſtruction*, and influence of a ſuperiour Being, which ſuperintends the order of nature and of life. Othello ſays, *Nature could not inveſt herſelf in ſuch ſhadowing paſſion without* inſtruction. *It is not words that ſhake me thus.* This paſſion, which ſpreads its clouds over me, is the effect of ſome agency more than the operation of words; it is one of thoſe notices, which men have, of unſeen calamities. JOHNSON.

However ingenious Dr. Warburton's note may be, it is certainly too forced and far-fetched. Othello alludes only to Caſſio's dream, which had been invented and told him by Iago. When many confuſed and very intereſting ideas pour in upon the mind all at once, and with ſuch rapidity that it has not time to ſhape or digeſt them, if it does not re-

Piſh!—Noſes, ears, and lips[9]:—Is it poſſible?—Confeſs!—
Handkerchief!—O devil!— [*falls in a trance.*

*Iago.* Work on,
My medicine, work! Thus credulous fools are caught;
And many worthy and chaſte dames, even thus,
All guiltleſs meet reproach.—What, ho! my lord!

*Enter* CASSIO.

My lord, I ſay! Othello!—How now, Caſſio?

*Caſ.* What's the matter?

*Iago.* My lord is fallen into an epilepſy;
This is his ſecond fit; he had one yeſterday.

*Caſ.* Rub him about the temples.

*Iago.* No, forbear:
The lethargy muſt have his quiet courſe:
If not, he foams at mouth; and, by and by,
Breaks out to ſavage madneſs. Look, he ſtirs:
Do you withdraw yourſelf a little while,
He will recover ſtraight; when he is gone,
I would on great occaſion ſpeak with you.—

[*Exit* CASSIO.

lieve itſelf by tears, (which we know it often does, whether for joy or grief,) it produces ſtupefaction and fainting.

Othello, in broken ſentences and ſingle words, all of which have a reference to the cauſe of his jealouſy, ſhews that all the proofs are preſent at once to his mind, which ſo over-powers it, that he falls into a trance, the natural conſequence. Sir J. REYNOLDS.

If Othello by the words *ſhadowing paſſion* alludes to his own feelings, and not to Caſſio's dream, Dr. Warburton's interpretation, if we ſubſtitute *inſtruction* for *induction*, (which was introduced merely to uſher in the image of an eclipſe) is perhaps nearly correct. *Induction*, in Shakſpeare's time, meant introduction, or prelude, (as in the inſtance quoted from *K. Richard III.*) and at no time ſignified *bringing over*, as Dr. Warburton interprets it.

MALONE.

9 *Noſes, ears, and lips:*] Othello is imaging to himſelf the familiarities which he ſuppoſes to have paſſed between Caſſio and his wife. So, in the *Winter's Tale:*

" Cheek to cheek,—meeting *noſes*—
" Kiſſing with inſide *lip*," &c.—

If this be not the meaning, we muſt ſuppoſe he is meditating a cruel puniſhment for Deſdemona and her ſuſpected paramour:

——— ——— raptis
*Auribus*, et truncas inhoneſto vulnere *nares*. STEEVENS.

How

How is it, general? have you not hurt your head?

*Oth.* Doſt thou mock me?

*Iago.* I mock you! no, by heaven:
Would, you would bear your fortunes like a man.

*Oth.* A horned man's a monſter, and a beaſt.

*Iago.* There's many a beaſt then in a populous city,
And many a civil monſter.

*Oth.* Did he confeſs it?

*Iago.* Good ſir, be a man;
Think, every bearded fellow, that's but yok'd,
May draw with you: there's millions now alive,
That nightly lie in thoſe unproper beds [1],
Which they dare ſwear peculiar; your caſe is better.
O, 'tis the ſpight of hell, the fiend's arch-mock,
To lip a wanton in a ſecure couch [2],
And to ſuppoſe her chaſte! No, let me know;
And, knowing what I am, I know what ſhe ſhall be.

*Oth.* O, thou art wiſe; 'tis certain.

*Iago.* Stand you a while apart;
Confine yourſelf but in a patient liſt [3].

[1] — *in thoſe* unproper *beds*,] *Unproper*, for common. WARE.
So, in *The Arcadia*, by Shirley, 1640:
" Every woman ſhall be common.—
" Every woman common! what ſhall we do with all the *proper* women in *Arcadia*?
" They ſhall be common too."
Again, in Gower *De Confeſſione Amantis*, B. 2. fol.
" And is his *proper* by the lawe." STEEVENS.

[2] — *in a* ſecure *couch*,] In a couch in which he is lulled into a falſe ſecurity and confidence in his wife's virtue. A Latin ſenſe. So, in *The Merry Wives of Windſor*: " Though Page be a *ſecure* fool, and ſtands ſo firmly on his wife's frailty," &c. See alſo Vol. VIII. p. 259, n. 4. MALONE.

[3] *Confine yourſelf but in a patient* liſt.] Keep your temper within the *bounds of patience*. So, in *Hamlet*:
" The ocean over-peering of his *liſt*,
" Eats not the flats with more impetuous haſte," &c. COLLINS.
Again, in *King Henry V.* Act. V. ſc. ii. "—you and I cannot be confined within the weak *liſt* of a country faſhion."
Again, in *King Henry IV.* P. I:
" The very *liſt*, the very utmoſt bound,
" Of all our fortunes." STEEVENS.

Whilſt

Whilſt you were here, ere while mad with your grief[4],
(A paſſion moſt unſuiting ſuch a man,)
Caſſio came hither: I ſhifted him away,
And laid good 'ſcuſe upon your ecſtaſy;
Bade him anon return, and here ſpeak with me;
The which he promis'd. Do but encave yourſelf[5],
And mark the fleers, the gibes, and notable ſcorns,
That dwell in every region of his face[6];
For I will make him tell the tale anew,—
Where, how, how oft, how long ago, and when
He hath, and is again to cope your wife;
I ſay, but mark his geſture. Marry, patience;
Or I ſhall ſay, you are all in all in ſpleen[7],
And nothing of a man.

*Oth.* Doſt thou hear, Iago?
I will be found moſt cunning in my patience;
But (doſt thou hear?) moſt bloody.

*Iago.* That's not amiſs;
But yet keep time in all. Will you withdraw?
[Othello *withdraws*.
Now will I queſtion Caſſio of Bianca,

4 — *ere while*, mad *with your grief*,] Thus the firſt quarto. The folio reads:
—— *o'erwhelmed* with your grief. STEEVENS.

5 — *encave yourſelf*,] Hide yourſelf in a private place. JOHNSON.

6 *That dwell in every* region *of his face*;] The ſame uncommon expreſſion occurs again in *King Henry VIII*:
" —— —— The reſpite ſhook
" The boſom of my conſcience——
" —— —— and made to tremble
" The *region* of my breaſt." MALONE.

7 *Or I ſhall ſay, you are all in all* in *ſpleen*,] I read:
*Or I ſhall ſay, you're all in all* a *ſpleen*.
I think our author uſes this expreſſion elſewhere. JOHNSON.
" A hare-brain'd Hotſpur, govern'd by *a ſpleen*."—The old reading, however, is not inexplicable. We ſtill ſay, ſuch one is *in* wrath, *in* the dumps, &c. The ſenſe therefore is plain. Again, in *A Midſummer-Night's Dream*:
" That, in *a ſpleen*, unfolds both heaven and earth",—. STEEVENS.

A houſewife, that, by ſelling her deſires,
Buys herſelf bread and cloaths: it is a creature,
That dotes on Caſſio,—as 'tis the ſtrumpet's plague,
To beguile many, and be beguil'd by one;—
He, when he hears of her, cannot refrain,
From the exceſs of laughter:—Here he comes:—

*Enter* CASSIO.

As he ſhall ſmile, Othello ſhall go mad;
And his unbookiſh jealouſy [8] muſt conſtrue
Poor Caſſio's ſmiles, geſtures, and light behaviour,
Quite in the wrong.—How do you now, lieutenant?

*Caſ.* The worſer, that you give me the addition,
Whoſe want even kills me.

*Iago.* Ply Deſdemona well, and you are ſure of't.
Now, if this ſuit lay in Bianca's power, [*ſpeaking lower.*
How quickly ſhould you ſpeed?

*Caſ.* Alas, poor caitiff!

*Oth.* Look, how he laughs already! [*Aſide.*

*Iago.* I never knew a woman love man ſo.

*Caſ.* Alas, poor rogue! I think, i'faith, ſhe loves me.

*Oth.* Now he denies it faintly, and laughs it out. [*Aſide.*

*Iago.* Do you hear, Caſſio?

*Oth.* Now he importunes him
To tell it o'er: Go to; well ſaid, well ſaid. [*Aſide.*

*Iago.* She gives out, that you ſhall marry her:
Do you intend it?

*Caſ.* Ha, ha, ha!

*Oth.* Do you triumph, Roman? do you triumph [9]? [*Aſide.*

*Caſ.* I marry her!—what? a cuſtomer [1]! I prythee,

[8] *And his* unbookiſh *jealouſy*—] *Unbookiſh*, for ignorant. WARB.

[9] *Do you triumph*, Roman? *do you triumph?*] Othello calls him *Roman* ironically. *Triumph*, which was a Roman ceremony, brought Roman into his thoughts. *What*, (ſays he,) *you are now* triumphing *as great as a Roman?* JOHNSON.

[1] — *a cuſtomer!*] A common woman, one that invites cuſtom. JOHNSON.

So, in *All's well that end's well*:

"I think thee now ſome common *cuſtomer*." STEEVENS.

bear

bear ſome charity to my wit; do not think it ſo unwholeſome. Ha, ha, ha!

*Oth.* So, ſo, ſo, ſo: They laugh, that win. [*Aſide.*

*Iago.* 'Faith, the cry goes, that you ſhall marry her.

*Caſ.* Pr'ythee, ſay true.

*Iago.* I am a very villain elſe.

*Oth.* Have you ſcored me [2]? Well. [*Aſide.*

*Caſ.* This is the monkey's own giving out: ſhe is perſuaded I will marry her, out of her own love and flattery, not out of my promiſe.

*Oth.* Iago beckons me; now he begins the ſtory. [*Aſide.*

*Caſ.* She was here even now; ſhe haunts me in every place. I was, the other day, talking on the ſea-bank with certain Venetians; and thither comes the bauble; by this hand [3] ſhe falls thus about my neck;—

[2] *Have you ſcored me?*] Have you made my reckoning? have you ſettled the term of my life? The old quarto reads—*ſtored* me. Have you diſpoſed of me? have you laid me up. JOHNSON.

To *ſcore* originally meant no more than to cut a notch upon a tally, or to mark out a form by indenting it on any ſubſtance. Spenſer, in the firſt Canto of his *Faery Queen*, ſpeaking of the Croſs, ſays:

"Upon his ſhield the like was alſo *ſcor'd*."

Again, b. 2. c. 9:

"— why on your ſhield, ſo goodly *ſcor'd*,
"Bear you the picture of that lady's head?"

But it was ſoon figuratively uſed for ſetting a *brand* or *mark* of diſgrace on any one. "Let us *ſcore* their backs," ſays Scarus, in *Antony and Cleopatra*; and it is employed in the ſame ſenſe on the preſent occaſion. STEEVENS.

In *Antony and Cleopatra*, we find:

"———— I know not
"What *counts* harſh fortune *caſts* upon my face," &c.

But in the paſſage before us our poet might have been thinking of the ignominious puniſhment of ſlaves. So, in his *Rape of Lucrece*:

"Worſe than a *ſlaviſh wipe*, or birth-hour's blot." MALONE.

[3] — *by this hand*—] This is the reading of the firſt quarto. STEEVENS.

Inſtead of which, the editor of the folio, or rather the licenſer of plays, ſubſtituted—thither comes the bauble, *and* falls *me* thus, &c. MALONE.

*Oth.*

*Oth.* Crying, O dear Caſſio! as it were: his geſture imports it. [*Aſide.*

*Caſ.* So hangs, and lolls, and weeps upon me; ſo hales, and pulls me: ha, ha, ha!—

*Oth.* Now he tells, how ſhe pluck'd him to my chamber: O, I ſee that noſe of yours, but not that dog I ſhall throw it to. [*Aſide.*

*Caſ.* Well, I muſt leave her company.

*Iago.* Before me! look, where ſhe comes.

*Enter* BIANCA.

*Caſ.* 'Tis ſuch another fitchew [4]! marry, a perfumed one.—What do you mean by this haunting of me?

*Bian.* Let the devil and his dam haunt you! What did you mean by that ſame handkerchief, you gave me even now? I was a fine fool to take it. I muſt take out the whole work.—A likely piece of work, that you ſhould find it in your chamber, and not know who left it there! This is ſome minx's token, and I muſt take out the work? There,—give it your hobby-horſe: whereſoever you had it, I'll take out no work on't.

*Caſ.* How now, my ſweet Bianca? how now? how now?

*Oth.* By heaven, that ſhould be my handkerchief! [*Aſide.*

*Bian.* An you'll come to ſupper to-night, you may: an you will not, come when you are next prepared for. [*Exit.*

*Iago.* After her, after her.

*Caſ.* 'Faith, I muſt, ſhe'll rail in the ſtreet elſe.

*Iago.* Will you ſup there?

*Caſ.* 'Faith, I intend ſo.

*Iago.* Well, I may chance to ſee you; for I would very fain ſpeak with you.

*Caſ.* Pr'ythee, come; Will you?

[4] —*fitchew!*—] A polecat. POPE.

Shakſpeare has in another place mentioned the luſt of this animal. He tells Iago that ſhe is as lewd as the *polecat*, but of better ſcent, the polecat being a very ſtinking animal. JOHNSON.

A *pole-cat* was anciently one of the cant terms for a ſtrumpet. STEEVENS.

*Iago.*

*Iago.* Go to; ſay no more. [*Exit* CASSIO.

*Oth.* How ſhall I murder him, Iago?

*Iago.* Did you perceive how he laugh'd at his vice?

*Oth.* O, Iago!

*Iago.* And did you ſee the handkerchief?

*Oth.* Was that mine?

*Iago.* Yours, by this hand[5]: and to ſee how he prizes the fooliſh woman, your wife! ſhe gave it him, and he hath given it his whore.

*Oth.* I would have him nine years a killing:—
A fine woman! a fair woman! a ſweet woman!

*Iago.* Nay, you muſt forget that.

*Oth.* Ay, let her rot, and periſh, and be damn'd to-night; for ſhe ſhall not live: No, my heart is turn'd to ſtone; I ſtrike it, and it hurts my hand[6]. O, the world hath not a ſweeter creature: ſhe might lie by an emperor's ſide, and command him taſks.

*Iago.* Nay, that's not your way.

*Oth.* Hang her! I do but ſay what ſhe is:—So delicate with her needle!—An admirable muſician! O, ſhe will ſing the ſavageneſs out of a bear*!—Of ſo high and plenteous wit and invention!—

*Iago.* She's the worſe for all this.

*Oth.* O, a thouſand, a thouſand times:—And then, of ſo gentle a condition[7]!—

[5] *Yours, by this hand,* &c.] This ſpeech is not in the original quarto, 1622. MALONE.

[6] — *No, my heart is turn'd to ſtone; I ſtrike it, and it hurts my hand.*] This thought, as often as it occurs to Shakſpeare, is ſure to be received, and as often counteracts his *pathos*. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act IV. ſc. viii:

" —— throw my heart
" Againſt the flint and hardneſs of my fault,
" Which, being dried with grief, will break to powder,
" And finiſh all foul thoughts." STEEVENS.

* *O, ſhe would ſing the ſavageneſs out of a bear!*] So, in *Venus and Adonis*:

" —— when he hath *ſung*,
" *The tyger would be tame.*" MALONE.

[7] *And then, of ſo gentle a* condition!] i. e. of ſo ſweet a diſpoſition. So, in *King Henry V*: " Our tongue is rough, coz, and my *condition* is not ſmooth." MALONE.

*Iago.*

*Iago.* Ay, too gentle.

*Oth.* Nay, that's certain: But yet the pity of it, Iago!—O, Iago, the pity of it, Iago!

*Iago.* If you are ſo fond over her iniquity, give her patent to offend[8]; for, if it touch not you, it comes near nobody.

*Oth.* I will chop her into meſſes:—Cuckold me!

*Iago.* O, tis foul in her.

*Oth.* With mine officer!

*Iago.* That's fouler.

*Oth.* Get me ſome poiſon, Iago; this night:—I'll not expoſtulate with her, leſt her body and beauty unprovide my mind again:—this night, Iago.

*Iago.* Do it not with poiſon; ſtrangle her in her bed, even the bed ſhe hath contaminated.

*Oth.* Good, good: the juſtice of it pleaſes; very good.

*Iago.* And, for Caſſio,—let me be his undertaker: You ſhall hear more by midnight. [*A trumpet within.*

*Oth.* Excellent good.—What trumpet is that ſame?

*Iago.* Something from Venice, ſure. 'Tis Lodovico, Come from the duke: and, ſee, your wife is with him.

*Enter* LODOVICO, DESDEMONA, *and Attendants.*

*Lod.* God ſave you, worthy general!

*Oth.* With all my heart, ſir[9].

*Lod.* The duke and ſenators of Venice greet you.

[*gives him a packet.*

*Oth.* I kiſs the inſtrument of their pleaſures.

[*opens the packet, and reads.*

*Deſ.* And what's the news, good couſin Lodovico?

*Iago.* I am very glad to ſee you, ſignior;
Welcome to Cyprus.

[8] *If you are ſo fond over her* iniquity, give her patent to offend;] So, in *King Edward III.* a tragedy, 1596:

"Why then *give ſin a paſſport, to offend.*" MALONE.

[9] *With all my heart, ſir.*] This does not relate to what *Lodovico* has juſt ſaid, but is ſpoken by Othello while he ſalutes him. MALONE.

*Lod.*

*Lod.* I thank you: How does lieutenant Caſſio?
*Iago.* Lives, ſir.
*Def.* Couſin, there's fallen between him and my lord
An unkind breach: but you ſhall make all well.
*Oth.* Are you ſure of that?
*Def.* My lord?
*Oth.* *This fail you not to do, as you will—* [*reads.*
*Lod.* He did not call; he's buſy in the paper.
Is there diviſion 'twixt thy lord and Caſſio?
*Def.* A moſt unhappy one; I would do much
To atone them [1], for the love I bear to Caſſio.
*Oth.* Fire and brimſtone!
*Def.* My lord?
*Oth.* Are you wiſe?
*Def.* What, is he angry?
*Lod.* 'May be, the letter mov'd him;
For, as I think, they do command him home,
Deputing Caſſio in his government.
*Def.* By my troth, I am glad on't.
*Oth.* Indeed?
*Def.* My lord?
*Oth.* I am glad to ſee you mad.
*Def.* How, ſweet Othello?
*Oth.* Devil! [*ſtriking her.*
*Def.* I have not deſerv'd this.
*Lod.* My lord, this would not be believ'd in Venice,
Though I ſhould ſwear I ſaw it: 'Tis very much;
Make her amends, ſhe weeps.
*Oth.* O devil, devil!
If that the earth could teem with woman's tears [2],
Each

1 — atone *them*,—] Make them *one*; reconcile them. JOHNSON. See Vol. VII. p. 272, n. 8. MALONE.

2 *If that the earth could teem*, &c.] If women's tears could impregnate the earth. By the doctrine of equivocal generation, new animals were ſuppoſed producible by new combinations of matter. See Bacon. JOHNSON.

Shakſpeare here alludes to the fabulous accounts of crocodiles. Each tear, ſays Othello, which falls from the falſe Deſdemona, would generate a crocodile, the moſt deceitful of all animals, and whoſe own tears are proverbially

Each drop ſhe falls [3] would prove a crocodile:—
Out of my ſight!
*Deſ.* I will not ſtay to offend you. [*going.*
*Lod.* Truly, an obedient lady:—
I do beſeech your lordſhip, call her back.
*Oth.* Miſtreſs,—
*Deſ.* My lord?
*Oth.* What would you with her, ſir?
*Lod.* Who, I, my lord?
*Oth.* Ay; you did wiſh, that I would make her turn:
Sir, ſhe can turn, and turn, and yet go on,
And turn again; and ſhe can weep, ſir, weep;
And ſhe's obedient, as you ſay,—obedient,—
Very obedient;—Proceed you in your tears [4].—
Concerning this, ſir,—O well-painted paſſion!
I am commanded home [5]:—Get you away;

proverbially fallacious. "It is written", ſays Bullokar, "that he will weep over a man's head when he hath devoured the body, and then he will eat up the head too. Wherefore in Latin there is a proverbe, *crocodili lachrymæ*, crocodile's tears, to ſignifie ſuch tears as are fained, and ſpent only with intent to deceive, or doe harme." *Engliſh Expoſitor*, 8vo. 1616. It appears from this writer, that a dead crocodile, "but in perfect forme," of about nine feet long, had been exhibited in London, in our poet's time. MALONE.

3 *Each drop ſhe* falls—] To *fall* is here a verb active. So, in *The Tempeſt*:

"——— when I rear my hand, do you the like,
"To *fall* it on Gonzalo." STEEVENS.

4 — *Proceed you in your tears.*] I cannnot think that the poet meant to make Othello bid Deſdemona *to continue weeping*, which *proceed you in your tears* (as the paſſage is at preſent pointed) muſt mean. He rather would have ſaid,

——— *Proceed you in your tears?*—

What! will you ſtill continue to be a hypocrite by a diſplay of this *well-painted paſſion?* WARNER.

I think the old punctuation is the true one. MALONE.

5 *I am commanded* home:] Thus the folio. The quarto, 1622, reads, perhaps better:

I am commanded *here*—Get you away, &c.

The alteration, I ſuſpect, was made, from the editor of the folio not perceiving that an abrupt ſentence was intended. MALONE.

I'll ſend for you anon.—Sir, I obey the mandate,
And will return to Venice;—Hence, avaunt!—
[*Exit* DES.
Caſſio ſhall have my place[6]. And,—ſir, to-night,
I do entreat that we may ſup together.
You are welcome, ſir, to Cyprus.—Goats and monkies[7]!
[*Exit.*

*Lod.* Is this the noble Moor, whom our full ſenate
Call—all-in-all ſufficient? This the noble nature
Whom paſſion could not ſhake? whoſe ſolid virtue
The ſhot of accident, nor dart of chance,
Could neither graze, nor pierce[8]?

*Iago.*

[6] *Caſſio ſhall have my place.*] Perhaps this is addreſſed to *Deſdemona*, who had juſt expreſſed her joy on hearing *Caſſio* was deputed in the room of her huſband. Her innocent ſatisfaction in the hope of returning to her native place, is conſtrued by Othello into the pleaſure ſhe received from the advancement of his rival. STEEVENS.

[7] *Goats and monkies!*] In this exclamation Shakſpeare has ſhewn great art. *Iago*, in the firſt ſcene in which he endeavours to awaken *Othello's* ſuſpicion, being urged to give ſome evident proof of the guilt of *Caſſio* and *Deſdemona*, tells him it were impoſſible to have ocular demonſtration of it, though they ſhould be "as prime as *goats*, as hot as *monkies*." Theſe words, we may ſuppoſe, ſtill ring in the ears of *Othello*, who being now fully convinced of his wife's infidelity, ruſhes out with this emphatick exclamation:—"*Iago's* words were but too true; now indeed I am convinced that they are as hot as "*goats* and *monkies*." MALONE.

[8] ——— *whoſe ſolid virtue*
*The ſhot of* accident, *nor dart of* chance,
*Could neither* graze *nor pierce?*] For *graze*, Dr. Warburton arbitrarily ſubſtituted *raſe*; and Mr. Theobald, becauſe "he could not *for his heart* ſee the difference between ſhot of *accident* and dart of *chance*," inſtead of the latter word reads, *change*. I do not ſee the leaſt ground for ſuppoſing any corruption in this paſſage. As *pierce* relates to *the dart of chance*, ſo *graze* is referred to *the ſhot of accident*. The expreſſion is ſtill uſed; we ſtill ſay—he was *grazed* by a *bullet*.
MALONE.

To *graze* is not merely to touch ſuperficially, [as Dr. Warburton has ſtated.] but to ſtrike not directly, not ſo as to bury the body of of the thing ſtriking in the matter ſtruck.

Theobald trifles, as uſual. *Accident* and *chance* may admit a ſubtile diſtinction; *accident* may be conſidered as the act, and chance

*Iago.* He is much chang'd.

*Lod.* Are his wits ſafe? is he not light of brain?

*Iago.* He is that he is; I may not breathe my cenſure.
What he might be,—if, what he might, he is not,—
I would to heaven, he were.

*Lod.* What, ſtrike his wife!

*Iago.* 'Faith, that was not ſo well; Yet 'would I knew,
That ſtroke would prove the worſt.

*Lod.* Is it his uſe?
Or did the letters work upon his blood,
And new-create this fault?

*Iago.* Alas, alas!
It is not honeſty in me, to ſpeak
What I have ſeen and known. You ſhall obſerve him;
And his own courſes will denote him ſo,
That I may ſave my ſpeech: Do but go after,
And mark how he continues.

*Lod.* I am ſorry, that I am deceiv'd in him. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.

*A Room in the Caſtle* *.

*Enter* OTHELLO *and* EMILIA.

*Oth.* You have ſeen nothing then?

*Emil.* Nor ever heard; nor ever did ſuſpect.

*Oth.*

as the *power* or *agency* of fortune; as, *It was by* chance *that this* accident *befel me.* At leaſt, if we ſuppoſe all corrupt that is inaccurate, there will be no end of emendation. JOHNSON.

* *A Room in the Caſtle.*] There are great difficulties in aſcertaining the place of this ſcene. Near the cloſe of it, Iago ſays to Deſdemona, "Go *in*, and weep not," which would lead us to place it in the court before Othello's caſtle. Theſe words may indeed be explained to mean, "Go *into* the ſupper-room" (though I do not think that the meaning): but immediately afterwards Roderigo enters, and converſes with Iago, which deciſively aſcertains the ſcene not to be in Othello's houſe: for Roderigo, who had given the firſt intelligence to Brabantio, of his daughter's flight, and had ſhortly afterwards drawn his ſword on Othello and his partiſans, certainly would not take the liberty of walking into his houſe at pleaſure.

*Oth.* Yes, you have seen Cassio and she together.
*Emil.* But then I saw no harm; and then I heard
Each syllable, that breath made up between them.
*Oth.* What, did they never whisper?
*Emil.* Never, my lord.
*Oth.* Nor send you out o' the way?
*Emil.* Never.
*Oth.* To fetch her fan, her gloves, her mask, nor nothing?
*Emil.* Never, my lord.
*Oth.* That's strange.
*Emil.* I durst, my lord, to wager she is honest,
Lay down my soul at stake: if you think other,
Remove your thought; it doth abuse your bosom.
If any wretch hath put this in your head,
Let heaven requite it with the serpent's curse!
For, if she be not honest, chaste, and true,
There's no man happy; the purest of their wives [9]
Is foul as slander.
*Oth.* Bid her come hither;—go.— [*Exit* Emilia.
She says enough;—yet she's a simple bawd,
That cannot say as much. This is a subtle whore,
A closet-lock-and-key of villainous secrets:
And yet she'll kneel, and pray; I have seen her do't.

*Re-enter* EMILIA, *with* DESDEMONA.

*Des.* My lord, what is your will?
*Oth.* Pray, chuck, come hither.

On the other hand, what Othello says early in the scene to Emilia,

"Leave procreants alone, and *shut the door*;"

and his subsequent address to her as he goes out, as decisively point out a room in Othello's castle as the place of the scene; and compel us to place the several interlocutors there, however inconsistent with Roderigo's entry, and Iago's address to Desdemona.

The truth is, that our poet and his audience, in this instance as in many other, were content, from want of scenery, to consider the very same spot, at one and the same time, as the outside and inside of a house. See Vol. VII. p. 122, n. 7, and *The Historical Account of the English Stage*, &c. Vol. I. Part II. p. 74. MALONE.

9 — *of their wives*—] Thus the folio. The quarto, 1622, reads—*of her sex*. MALONE.

*Des.*

*Def.* What is your pleaſure?
*Oth.* Let me ſee your eyes;
Look in my face.
*Def.* What horrible fancy's this?
*Oth.* Some of your function, miſtreſs; [*to* Emil.
Leave procreants alone, and ſhut the door;
Cough, or cry—hem, if any body come:
Your myſtery, your myſtery;—nay, diſpatch.
[*Exit* EMILIA.
*Def.* Upon my knees, what doth your ſpeech import?
I underſtand a fury in your words,
But not the words [1].
*Oth.* Why, what art thou?
*Def.* Your wife, my lord;
Your true and loyal wife.
*Oth.* Come, ſwear it, damn thyſelf;
Leſt, being like one of heaven, the devils themſelves
Should fear to ſeize thee: therefore be double-damn'd,
Swear—thou art honeſt.
*Def.* Heaven doth truly know it.
*Oth.* Heaven truly knows, that thou art falſe as hell.
*Def.* To whom, my lord? With whom? How am I falſe?
*Oth.* O Deſdemona!—away! away! away!
*Def.* Alas, the heavy day!—Why do you weep?
Am I the occaſion of theſe tears, my lord?
If, haply, you my father do ſuſpect,
An inſtrument of this your calling back,
Lay not your blame on me; if you have loſt him,
Why, I have loſt him too.
*Oth.* Had it pleas'd heaven
To try me with affliction; had he rain'd
All kinds of ſores, and ſhames, on my bare head;
Steep'd me in poverty to the very lips;
Given to captivity me and my utmoſt hopes;
I ſhould have found in ſome part of my ſoul
A drop of patience: but (alas!) to make me

[1] *But not the words.*] This line is added out of the firſt edition. POPE.

A fixed figure, for the time of scorn[2]
To point his slow unmoving finger at,—
O! O!
Yet could I bear that too; well, very well:

But

[2] —*time of scorn*—] The reading of both the eldest quartos and the folio is,

——for *the time* of scorn.

Mr. Rowe reads—*hand* of scorn; and succeeding editors have silently followed him.

I would (though in opposition to so many great authorities in favour of the change) continue to read with the old copy:

—— *the* time *of scorn.*

We call the *hour in which we are to die*, the *hour of death*;—the time when we are to be judged,—*the day of judgment*;—the instant when we suffer calamity,—*the moment of evil*; and why may we not distinguish the time which brings contempt along with it, by the title of *the time of scorn?* Thus, in *Soliman and Perseda*, 1599:

"So sings the mariner upon the shore,
"When he hath past the dangerous *time of storms.*"

Again, in Marston's *Insatiate Countess*, 1603:

"I'll poison thee; with murder curbe thy paths,
"And make thee know a *time of infamy.*"

Othello takes his idea from a clock. *To make me* (says he) *a fixed figure* (on the dial of the world) *for the hour of scorn to point and make a full stop at!* STEEVENS.

Might not Shakspeare have written—

——for *the scorn of time*
To point his slow unmoving finger at,—

*i. e.* the marked object for the contempt of all ages and all time. So, in *Hamlet:*

"For who would bear the whips and *scorns of time?*"

However, in support of the reading of the old copies, it may be observed, that our authour has personified *scorn* in his 88th Sonnet:

"When thou shalt be dispos'd to set me light,
"And place my merit in the *eye* of *scorn*—."

The epithet *unmoving* may likewise derive some support from Shakspeare's 104th Sonnet, in which this very thought is expressed:

"Ah! yet doth beauty, like *a dial-hand*,
"*Steal from his figure*, and *no pace perceiv'd*;
"So your sweet hue, which methinks *still doth stand*,
"Hath motion, and mine eye may be deceiv'd."

In the clocks of the last age there was, I think, in the middle of the dial-plate a figure of time, which, I believe, was in our poet's thoughts, when he wrote the passage in the text.

The

But there, where I have garner'd up my heart[3];
Where either I muſt live, or bear no life;
The fountain from the which my current runs,
Or elſe dries up; to be diſcarded thence!
Or keep it as a ciſtern, for foul toads
To knot and gender in!—turn thy complexion there[4]!
Patience, thou young and roſe-lipp'd cherubin;
Ay, there, look grim as hell!

*Def.* I hope, my noble lord eſteems me honeſt.

*Oth.* O, ay; as ſummer flies are in the ſhambles,
That quicken even with blowing. O thou weed[5],
Who

The *finger* of the dial was the technical phraſe. So, in *Albovine King of the Lombards*, by D'Avenant, 1629:

" Even as the *ſlow finger of the dial*
" Doth in its *motion* circular *remove*
" To diſtant figures,—."

D'Avenant was a great reader of Shakſpeare, and probably had read his plays, according to the faſhion of the time, in the folio, without troubling himſelf to look into the quarto copies.

*Unmoving* is the reading of the quarto, 1622. The folio reads—*and moving*; and this certainly agrees with the image preſented and its counterpart, better than *unmoving*, which can be applied to a clock, only by licence of poetry, *(not appearing to move,)* and as applied to *ſcorn*, has but little force: to ſay nothing of the ſuperfluous epithet *ſlow*; for there needs no ghoſt to tell us, that that which is *unmoving* is *ſlow*. *Slow* implies ſome ſort of motion, however little it may be, and therefore appears to me to favour the reading of the folio.

I have given the arguments on both ſides, and, from reſpect to the opinion of others, have printed *unmoving*, though I am very doubtful whether it was the word intended by Shakſpeare. The quarto, 1622, has—*fingers*; the folio—*finger*. MALONE.

[3] —garner'd *up my heart*;] That is, *treaſured* up; the *garner* and the *fountain* are improperly conjoined. JOHNSON.

[4] —*turn thy complexion there!* &c.] At ſuch an object do thou, *patience*, thyſelf *change colour*; at this do thou, even thou, *roſy cherub* as thou art, *look grim as hell*. The old editions and the new have it,

I *here look grim as hell.*

*I* was written for *ay*, and not ſince corrected. JOHNSON.

*Here* in the old copies was manifeſtly an errour of the preſs. See the line next but one above. Mr. Theobald made the correction. MALONE.

[5] —*O thou weed,*] Dr. Johnſon has, on this occaſion, been unjuſtly cenſured for having ſtifled difficulties where he could not remove them. I would therefore obſerve, that Othello's ſpeech is printed word for word from the folio edition, though the quarto reads:

——*O thou* black *weed!*

Who art so lovely fair, and smell'st so sweet,
That the sense aches at thee,—'Would, thou had'st ne'er been born!

*Des.* Alas, what ignorant sin have I committed?

*Oth.* Was this fair paper[6], this most goodly book,
Made to write whore upon? What committed!
Committed[7]!—O thou public commoner!
I should make very forges of my cheeks,
That would to cinders burn up modesty,
Did I but speak thy deeds.—What committed!
Heaven stops the nose at it, and the moon winks;
The bawdy wind, that kisses all it meets *,
Is hush'd within the hollow mine of earth,
And will not hear it: What committed!—
Impudent strumpet!

Had this epithet, *black*, been admitted, there would still have remained an incomplete verse in the speech: no additional beauty would have been introduced; but instead of it, a paltry antithesis between the words *black* and *fair*. STEEVENS.

The quarto, 1622, reads:

"O thou *black* weed, *why* art so lovely fair?
"*Thou* smell'st so sweet, that the sense aches at thee," &c.
MALONE.

6 *Was this fair paper*, &c.] Massinger has imitated this passage in *The Emperor of the East*:

"——————can you think,
"This masterpiece of heaven, this precious vellum
"Of such a purity and virgin whiteness,
"Could be design'd to have perjury and whoredom
"In capital letters writ upon't?" STEEVENS.

7 *Committed!*] This, and the three following lines, are omitted in the first quarto. STEEVENS.

This word in Shakspeare's time, beside its general signification, seems to have been applied particularly to unlawful acts of love. Hence perhaps it is so often repeated by Othello. So, in Sir Thomas Overbury's CHARACTERS, *(A Very Woman)* 1614: "She *commits* with her ears for certain; after that, she may go for a maid, but she has been lain with in her understanding." The word is used in the same sense in *King Lear*: "*Commit* not with man's sworn spouse."

Again, in Decker's *Honest Whore*, P. I.

"——————if all *committers* stood in a rank,
"They'd make a lane, in which your shame might dwell."
MALONE.

* *The bawdy wind, that kisses all it meets*,] So, in *The Merchant of Venice*:

"Hugg'd and embraced by the strumpet wind." MALONE.

*Des.*

*Def.* By heaven, you do me wrong.
*Oth.* Are not you a ſtrumpet?
*Def.* No, as I am a chriſtian:
If to preſerve this veſſel for my lord [8],
From any other [9] foul unlawful touch,
Be—not to be a ſtrumpet, I am none.
*Oth.* What, not a whore?
*Def.* No, as I ſhall be ſaved.
*Oth.* Is it poſſible?
*Def.* O, heaven forgive us!
*Oth.* I cry you mercy, then;
I took you for that cunning whore of Venice,
That married with Othello.—You, miſtreſs,

*Re-enter* EMILIA.

That have the office oppoſite to Saint Peter,
And keep the gate of hell; You! you! ay, you!
We have done our courſe; there's money for your pains;
I pray you, turn the key, and keep our counſel. [*Exit.*
*Emil.* Alas, what does this gentleman conceive?—
How do you, madam? how do you, my good lady?
*Def.* 'Faith, half aſleep.
*Emil.* Good madam, what's the matter with my lord?
*Def.* With who?
*Emil.* Why, with my lord, madam?
*Def.* Who is thy lord [1]?
*Emil.* He that is yours, ſweet lady.
*Def.* I have none: Do not talk to me, Emilia;
I cannot weep; nor anſwer have I none,
But what ſhould go by water. Pr'ythee, to-night
Lay on my bed my wedding ſheets,—remember;—
And call thy huſband hither.
*Emil.* Here is a change indeed! [*Exit.*

[8] *If to preſerve this* veſſel *for my lord,*] This expreſſion, as well as many others, our authour has borrowed from the ſacred writings: "—to poſſeſs his *veſſel* in ſanctification."—1 Theſſ. iv. 4. MALONE.

[9] —*any* other—] Thus the folio. The quarto reads—any *bated.* STEEVENS.

[1] *Who is thy lord?*] This, and the following ſpeech, are omitted in the firſt quarto. STEEVENS.

*Def.*

*Def.* 'Tis meet I ſhould be us'd ſo, very meet.
How have I been behav'd, that he might ſtick
The ſmall'ſt opinion on my great'ſt abuſe[2]?

*Re-enter* EMILIA, *with* IAGO.

*Iago.* What is your pleaſure, madam? How is it with you?

*Def.* I cannot tell. Thoſe, that do teach young babes,
Do it with gentle means, and eaſy taſks:
He might have chid me ſo; for, in good faith,
I am a child to chiding.

*Iago.* What is the matter, lady?

*Emil.* Alas, Iago, my lord hath ſo bewhor'd her,
Thrown ſuch deſpight and heavy terms upon her,
As true hearts cannot bear.

*Def.* Am I that name, Iago?

*Iago.* What name, fair lady?

*Def.* Such as, ſhe ſays, my lord did ſay I was.

*Emil.* He call'd her, whore; a beggar, in his drink,
Could not have laid ſuch terms upon his callet[3].

*Iago.* Why did he ſo?

[2] —*on my great'ſt abuſe?*] This is the reading of the quarto, 1622, which Dr. Johnſon thought preferable to the reading of the folio—*on my leaſt miſuſe*. MALONE.

[3] —*upon his* callet.] *Callet* is a lewd woman; ſo called (ſays Dr. Grey) from the French *calote*, which was a ſort of head-dreſs worn by country girls. This head-dreſs is mentioned by Ben Jonſon in his *Magnetick Lady*:

"The wearing the *callet*, the politic hood."

The word is likewiſe found in *Cocke Lorelles Bote*, a ſatyre, bl. l. printed by Wynkyn de Worde; no date:

"Yf he call her *calat*, ſhe calleth hym knave agayne."
STEEVENS.

This word is of great antiquity in the Engliſh language. Chaucer has it in his *Remedy of Love*:

"C, for calet, for of, we have O,
"L, for leude, D, for demeanure," &c. PERCY.

I meet this word in *The Tranſlation of Arieſto*, 1591:

"And thus this old ill-favour'd ſpiteful *callet*—."

Harrington, in a note on that line, ſays that "*callet* is a nick-name uſed to a woman," and that "in Iriſh it ſignifies a *witch*."

I have no faith in Dr. Grey's etymology of this word, *Calote* is a coif or light cap, worn by others beſide country girls. MALONE.

*Def.*

*Deſ.* I do not know; I am ſure, I am none ſuch.
*Iago.* Do not weep, do not weep; Alas, the day!
*Emil.* Has ſhe forſook ſo many noble matches,
Her father, and her country, and her friends,
To be call'd—whore? would it not make one weep?
*Deſ.* It is my wretched fortune.
*Iago.* Beſhrew him for it!
How comes this trick upon him?
*Deſ.* Nay, heaven doth know.
*Emil.* I will be hang'd, if ſome eternal villain,
Some buſy and inſinuating rogue,
Some cogging cozening ſlave, to get ſome office,
Have not devis'd this ſlander; I'll be hang'd elſe.
*Iago.* Fie, there is no ſuch man; it is impoſſible.
*Deſ.* If any ſuch there be, heaven pardon him!
*Emil.* A halter pardon him! and hell gnaw his bones!
Why ſhould he call her, whore? who keeps her company?
What place? what time? what form? what likelihood?
The Moor's abus'd by ſome moſt villainous knave [4],
Some baſe notorious [5] knave, ſome ſcurvy fellow:—
O, heaven, that ſuch companions [6] thou'dſt unfold;
And put in every honeſt hand a whip,
To laſh the raſcal [7] naked through the world,
Even from the eaſt to the weſt!
*Iago.* Speak within door [8].

[4] —*ſome* moſt villainous *knave,*] Thus the folio. The quarto, 1622, reads—ſome *outrageous* knave. MALONE.

[5] —*notorious*—] For *groſs*, not in its proper meaning for *known*. JOHNSON.

[6] —*ſuch* companions—] *Companion*, in the time of Shakſpeare, was uſed as a word of contempt, in the ſame ſenſe as *fellow* is at this day. So, in *The Widow's Tears*, by Chapman, 1612: "How now, baſe *companion?*" Again, in *The Spaniſh Tragedy*, 1605:

"And better 'tis, that *baſe companions* die,
"Than by their life to hazard our good haps." MALONE.

[7] —*the* raſcal—] Thus the quarto, 1622; folio—*raſcals*. Emilia firſt wiſhes that *all* baſe fellows were detected, and then that heaven would put a whip in every honeſt hand to puniſh in a ſignal manner that villainous knave, particularly in her thoughts, who had abuſed the too credulous Moor. MALONE.

[8] *Speak within door.*] Do not clamour ſo as to be heard beyond the houſe. JOHNSON.

*Emil.*

*Emil.* O, fie upon him! ſome ſuch ſquire he was,
That turn'd your wit the ſeamy ſide without[9],
And made you to ſuſpect me with the Moor.

*Iago.* You are a fool; go to.

*Def.* O good Iago,
What ſhall I do to win my lord again?
Good friend, go to him; for, by this light of heaven,
I know not how I loſt him. Here I kneel[1]:—
If e'er my will did treſpaſs 'gainſt his love,
Either in diſcourſe of thought[2], or actual deed;
Or that mine eyes, mine ears, or any ſenſe,
Delighted them in any other form;
Or that I do not yet, and ever did,
And ever will,—though he do ſhake me off
To beggarly divorcement,—love him dearly,
Comfort forſwear me! Unkindneſs may do much;
And his unkindneſs may defeat my life,
But never taint my love. I cannot ſay, whore;
It does abhor me, now I ſpeak the word;
To do the act that might the addition earn,
Not the world's maſs of vanity could make me.

*Iago.* I pray you, be content; 'tis but his humour;
The buſineſs of the ſtate does him offence,
And he does chide with you[3].

*Def.* If 'twere no other,—

*Iago.* It is but ſo, I warrant you. [*Trumpets.*

[9] — *the ſeamy ſide without:*] That is, *inſide out.* JOHNSON.

[1] *Here I kneel,* &c.] Theſe words, and the following lines of this ſpeech, are omitted in the quarto, 1622. MALONE.

[2] *Either in* diſcourſe of thought, *or actual deed*;] Thus the old copies. So, in *Hamlet:*

"O heaven! a beaſt, that wants *diſcourſe of reaſon*,
"Would have mourn'd longer."

The modern editors, following Mr. Pope, read—diſcourſe, *or* thought. MALONE.

[3] *And he does chide* with *you.*] This line is from the quarto, 1622. STEEVENS.

To *chide with* was the phraſeology of the time. We have, I think, the ſame phraſe in one of our poet's *Sonnets.* MALONE.

Hark,

Hark, how these instruments summon to supper!
And the great messengers of Venice stay[4]:
Go in, and weep not; all things shall be well.

[*Exeunt* DESDEMONA, *and* EMILIA.

*Enter* RODERIGO.

How now, Roderigo?

*Rod.* I do not find, that thou deal'st justly with me.

*Iago.* What in the contrary?

*Rod.* Every day thou doff'st me with some device, Iago; and rather (as it seems to me now) keep'st from me all conveniency, than supplies me with the least advantage of hope. I will, indeed, no longer endure it: Nor am I yet persuaded, to put up in peace what already I have foolishly suffer'd.

*Iago.* Will you hear me, Roderigo?

*Rod.* 'Faith, I have heard too much; for your words, and performances, are no kin together.

*Iago.* You charge me most unjustly.

*Rod.* With nought but truth. I have wasted myself out of my means. The jewels you have had from me, to deliver to Desdemona, would half have corrupted a votarist: You have told me—she has received them, and return'd me expectations and comforts of sudden respect and acquittance[5]; but I find none.

*Iago.* Well; go to; very well.

*Rod.* Very well! go to! I cannot go to, man; nor 'tis not very well: By this hand, I say, it is very scurvy; and begin to find myself fobb'd in it.

*Iago.* Very well.

*Rod.* I tell you, 'tis not very well. I will make my-

4 *And the great messengers of Venice stay:*] Thus the quarto. The folio reads:

*The messengers of Venice stay the meat.* STEEVENS.

5 —*and* acquittance;] This is the reading of the original quarto, 1622. The folio reads—and *acquaintance*.

*Acquittance* is requital. So, in *K. Henry V.*

"And shall forget the office of our hand
"Sooner than 'quittance of desert and merit."

See also *Hamlet*, p. 405, n. 6. MALONE.

self

ſelf known to Deſdemona: If ſhe will return me my jewels, I will give over my ſuit, and repent my unlawful ſolicitation; if not, aſſure yourſelf, I will ſeek ſatisfaction of you.

*Iago.* You have ſaid now.

*Rod.* Ay, and I have ſaid nothing, but what I proteſt intendment of doing.

*Iago.* Why, now I ſee there's mettle in thee; and even, from this inſtant, do build on thee a better opinion than ever before. Give me thy hand, Roderigo: Thou haſt taken againſt me a moſt juſt exception; but yet, I proteſt, I have dealt moſt directly in thy affair.

*Rod.* It hath not appear'd.

*Iago.* I grant, indeed, it hath not appear'd; and your ſuſpicion is not without wit and judgment[6]. But, Roderigo, if thou haſt that within thee indeed, which I have greater reaſon to believe now than ever,—I mean, purpoſe, courage, and valour,—this night ſhew it: if thou the next night following enjoyeſt not Deſdemona, take me from this world with treachery, and deviſe engines for my life.

*Rod.* Well, what is it? is it within reaſon, and compaſs?

*Iago.* Sir, there is eſpecial commiſſion[7] come from Venice, to depute Caſſio in Othello's place.

*Rod.* Is that true? why, then Othello and Deſdemona return again to Venice.

*Iago.* O, no; he goes into Mauritania, and takes away with him the fair Deſdemona, unleſs his abode be linger'd here by ſome accident; wherein none can be ſo determinate, as the removing of Caſſio.

*Rod.* How do you mean—removing of him?

6 —*your ſuſpicion is not without* wit *and* judgment.] Shakſpeare knew well, that moſt men like to be flattered on account of thoſe endowments in which they are moſt deficient. Hence Iago's compliment to this *ſnipe* on his ſagacity and ſhrewdneſs. MALONE.

7 —*there is* eſpecial *commiſſion* —] Shakſpeare probably wrote—*a ſpecial*. MALONE.

*Iago.*

*Iago.* Why, by making him uncapable of Othello's place; knocking out his brains.

*Rod.* And that you would have me to do?

*Iago.* Ay; if you dare do yourself a profit, and a right. He ſups to-night with a harlot, and thither will I go to him;—he knows not yet of his honourable fortune: if you will watch his going thence, (which I will faſhion to fall out between twelve and one,) you may take him at your pleaſure; I will be near to ſecond your attempt, and he ſhall fall between us. Come, ſtand not amazed at it, but go along with me; I will ſhew you ſuch a neceſſity in his death, that you ſhall think yourſelf bound to put it on him. It is now high ſupper-time, and the night grows to waſte[8]: about it.

*Rod.* I will hear further reaſon for this.

*Iago.* And you ſhall be ſatisfied. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE III.

*Another Room in the Caſtle.*

*Enter* OTHELLO, LODOVICO, DESDEMONA, EMILIA, *and Attendants.*

*Lod.* I do beſeech you, ſir, trouble yourſelf no further.

*Oth.* O, pardon me; 'twill do me good to walk.

*Lod.* Madam, good night; I humbly thank your ladyſhip.

*Def.* Your honour is moſt welcome.

[8] —*and the night grows to* waſte:] I ſuppoſe Iago means to ſay, that *it is near midnight*. Perhaps we ought to print *waiſt*. Both the old copies, the quarto, 1622, and the folio, 1623, read—*waſt*, which was the old ſpelling of *waiſt*. So *Hamlet*:

"In the dead *waſt* [*waiſt*] and middle of the night."

See the note on that paſſage, p. 208, n. 2.

So alſo, in *The Puritan*, a comedy, 1607:

"————————ere the day

"Be ſpent to the *girdle*, thou ſhalt be free."

The words, however, may only mean—*the night is* waſting apace. MALONE.

*Oth.* Will you walk, sir?—O,—Desdemona,—

*Des.* My lord?

*Oth.* Get you to bed on the instant; I will be return'd forthwith: dismiss your attendant there; look, it be done.

*Des.* I will, my lord. [*Exeunt* Oth. Lod. *and Attend.*

*Emil.* How goes it now? he looks gentler than he did.

*Des.* He says, he will return incontinent:
He hath commanded me to go to bed,
And bade me to dismiss you.

*Emil.* Dismiss me!

*Des.* It was his bidding; therefore, good Emilia,
Give me my nightly wearing, and adieu:
We must not now displease him.

*Emil.* I would, you had never seen him!

*Des.* So would not I; my love doth so approve him,
That even his stubbornness, his checks, and frowns,—
Pr'ythee, unpin me,—have grace and favour in them.

*Emil.* I have laid those sheets you bade me on the bed.

*Des.* All's one:—Good father[9]! how foolish are our minds!—
If I do die before thee, pr'ythee, shroud me
In one of those same sheets.

*Emil.* Come, come, you talk.

*Des.* My mother had a maid, call'd—Barbara;
She was in love; and he, she lov'd, prov'd mad,
And did forsake her[1]: she had a song of willow,

[9] —*Good father!*] Thus the folio. The quarto, 1622, reads—all's one, good *faith*. Malone.

[1] —*and he, she lov'd, prov'd* mad,
*And did forsake her:*] I believe that mad only signifies *wild, frantick, uncertain*. Johnson.

We still call a wild girl a *mad-cap*: and, in The First Part of *King Henry VI.* are mentioned,

" *Mad*, natural graces, that extinguish art."

Again, in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*:

" Come on, you *mad*-cap."

Again, in *Love's Labour's Lost*: " Do you hear, my *mad* wenches?" Steevens.

An

An old thing 'twas, but it expreſs'd her fortune,
And ſhe dy'd ſinging it: That ſong, to-night,
Will not go from my mind; I have much to do,
But to go hang my head[2] all at one ſide,
And ſing it like poor Barbara. Pr'ythee, diſpatch.

*Emil.* Shall I go fetch your night-gown?

*Deſ.* No, unpin me here.—
This Lodovico is a proper man.

*Emil.* A very handſome man.

*Deſ.* He ſpeaks well.

*Emil.* I know a lady in Venice, would have walk'd barefoot to Paleſtine, for a touch of his nether lip.

*Deſ.* *The poor ſoul*[3] *ſat ſighing*[4] *by a ſycamore tree,*
*Sing all a green willow;* [ſinging.
*Her hand on her boſom, her head on her knee,*
*Sing willow, willow, willow:*

[2] —*I have much to* do,
*But to go hang my head*—] *I have much* ado to do any thing *but hang my head.* We might read:
Not *to go hang my head.*
This is perhaps the only inſertion made in the latter editions which has improved the play. The reſt ſeem to have been added for the ſake of amplification, or of ornament. When the imagination had ſubſided, and the mind was no longer agitated by the horror of the action, it became at leiſure to look round for ſpecious additions. This addition is natural. Deſdemona can at firſt hardly forbear to ſing the ſong; ſhe endeavours to change her train of thoughts, but her imagination at laſt prevails, and ſhe ſings it. JOHNSON.

Theſe words, and all that follows, to *Nay that's not next*, incluſively, are not in the original quarto, 1622; and appeared firſt in the folio. The remaining lines of the ſong alſo appeared firſt in that copy. MALONE.

[3] *The poor ſoul*, &c.] This ſong, in two parts, is printed in a late collection of old ballads; the lines preſerved here differ ſomewhat from the copy diſcovered by the ingenious collector. JOHNSON.

[4] —*ſat* ſighing —] The folio reads—*ſinging*. The paſſage, as has been already obſerved, is not in the original copy printed in 1622. The reading of the text is taken from a quarto of no authority printed in 1630. *Sighing*, as Mr. Steevens has obſerved, is alſo the reading in the black-letter copy of this ballad in the Pepys Collection, which Dr. Percy followed. See the *Reliques of Ancient Engliſh Poetry*. I. 192. MALONE.

*The freſh ſtreams*[5] *ran by her, and murmur'd her moans;*
*Sing willow, &c.*
*Her ſalt tears fell from her, and ſoften'd the ſtones;*
Lay by theſe:
*Sing willow, willow, willow;*
Pr'ythee, hye thee; he'll come anon.—
*Sing all a green willow muſt be my garland.*

2.

*Let nobody blame him, his ſcorn I approve*[6],—
Nay, that's not next.—Hark! who is it that knocks?
*Emil.* It is the wind.
*Deſ. I call'd my love, falſe love*[7]; *but what ſaid he then?*
*Sing willow, &c.*
*If I court mo women, you'll couch with mo men*[8].
So, get thee gone; good night. Mine eyes do itch;
Doth that bode weeping?
*Emil.* 'Tis neither here nor there.

[5] *The freſh ſtreams*, &c.] Theſe lines are formed with ſome additions from two couplets of the original ſong:
"*The cold ſtreams ran by him*, his eyes wept apace;
"O willow, &c.
"The ſalt tears fell from him, which drowned his face;
"O willow, &c.
"The mute birds ſate by him, made tame *by his mones*;
"O willow, &c.
"*The ſalt tears fell from him, which ſoften'd the ſtones.*"

[6] *Let nobody blame him, his ſcorn I approve.*] In the original:
"Let nobody blame me, her ſcorns I *do* prove,
"O willow, &c.
"She was born to be fair; I to die for her love." MALONE.

[7] *I call'd my love, falſe love*;] This couplet is not in the ballad, which is the complaint, not of a woman forſaken, but of a man rejected. Theſe lines were probably added when it was accommodated to a woman. JOHNSON.

[8] —*you'll* couch *with mo men.*] This verb is found alſo in *The Two Noble Kinſmen*, 1634:
"——O, if thou *couch*
"But one night with her,—." MALONE.

*Deſ.*

*Def.* I have heard it ſaid ſo[9].—O, theſe men, theſe men!—
Doſt thou in conſcience think,—tell me, Emilia,—
That there be women do abuſe their huſbands
In ſuch groſs kind?

*Emil.* There be ſome ſuch, no queſtion.

*Def.* Would'ſt thou do ſuch a deed for all the world?

*Emil.* Why, would not you?

*Def.* No, by this heavenly light!

*Emil.* Nor I neither, by this heavenly light;
I might do't as well i' the dark.

*Def.* Would'ſt thou do ſuch a deed for all the world?

*Emil.* The world is a huge thing: 'Tis a great price
For a ſmall vice.

*Def.* Good troth, I think thou would'ſt not.

*Emil.* By my troth, I think I ſhould; and undo't, when I had done. Marry, I would not do ſuch a thing for a joint-ring; nor for meaſures of lawn; nor for gowns, petticoats, nor caps, nor any petty exhibition: but, for the whole world,—Why, who would not make her huſband a cuckold, to make him a monarch? I ſhould venture purgatory for't.

*Def.* Beſhrew me, if I would do ſuch a wrong
For the whole world.

*Emil.* Why, the wrong is but a wrong i' the world; and, having the world for your labour, 'tis a wrong in your own world, and you might quickly make it right.

*Def.* I do not think, there is any ſuch woman.

*Emil.* Yes, a dozen; and as many to the vantage[1], as
Would ſtore the world they play'd for.
But, I do think[2], it is their huſbands' faults,
If wives do fall: Say, that they ſlack their duties,
And pour our treaſures into foreign laps*;

9 *I have heard it ſaid ſo.*] This, as well as the following ſpeech, is omitted in the firſt quarto. STEEVENS.

1 —*to the vantage,*] i. e. to boot, over and above. STEEVENS.

2 *But, I do think,* &c.] The remaining part of this ſpeech is omitted in the firſt quarto. STEEVENS.

* *And pour our treaſures into foreign laps;*] So, in one of our authour's poems:

"Robb'd other beds' revenues of their rents." MALONE.

Or elſe break out in peeviſh jealouſies,
Throwing reſtraint upon us; or, ſay, they ſtrike us,
Or ſcant our former having [3] in deſpight;
Why, we have galls; and, though we have ſome grace,
Yet have we ſome revenge. Let huſbands know,
Their wives have ſenſe like them [4]: they ſee, and ſmell,
And have their palates both for ſweet and ſour,
As huſbands have. What is it that they do,
When they change us for others? Is it ſport?
I think, it is; And doth affection breed it?
I think, it doth; Is't frailty, that thus errs?
It is ſo too: And have not we affections?
Deſires for ſport? and frailty, as men have?
Then, let them uſe us well: elſe, let them know,
The ills we do, their ills inſtruct us ſo [5].

*Deſ.* Good night, good night: Heaven me ſuch uſage ſend [6],
Not to pick bad from bad; but, by bad, mend!

[*Exeunt.*

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## ACT V. SCENE I.

*A Street.*

*Enter* IAGO, *and* RODERIGO.

*Iago.* Here, ſtand behind this bulk; ſtraight will he come:

[3] —*our former having*—] Our former allowance of expence. JOHNSON.

[4] —*have* ſenſe *like them:*] *Senſe* is uſed here, as in *Hamlet*, for *ſenſation* or *ſenſual appetite*. See p. 336. n. 2. MALONE.

[5] —*inſtruct us* ſo.] This paſſage, as has been already obſerved, is not in the quarto, 1622. The reading of the text is that of the folio, 1623. The modern editors, following an alteration made by the editor of the ſecond folio, read—inſtruct us *to*. Our poet, for the ſake of rhyme, often uſes an uncommon phraſeology; I have therefore adhered to the authentick copy. MALONE.

[6] —*heaven me ſuch* uſage *ſend,*] Such *uſes* is the reading of the folio, and of the ſubſequent editions; but the old quarto has:

——*ſuch* uſage ſend,—

*Uſage* is an old word for *cuſtom*, and, I think, better than *uſes*. JOHNSON.

Wear

Wear thy good rapier bare, and put it home;
Quick, quick; fear nothing; I'll be at thy elbow:
It makes us, or it mars us; think on that,
And fix moſt firm thy reſolution.

*Rod.* Be near at hand; I may miſcarry in't.

*Iago.* Here, at thy hand; be bold, and take thy ſword. [*retires to a little diſtance.*

*Rod.* I have no great devotion to the deed;
And yet he has given me ſatisfying reaſons:—
'Tis but a man gone:—forth, my ſword; he dies.
[*goes to his ſtand.*

*Iago.* I have rubb'd this young quat almoſt to the ſenſe,
And he grows angry[7]. Now, whether he kill Caſſio,
Or Caſſio him, or each do kill the other,
Every way makes my gain[8]: Live Roderigo,
He calls me to a reſtitution large
Of gold, and jewels, that I bobb'd from him[9],

7 *I have rubb'd this young* quat *almoſt to the ſenſe,*
*And he grows angry.*] This is a paſſage much controverted among the editors. Sir T. Hanmer reads *quab*, a *gudgeon*; not that a gudgeon can be *rubbed* to much *ſenſe*, but that a man groſsly deceived is often called a *gudgeon*. Mr. Upton reads *quail*, which he proves, by much learning, to be a very choleric bird. Dr. Warburton retains *gnat*, which is found in the early quarto. Theobald would introduce *knot*, a ſmall bird of that name. I have followed the text of the folio, and third and fourth quartos.

A *quat* in the midland counties is a *pimple*, which by rubbing is made to ſmart, or is *rubbed to ſenſe*. Roderigo is called a quat by the ſame mode of ſpeech, as a low fellow is now termed in low language a *ſcab*. *To rub to the ſenſe*, is *to rub to the quick*. JOHNSON.

So, in *The Devil's Law-caſe*, 1623: "O young *quat!* incontinence is plagued in all creatures in the world."

Again, in Decker's *Gul's Hornbook*, 1609: "—whether he be a *yong quat* of the firſt yeeres revennew, or ſome auſtere and ſullen-faced ſteward," &c.

Such another thought occurs in Ben Jonſon's *Catiline*:

"——— muſt have their diſgraces ſtill new *rubb'd*,
"To make them ſmart," &c. STEEVENS.

8 —*my gain:*] The quartos read—my *game*. STEEVENS.

9 —*that I* bobb'd *from him,*] That I *fool'd* him out of. A *bob* formerly ſignified a mock, or jeer. Coles renders it in his Dictionary, 1679, by *ſanna*, as he does *bobb'd* by *illuſus*. MALONE.

As gifts to Desdemona;
It must not be: if Cassio do remain,
He hath a daily beauty in his life,
That makes me ugly; and, besides, the Moor
May unfold me to him; there stand I in much peril:
No, he must die:—But so, I hear him coming.

*Enter* CASSIO.

*Rod.* I know his gait, 'tis he;—Villain, thou dy'st.
[*rushes from his post, and makes a pass at* Cassio.
*Cas.* That thrust had been mine enemy indeed,
But that my coat is better than thou think'st;
I will make proof of thine.
[*draws, and wounds* Roderigo.
*Rod.* O, I am slain! [*falls.*
[Iago *rushes from his post, cuts* Cassio *behind in the leg*[1], *and exit.*
*Cas.* I am maim'd for ever:—Help, ho! murder! murder! [*falls.*

*Enter* OTHELLO, *at a distance.*

*Oth.* The voice of Cassio:—Iago keeps his word.
*Rod.* O, villain that I am!
*Oth.* Hark! 'tis even so.
*Cas.* O, help! ho! light! a surgeon!
*Oth.* 'Tis he;—O brave Iago, honest, and just,
That hast such noble sense of thy friend's wrong!
Thou teachest me,—Minion, your dear lies dead,
And your fate hies apace[2]:—Strumpet, I come:
Forth of my heart[3] those charms, thine eyes, are blotted;
Thy bed, lust-stain'd, shall with lust's blood be spotted.
[*Exit* OTHELLO.

*Enter*

[1] —*in the leg,*] Iago maims Cassio in the *leg*, in consequence of what he has just heard him say, from which he supposed that his *body* was defended by some secret armour. MALONE.

[2] *And your fate hies apace:*] Thus the first quarto. The second quarto and the folio read—And your *unbless fate hies.* STEEVENS.

[3] Forth *of my heart*, &c.] Thus the first quarto. The folio reads, *For of:* perhaps the true reading is, For *off*, &c. STEEVENS.

*For*

*Enter* LODOVICO, *and* GRATIANO, *at a diſtance.*

*Caſ.* What, ho! no watch? no paſſage[4]? murder! murder!

*Gra.* 'Tis ſome miſchance; the cry is very direful.

*Caſ.* O, help!

*Lod.* Hark!

*Rod.* O wretched villain!

*Lod.* Two or three groans;—it is a heavy night[5]:
Theſe may be counterfeits; let's think't unſafe
To come in to the cry, without more help.

*Rod.* No body come? then ſhall I bleed to death.

*Enter* IAGO, *with a light.*

*Lod.* Hark!

*Gra.* Here's one comes in his ſhirt, with light and weapons.

*Iago.* Who's there? whoſe noiſe is this, that cries on murder[6]?

*Lod.*

*For off* is the conjectural reading introduced by the editor of the ſecond folio, and is one of a thouſand proofs of capricious alterations made in that copy, without any regard to the moſt ancient editions. The original reading is undoubtedly the true one. So, in *Mount Tabor, or Private Exerciſes of a penitent Sinner*, 1639: "—whilſt all this was acting, there came *forth of* another door at the fartheſt end of the ſtage, two old men," &c.

Again, as Mr. Henley has obſerved, in *K. Richard III.*

"——— I cloath my naked villainy
"With old odd ends, ſtolen *forth of* holy writ."

Again, *ibidem:*

"'Faith, none, but Humphrey Hour, that call'd your grace
"To breakfaſt once, *forth of* my company." MALONE.

4 —*no paſſage?*—] No paſſenger? nobody going by? JOHNSON.

So, in the *Comedy of Errors:*

"Now in the ſtirring *paſſage* of the day." STEEVENS.

5 —*a heavy night:*] A *thick cloudy* night, in which an ambuſh may be commodiouſly laid. JOHNSON.

So, in *Meaſure for Meaſure:*

"Upon the *heavy* middle of the night." STEEVENS.

6 —*whoſe noiſe is this, that cries* on *murder?*] Thus the quarto, 1622, and the folio, 1623; and ſuch was the phraſeology of Shakſpeare's age. So, in *Eaſtward Hoe*, a comedy, 1605:

*Lod.* We do not know.

*Iago.* Did not you hear a cry?

*Caſ.* Here, here; for heaven's ſake, help me.

*Iago.* What's the matter?

*Gra.* This is Othello's ancient, as I take it.

*Lod.* The ſame, indeed; a very valiant fellow.

*Iago.* What are you here, that cry ſo grievouſly?

*Caſ.* Iago? O, I am ſpoil'd, undone by villains!
Give me ſome help.

*Iago.* O me, lieutenant! what villains have done this?

*Caſ.* I think, that one of them is hereabout,
And cannot make away.

*Iago.* O treacherous villains!—
What are you there? come in, and give ſome help.
[*to* Lod. *and* Gra.

*Rod.* O, help me here!

*Caſ.* That's one of them.

*Iago.* O murderous ſlave! O villain! [Iago *ſtabs* Rod.

*Rod.* O damn'd Iago! O inhuman dog!—O! O! O!

*Iago.* Kill men i' the dark!—Where be theſe bloody thieves?—
How ſilent is this town!—Ho! murder! murder!
What may you be? are you of good, or evil?

*Lod.* As you ſhall prove us, praiſe us.

*Iago.* Signior Lodovico?

*Lod.* He, ſir.

*Iago.* I cry you mercy; Here's Caſſio hurt by villains.

*Gra.* Caſſio!

*Iago.* How is it, brother?

*Caſ.* My leg is cut in two.

*Iago.* Marry, heaven forbid!—
Light, gentlemen;—I'll bind it with my ſhirt.

" Who *cries on murder?* lady, was it you?"
That line is a parody on one in *The Spaniſh Tragedy.*—The editor of the ſecond folio, who altered whatever he did not underſtand, for *cries on* ſubſtituted *cries out*, and has been followed by all the modern editors. MALONE.

*Enter*

*Enter* BIANCA.

*Bian.* What is the matter, ho? who is't that cry'd?
*Iago.* Who is't that cry'd?
*Bian.* O my dear Caſſio! my ſweet Caſſio!
O Caſſio! Caſſio! Caſſio!
*Iago.* O notable ſtrumpet!—Caſſio, may you ſuſpect
Who they ſhould be, that have thus mangled you?
*Caſ.* No.
*Gra.* I am ſorry, to find you thus; I have been to ſeek you.
*Iago.* Lend me a garter[7]: So.—O, for a chair,
To bear him eaſily hence!
*Bian.* Alas, he faints:—O Caſſio! Caſſio! Caſſio!
*Iago.* Gentlemen all, I do ſuſpect this traſh
To be a party in this injury*.—
Patience a while, good Caſſio.—Come, come;
Lend me a light.—Know we this face, or no?
Alas! my friend, and my dear countryman,
Roderigo? no:—Yes, ſure;—O heaven! Roderigo.
*Gra.* What, of Venice?
*Iago.* Even he, ſir; did you know him?
*Gra.* Know him? ay.
*Iago.* Signior Gratiano? I cry you gentle pardon;
Theſe bloody accidents muſt excuſe my manners,
That ſo neglected you.
*Gra.* I am glad to ſee you.
*Iago.* How do you, Caſſio?—O, a chair, a chair!
*Gra.* Roderigo!
*Iago.* He, he, 'tis he:—O, that's well ſaid;—the chair:— [*A chair brought in.*
Some good man bear him carefully from hence;
I'll fetch the general's ſurgeon.—For you, miſtreſs, [*to* Bianca.
Save you your labour.—He that lies ſlain here, Caſſio,
Was my dear friend: What malice was between you?

[7] *Lend me a garter*, &c.] This ſpeech is omitted in the firſt quarto. STEEVENS.

* *To be a party in this injury.*] Thus the folio. The quarto, 1622, reads—to *bear a part in this.* MALONE.

*Caſ.* None in the world; nor do I know the man.
*Iago.* [*to* Bian.] What, look you pale?—O, bear him out o' the air.— [Caſſio *and* Rod. *are borne off.*
Stay you, good gentlewoman[8]:—look you pale, miſtreſs?—
Do you perceive the gaſtneſs[9] of her eye?—
Nay, if you ſtare[1], we ſhall hear more anon:—
Behold her well; I pray you, look upon her;
Do you ſee, gentlemen? nay, guiltineſs will ſpeak,
Though tongues were out of uſe.

*Enter* EMILIA.

*Emil.* 'Las, what's the matter; what's the matter, huſband?
*Iago.* Caſſio hath here been ſet on in the dark,
By Roderigo, and fellows that are ſcap'd;
He's almoſt ſlain, and Roderigo dead.
*Emil.* Alas, good gentleman! alas, good Caſſio!
*Iago.* This is the fruit of whoring.—Pr'ythee, Emilia,
Go know of Caſſio where he ſupp'd to-night[2]:—

[8] —*good* gentlewoman:] Thus the quarto, 1622. The folio reads —*gentlemen*. That the original is the true reading, may be collected from the ſituation and feelings of the parties on the ſcene. No reaſon can be aſſigned why *Lodovico* and *Gratiano* ſhould immediately quit the ſpot where they now are, before they had heard from Iago further particulars of the attack on Caſſio, merely becauſe Caſſio was borne off: whereas, on the other hand, his miſtreſs, Bianca, who has been officiouſly offering him aſſiſtance, would naturally endeavour to accompany him to his lodgings. MALONE.

[9] —*the* gaſtneſs—] So the folio. The quartos read, *geſtures*. STEEV.

[1] *Nay, if you ſtare,*] So the folio. The quartos read, *ſtirre*. STEEVENS.

[2] —*Pr'ythee, Emilia,*
*Go know of Caſſio where he ſupp'd to night:*] In the laſt ſcene of the preceding act Iago informs Roderigo, that Caſſio was to ſup with Bianca; that he would accompany Caſſio to her houſe, and would take care to bring him away from thence between twelve and one. Caſſio too had himſelf informed Iago, in Act IV. ſc. i. that he would ſup with Bianca, and Iago had promiſed to meet him at her houſe. Perhaps, however, here Iago choſe to appear ignorant of this fact, conſcious that he had way-laid Caſſio, and therefore deſirous of being thought ignorant of his motions during the evening. MALONE.

What,

What, do you ſhake at that?

*Bian.* He ſupp'd at my houſe; but I therefore ſhake not.

*Iago.* O, did he ſo? I charge you, go with me.

*Emil.* Fie, fie upon thee, ſtrumpet!

*Bian.* I am no ſtrumpet; but of life as honeſt,
As you that thus abuſe me.

*Emil.* As I? foh! fie upon thee!

*Iago.* Kind gentlemen, let's go ſee poor Caſſio dreſs'd:—
Come, miſtreſs, you muſt tell us another tale.—
Emilia, run you to the citadel,
And tell my lord and lady what has happ'd.—
Will you go on, I pray?—This is the night, [*Aſide.*
That either makes me, or fordoes[3] me quite. [*Exeunt.*

## SCENE II.

*A Bed-chamber:* DESDEMONA *in bed, aſleep. A light burning.*

*Enter* OTHELLO.

*Oth.* It is the cauſe, it is the cauſe, my ſoul,—
Let me not name it[4] to you, you chaſte ſtars!—

It

3 —*or* fordoes *me quite.*] To *fordo* is to undo, to ruin, to deſtroy. STEEVENS.

See p. 244, n. 6. MALONE.

4 *It is the cauſe, it is the cauſe, my ſoul,—*

*Let me not name it*—] The abruptneſs of this ſoliloquy makes it obſcure. The meaning, I think, is this: "I am here (ſays "Othello in his mind) overwhelmed with horror. What is the rea- "ſon of this perturbation? Is it want of reſolution to do juſtice? Is "it the dread of ſhedding blood? No; it is not the action that ſhocks "me, but *it is the cauſe, it is the cauſe, my ſoul; let me not name it to "you, ye chaſte ſtars! it is the cauſe.*" JOHNSON.

Othello, full of horror at the cruel action which he is about to perpetrate, ſeems at this inſtant to be ſeeking his juſtification, from repreſenting to himſelf *the cauſe*, i. e. the greatneſs of the provocation he had received. STEEVENS.

Shakſpeare ſeems to have had the following verſe in the fifth chapter of Jeremiah in view: "They overpaſs the deeds of the wicked; they judge not *the cauſe, the cauſe* of the fatherleſs;—ſhall not *my ſoul*

It is the cauſe.—Yet I'll not ſhed her blood;
Nor ſcar that whiter ſkin of hers than ſnow,
And ſmooth as monumental alabaſter.
[*takes off his ſword.*
Yet ſhe muſt die, elſe ſhe'll betray more men[5].
Put out the light, and then put out the light[6]:
If I quench thee, thou flaming miniſter,
I can

*ſoul* be avenged on ſuch as this?" In imitation of this the poet meant, if his interrupted expreſſions were completed, to ſay, "It is the cauſe, the cauſe *of virtue and chaſtity, which* I am going to maintain: my ſoul, *this is the offence thou haſt to avenge:* but let me not name the offence to you, ye chaſte ſtars; it is the cauſe *of chaſtity*, and ſhe muſt die, elſe ſhe'll betray more men. *Juſtice demands it from me.* ANONYMUS.

5 *Yet ſhe muſt die, elſe ſhe'll betray more men.*] This is the ſecond attempt of Othello to juſtify what he has undertaken. Firſt he ſays, *It is the cauſe*, i. e. his own *cauſe*; now he is willing to ſuppoſe himſelf the preventer of ſucceeding miſchief to others. STEEVENS.

6 *Put out the light, and then put out the light:*] This is one of the paſſages to which I alluded in a note on *As you like it*, Vol. III. p. 233, n. 5; in which by a modern regulation our poet's words have obtained a meaning, which in my opinion was not in his thoughts. Mr. Upton was the firſt perſon who introduced the *conceit* in this line, which has been adopted ſince his book appeared, by pointing it thus:

Put out the light, and then—Put out the light! &c.

His explanation is as follows. "*I'll put out the light, and then*—ſtrangle her, he was going to ſay; but this recals a thouſand tender thoughts to his troubled ſoul: he ſtops ſhort; *If I quench the taper, how eaſy is it to reſtore its former light*; but O Deſdemona, if I once put out thy light," &c.

On this Dr. Warburton grounded the following note:

"The meaning is, I will put out the light, and *then* proceed to the execution of my purpoſe. But the expreſſion of *putting out the light*, bringing to mind the effects of the extinction of the light of life, he breaks ſhort, and queſtions himſelf about the effects of this metaphorical extinction, introduced by a repetition of his firſt words; as much as to ſay, But hold, let me firſt weigh the reflections which this expreſſion ſo naturally excites."

I entirely agree with Dr. Farmer, that this regulation gives a ſpirit to this paſſage that was not intended. The poet, I think, meant merely to ſay,—"I will now put out the lighted taper which I hold, and then put out the light *of life*;" and this introduces his ſubſequent reflection and compariſon, juſt as aptly, as ſuppoſing the latter words of the line to be uſed in the ſame ſenſe as in the beginning of it, which cannot be done without deſtroying that equivoque and play of words of which Shakſpeare was ſo fond.

There

I can again thy former light reſtore,
Should I repent me:—but once put out thy light[6],

There are few images which occur more frequently in his works than this. Thus, in *K. Henry VI.* P. III. the dying Clifford ſays,

" Here *burns* my *candle out*, ay, here it dies."

Again, in *Macbeth*:

" Out, out, brief candle!"

Again, in *K. Henry VIII.*:

" This candle burns not clear; 'tis I muſt ſnuff it;
" Then out it goes."

Again, in his *Rape of Lucrece*:

" Fair torch, burn *out thy light*, and lend it not
" To *darken* her, whoſe *light* excelleth thine!"

Let the words—*put out her light*, ſtand for a moment in the place of—*darken her*, and then the ſentence will run—*Burn out thy light, fair torch, and lend it not to put out her light, whoſe light is more excellent than thine.* In the very ſame ſtrain, ſays Othello, " *let me firſt extinguiſh the light I now hold, and then put out the light* of life. But how different in effect and importance are theſe two acts! The extinguiſhed taper can be lighted again, but the light of life, when once extinguiſhed, can never, alas, be relumined."

The queſtion is not, which regulation renders the paſſage moſt elegant and ſpirited, but what was the poet's idea.—I believe, however, that Shakſpeare wrote—and then put out *thy* light; and the reading of the original copy in a ſubſequent line, " — but once put out *thine*," ſeems to me to countenance this emendation.

In *The Merchant of Venice* the word *light* is uſed with equal ambiguity:

" Let me give *light*, but let me not be *light*." MALONE.

This has been conſidered as a very difficult line. *Fielding* makes *Betterton* and *Booth* diſpute about it with the *author himſelf* in the other world. The punctuation recommended by Dr. Warburton, gives a ſpirit to it which I fear was not intended. It ſeems to have been only a *play upon words*. *To put the light out* was a phraſe for *to kill*. In *The Maid's Tragedy*, Melantius ſays,

" —'Tis a juſtice, and a noble one,
" *To put the light out* of ſuch baſe offenders." FARMER.

*Put out the light.* This phraſe is twice uſed in *Sidney's Arcadia*, for killing a lady, p. 460, and 470, edit. 1633.

Again, in an unpubliſhed play, called *The Second Maidens Tragedy*, by George Chapman, licenſed by Sir George Buc, October 31ſt, 1611, (now in the library of the Marquis of Lanſdown, who honoured me with the uſe of it):

" ——— O ſoul of cunning,
" Came that arch ſubtilty from thy lady's counſel,
" Or thine own ſudden craft? confeſs to me
" How oft thou haſt been a bawd to their cloſe actions,
" Or *all thy light goes out*." STEEVENS.

[6] —*put out thy light*,] Thus the folio. The quarto reads—put out *thine*. STEEVENS.

Thou

Thou cunning'ſt pattern of excelling nature[7],
I know not where is that Promethean heat,
That can thy light relume[8]. When I have pluck'd thy roſe[9],
I cannot give it vital growth again,
It needs muſt wither:—I'll ſmell it on the tree.—
[*kiſſing her.*
O balmy breath, that doſt almoſt perſuade
Juſtice herſelf to break her ſword!—Once more.—
Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee,
And love thee after:—Once more, and this the laſt:
So ſweet was ne'er ſo fatal. I muſt weep,
But they are cruel tears: This ſorrow's heavenly[1]
It ſtrikes, where it doth love.—She wakes—
*Def.* Who's there? Othello?
*Oth.* Ay, Deſdemona.
*Def.* Will you come to bed, my lord?
*Oth.* Have you pray'd to-night, Deſdemona?
*Def.* Ay, my lord.
*Oth.* If you bethink yourſelf of any crime,

7 *Thou cunning'ſt pattern of excelling nature,*] So, in *Palmerin D'Oliva*, 1588, P. I. "—thoſe that beheld her, eſteemed her for the chiefeſt piece of workmanſhipp that ever Nature framed." REED.

8 *That can thy light* relume.] Thus the folio. The quarto 1622, for *relume* has—*return*. The modern editors, following the quarto printed in 1630, read—*relumine*.

Our poet has *illume*, for *illuminate*, in *Hamlet*:

"Had made his courſe, to *illume* that part of heaven,
"Where now it burns." MALONE.

9 —thy *roſe*,] Thus the folio. The quarto reads,—*the* roſe. Again, the quarto reads,

"I'll ſmell *it* on the tree."

The folio,

"I'll ſmell *thee* on the tree." STEEVENS.

1 —*This ſorrow's heavenly*;] This tenderneſs, with which I lament the puniſhment which juſtice compels me to inflict, is a holy paſſion.

I wiſh theſe two lines could be honeſtly ejected. It is the fate of Shakſpeare to counteract his own pathos. JOHNSON.

Perhaps the poet would not have retained both theſe images, had he publiſhed the play himſelf, though in the hurry of compoſition he threw them both upon paper. The firſt ſeems adopted from the fabulous hiſtory of the crocodile, the ſecond from a paſſage in the ſcripture. STEEVENS.

"Whom the Lord loveth, he chaſteneth." MASON.

Unreconcil'd

Unreconcil'd as yet to heaven and grace,
Solicit for it ſtraight.
*Def.* Alas, my lord, what may you mean by that?
*Oth.* Well, do it, and be brief; I will walk by:
I would not kill thy unprepared ſpirit;
No,—Heaven forefend!—I would not kill thy ſoul[2].
*Def.* Talk you of killing?
*Oth.* Ay, I do.
*Def.* Then, heaven
Have mercy on me!
*Oth.* Amen, with all my heart!
*Def.* If you ſay ſo, I hope you will not kill me.
*Oth.* Humph!
*Def.* And yet I fear you; for you are fatal then,
When your eyes roll ſo: Why I ſhould fear, I know not,
Since guiltineſs I know not; but yet, I feel, I fear.
*Oth.* Think on thy ſins.
*Def.* They are loves I bear to you.
*Oth.* Ay, and for that thou dy'ſt.
*Def.* That death's unnatural, that kills for loving[3].
Alas, why gnaw you ſo your nether lip?
Some bloody paſſion ſhakes your very frame:
Theſe are portents; but yet, I hope, I hope,
They do not point on me.
*Oth.* Peace, and be ſtill!
*Def.* I will ſo: What's the matter?
*Oth.* That handkerchief, which I ſo lov'd, and gave thee,
Thou gav'ſt to Caſſio.
*Def.* No, by my life and ſoul;

[2] *I would not kill thy ſoul.*] Sir *W. D'Avenant* has borrowed this thought in his *Albovine, King of Lombardy*, 1629:

"I am not fraught with devil's ſpleen; I would
"Not hurt *thy ſoul.*" STEEVENS.

[3] *That death's unnatural, that kills for loving.*] This thought is likewiſe found in *The Legend of Orpheus and Eurydice*, a poem, by H. L. 16mo. 1597:

"Unnatural, which kill where you ſhould kiſſe."

Again, in our poet's *K. Richard III.*

"It is a quarrel moſt unnatural,
"To be revenge'd on him that loveth thee." MALONE.

Send

Send for the man, and ask him.

*Oth.* Sweet soul, take heed,
Take heed of perjury; thou art on thy death-bed.

*Des.* Ay, but not yet to die.

*Oth.* Yes, presently:
Therefore confess thee freely of thy sin;
For to deny each article with oath,
Cannot remove, nor choke, the strong conception
That I do groan withal. Thou art to die.

*Des.* Then, Lord have mercy on me!

*Oth.* I say, amen.

*Des.* And have you mercy too!—I never did
Offend you in my life; never lov'd Cassio,
But with such general warranty of heaven
As I might love: I never gave him token.

*Oth.* By heaven, I saw my handkerchief in his hand.
O perjur'd woman! thou dost stone my heart,
And mak'st me call, what I intend to do,—
A murder, which I thought a sacrifice[4]:
I saw the handkerchief.

*Des.* He found it then;
I never gave it him:—Send for him hither,
And let him confess a truth.

*Oth.* He hath confess'd.

*Des.* What, my lord?

*Oth.* That he hath—us'd thee[5].

[4] *A murder, which I thought a sacrifice:*] This line is difficult. *Thou hast hardened my heart, and makest me* kill thee with the rage of a *murderer*, when *I thought to have sacrificed* thee to justice with the calmness of a priest striking a victim.

It must not be omitted, that one of the elder quartos reads, *thou dost stone* thy *heart*; which I suspect to be genuine. The meaning then will be, *thou forcest me* to dismiss thee from the world in the state of the *murdered* without preparation for death, *when I intended* that thy punishment should have been *a sacrifice* atoning for thy crime.

I am glad that I have ended my revisal of this dreadful scene. It is not to be endured. JOHNSON.

*Thy* heart, is the reading of the original quarto, 1622. MALONE.

[5] *That he hath*—us'd thee.] The quarto, 1622, exhibits this line thus:

That he hath—*uds death.* MALONE.

*Des.*

*Def.* How? unlawfully?

*Oth.* Ay.

*Def.* He will not ſay ſo.

*Oth.* No, his mouth is ſtopp'd;
Honeſt Iago hath ta'en order for't[6].

*Def.* My fear interprets then,—What, is he dead?

*Oth.* Had all his hairs been lives[7], my great revenge
Had ſtomach for them all.

*Def.* Alas! he is betray'd, and I undone.

*Oth.* Out, ſtrumpet! Weep'ſt thou for him to my face?

*Def.* O, baniſh me, my lord, but kill me not.

*Oth.* Down, ſtrumpet!

*Def.* Kill me to-morrow, let me live to-night.

*Oth.* Nay, if you ſtrive,—

*Def.* But half an hour.

*Oth.* Being done,
There is no pauſe[8].

*Def.* But while I ſay one prayer.

*Oth.* It is too late[9]. [*He ſmothers her.*

*Emil.*

6 — *hath* ta'en order *for't.*] i. e. has *taken meaſures.* So, in Holinſhed's Reign of *King John*: "— he *took* ſuch *order* for him, that he was deſpoiled of all his goods and benefices." p. 174. STEEVENS.

Again, in *Dido Queen of Carthage*, by Marlowe and Naſhe, 1594:

"I will *take order for that* preſently." MALONE.

7 *Had all his hairs been lives,*—] This thought appears to have been very common, as it occurs frequently in dramatic performances prior to Shakſpeare's *Othello.* So, in *The Devil's Charter*, by Barnaby Barnes, 1607:

"Know, Cæſar, had I now as many lives
"As there are ſtones, or hairs upon my head,
"I would," &c.

Again, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *King and no King*:

"———— but *if all*
"*My hairs were lives*, I would not be engaged
"In ſuch a cauſe." STEEVENS.

*King and no King*, as appears from Sir Henry Herbert's papers, was produced in 1611. See Vol. I. P. II. *Hiſtorical Account of the Engliſh Stage.* MALONE.

8 *Being done,*
*There is no pauſe.*] The firſt quarto omits this ſpeech. STEEVENS.

9 *It is too late.*] After this ſpeech of Othello, the elder quarto adds an invocation from Deſdemona, conſiſting only of the ſacred name thrice repeated. As this muſt be ſuppoſed to have been uttered while

*Emil.* [*within.*] My lord, my lord! what ho! my lord, my lord!

*Oth.* What noiſe is this?—Not dead? not yet quite dead?
I, that am cruel, am yet merciful;
I would not have thee linger in thy pain.—
So, ſo.

*Emil.* [*within.*] What ho! my lord, my lord!

*Oth.* Who's there?

*Emil.* [*within.*] O, good my lord, I would ſpeak a word with you.

*Oth.* Yes;—'tis Emilia:—by and by.—She's dead.
'Tis like, ſhe comes to ſpeak of Caſſio's death;
The noiſe was high.—Ha! no more moving?
Still as the grave. Shall ſhe come in? Were't good?
I think, ſhe ſtirs again:—No.—What's the beſt?
If ſhe come in, ſhe'll ſure ſpeak to my wife:—
My wife! my wife! what wife?—I have no wife[1]:
O inſupportable! O heavy hour!
Methinks, it ſhould be now a huge eclipſe
Of ſun and moon; and that the affrighted globe
Should yawn at alteration.

*Emil.* [*within.*] I do beſeech you I may ſpeak with you, O, good my lord!

*Oth.* I had forgot thee: O, come in, Emilia:—
Soft,—by and by:—Let me the curtains draw.—

ſhe is yet ſtruggling with death, I think an editor may be excuſed from inſerting ſuch a circumſtance of ſupererogatory horror, eſpecially as it is found in but one of the ancient copies. STEEVENS.

This alteration was probably made in conſequence of the ſtatue of the 3d of James I. c. 21. which lays a penalty for the profane uſe of the name of God, &c. in ſtage-plays, enterludes, May-games, &c. TOLLET.

The ſtatute was neceſſary; for not only the ancient moralities, but the plays (thoſe of *Chapman* in particular) abound with the moſt wanton and ſhocking repetitions of a name which never ought to be mentioned in ſuch an irreverend manner on the ſtage. STEEVENS.

The alteration was undoubtedly made by the Maſter of the Revels. MALONE.

[1] *My wife! my wife! what wife?—I have no wife:*] "Filium unicum adoleſcentulum habeo: ah! quid dixi habere me? imo habui, Chreme." *Ter. Heautont.* STEEVENS.

Where

Where art thou? What's the matter with thee now?

[*unlocks the door.*

*Enter* EMILIA.

*Emil.* O, my good lord, yonder's foul murder done.

*Oth.* What? now?

*Emil.* But now, my lord?

*Oth.* It is the very error of the moon;
She comes more near the earth than she was wont,
And makes men mad.

*Emil.* Cassio, my lord, has kill'd a young Venetian,
Call'd—Roderigo.

*Oth.* Roderigo kill'd!
And Cassio kill'd?

*Emil.* No, Cassio is not kill'd.

*Oth.* Not Cassio kill'd? Then murder's out of tune,
And sweet revenge grows harsh.

*Des.* O, falsely, falsely murder'd[2]!

*Emil.*

[2] *O falsely, falsely murder'd!*] It cannot be supposed that a person who had been effectually *strangled* or *smothered*, could speak again; for if the power of breathing returned after the instrument of suffocation was removed, no act of violence had in reality taken place, by which the conclusion of life could be brought on. But such is the peculiar fate of Desdemona, that she is supposed to be smothered, revives to acquaint us that *she smothered herself*, and then dies without any ostensible cause of death. I am of opinion that some theatrical direction has been omitted; and that when Othello says,

Not dead? not yet quite dead?
I, that am cruel, am yet merciful;
I would not have thee linger in thy pain:—
*So, so.*

he then stabs her, repeating the two last words, as he repeats the blow. Thus Virgil:

——*sic, sic* juvat ire sub umbras.

After a repetition of wounds, Desdemona might speak again, with propriety, and yet very soon expire; as says Cassio of Roderigo:

—— even but now he spake,
After long seeming dead.

The first resolution of Othello was to poison her, but from this measure he is dissuaded by the policy of Iago. He is next determined to use the poniard; but, his tenderness awaking, he cannot bear to deform those beauties which he had so often approached with other sensations and for different purposes. Therefore, says he,

*Emil.* Alas! what cry is that?
*Oth.* That! what?
*Emil.* Out, and alas! that was my lady's voice:—
Help! help, ho! help!—O lady, ſpeak again!
Sweet Deſdemona! O, ſweet miſtreſs, ſpeak!
*Deſ.* A guiltleſs death I die.
*Emil.* O, who hath done
This deed?
*Deſ.* Nobody; I myſelf; farewel:
Commend me to my kind lord; O, farewel. [*dies.*
*Oth.* Why, how ſhould ſhe be murder'd?
*Emil.* Alas, who knows?
*Oth.* You heard her ſay herſelf, it was not I.
*Emil.* She ſaid ſo; I muſt needs report the truth.
*Oth.* She's, like a liar, gone to burning hell;
'Twas I that kill'd her.
*Emil.* O, the more angel ſhe,
And you the blacker devil!
*Oth.* She turn'd to folly, and ſhe was a whore[3].
*Emil.* Thou doſt belie her, and thou art a devil.
*Oth.* She was falſe as water[4].
*Emil.* Thou art raſh as fire, to ſay
That ſhe was falſe; O, ſhe was heavenly true!

——— I'll not ſhed her blood,
Nor ſcar that whiter ſkin of hers than ſnow,
And ſmooth as monumental alabaſter:

And this reſolution we are to imagine he would have kept, but that he was averſe to employing thoſe means again, which had already appeared to be uncertain in their effect.

If this apparent want of a play-houſe direction had occaſioned any abſurdity in the original repreſentation of the play, probably it is glanced at by Ben Jonſon in the *Alchemiſt*, Act V.: "Did'ſt hear a cry, ſaid'ſt thou? Yes, ſir, like unto a man that had been *ſtrangled* an hour, and could not ſpeak." STEEVENS.

*The Alchemiſt* was firſt repreſented in the year 1610, and this paſſage is found in the original copy printed in that year. MALONE.

3 *She turn'd to* folly, *and ſhe was a whore.*] *Folly* ſignifies here, as in the ſacred writings, *depravity of mind*. So, in our authour's *Rape of Lucrece*:

"Her ſad behaviour feeds his vulture *folly*." MALONE.

4 —*falſe as water.*] As water, that will ſupport no weight, nor keep any impreſſion. JOHNSON.

*Oth.*

*Oth.* Caſſio did tup her; aſk thy huſband elſe.
O, I were damn'd beneath all depth in hell,
But that I did proceed upon juſt grounds
To this extremity; Thy huſband knew it all.
*Emil.* My huſband?
*Oth.* Thy huſband.
*Emil.* That ſhe was falſe to wedlock?
*Oth.* Ay, with Caſſio. Nay, had ſhe been true,
If heaven would make me ſuch another world
Of one entire and perfect chryſolite,
I'd not have ſold her for it.
*Emil.* My huſband?
*Oth.* Ay, 'twas he that told me firſt[5];
An honeſt man he is, and hates the ſlime
That ſticks on filthy deeds.
*Emil.* My huſband?
*Oth.* What needs this iteration[6], woman?
I ſay, thy huſband.
*Emil.*[7] O miſtreſs, villainy hath made mocks with love[8]!
My huſband ſay, that ſhe was falſe?
*Oth.* He, woman;
I ſay, thy huſband; Doſt underſtand the word?
My friend, thy huſband, honeſt, honeſt Iago.
*Emil.* If he ſay ſo, may his pernicious ſoul
Rot half a grain a day! he lies to the heart;
She was too fond of her moſt filthy bargain,
*Oth.* Ha!

[5] —*that told me firſt*;] The folio reads,—that told me *on her* firſt. STEEVENS.

[6] —*iteration*,] The folio reads—*iterance*. STEEVENS.

[7] *Emil.*] The firſt quarto omits this and the following ſpeech. STEEVENS.

[8] —villainy *hath made mocks with love!*] *Villainy* has taken advantage to *play upon* the weakneſs of a violent paſſion. JOHNSON.

I have ſometimes thought that theſe words might mean, that "villainy hath play'd on its object under a pretence of kindneſs." So, in *Macbeth*:

"——— the ſurfeited grooms
"Do *mock* their charge *with ſnores*."

But in this I have very little confidence. MALONE.

*Emil.* Do thy worſt:
This deed of thine is no more worthy heaven,
Than thou waſt worthy her.
*Oth.* Peace, you were beſt.
*Emil.* Thou haſt not half the power to do me harm,
As I have to be hurt[9]. O gull! O dolt!
As ignorant as dirt! thou haſt done a deed,—
I care not for thy ſword; I'll make thee known,
Though I loſt twenty lives:—Help! help, ho! help!
The Moor has kill'd my miſtreſs; Murder! murder!

*Enter* MONTANO, GRATIANO, *and* IAGO.

*Mon.* What is the matter?—How now, general?
*Emil.* O, are you come, Iago? you have done well,
That men muſt lay their murders on your neck.
*Gra.* What is the matter?
*Emil.* Diſprove this villain, if thou be'ſt a man:
He ſays, thou told'ſt him that his wife was falſe;
I know, thou did'ſt not, thou'rt not ſuch a villain;
Speak, for my heart is full.
*Iago.* I told him what I thought; and told no more
Than what he found himſelf was apt and true.
*Emil.* But did you ever tell him, ſhe was falſe?
*Iago.* I did.
*Emil.* You told a lie; an odious, damned lie;
Upon my ſoul, a lie; a wicked lie:—
She falſe with Caſſio!—Did you ſay, with Caſſio?

9 *Thou haſt not half the power to do me harm,*
*As I have to be hurt.*] She means to ſay, *I have in this cauſe power to endure more than thou haſt power to inflict.* JOHNSON.
This ſentiment is more expanded in *K. Henry VIII.*
" —I am able now, methinks,
" (Out of a fortitude of ſoul I feel,)
" To endure more miſeries and greater far,
" Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer."
Again, in *K. Henry VI.* P. II.
" More can I bear than you dare execute."
Of this laſt line there is no trace in the old play on which Shakſpeare formed the Second Part of *K. Henry VI.* MALONE.

*Iago.*

*Iago.* With Caſſio, miſtreſs; Go to, charm your tongue[1].
*Emil.* I will not charm my tongue; I am bound to ſpeak;
My miſtreſs here lies murder'd in her bed[2].
*All.* O heavens forefend!
*Emil.* And your reports have ſet the murder on.
*Oth.* Nay, ſtare not, maſters; it is true, indeed.
*Gra.* 'Tis a ſtrange truth.
*Mon.* O monſtrous act!
*Emil.* Villainy, villainy, villainy!—
I think upon't,—I think,—I ſmell't;—O villainy!
I thought ſo then;—I'll kill myſelf for grief.—
O villainy, villainy!
*Iago.* What, are you mad? I charge you, get you home.
*Emil.* Good gentlemen, let me have leave to ſpeak;
'Tis proper I obey him, but not now:—
Perchance, Iago, I will ne'er go home.
*Oth.* O! O! O! [*hanging over his wife.*
*Emil.* Nay, lay thee down, and roar;
For thou haſt kill'd the ſweeteſt innocent,
That e'er did lift up eye.
*Oth.* O, ſhe was foul!— [*riſing.*
I ſcarce did know you, uncle: There lies your niece,
Whoſe breath, indeed, theſe hands have newly ſtopp'd:

[1] —*charm your tongue.*] By this expreſſion, *Charm your tongue*, the poet means no more than to make Iago ſay, Apply ſome power, ſtrong as *a charm* would be, to your tongue; for nothing leſs can ſtop its volubility. So, in *King Henry VI.* P. II.

"Peace, wilful boy, or I will *charm your tongue.*"

So, Ben Jonſon, in *Cynthia's Revels:*

"—*charm* your ſkipping tongue."

Again, in Spenſer's *Faery Queen*, b. 5. c. 9.:

"That well could *charm his tongue*, and time his ſpeech."

Again, in *The Yorkſhire Tragedy*, 1619:

"The ſureſt way to *charm* a woman's tongue,
"Is to break her neck:—a politician did it."

Pliny informs us, that *favete linguis* was the conſtant exclamation before any religious *charm* was applied. From this circumſtance the phraſe, to *charm* a tongue, might have originated. STEEVENS.

[2] *My miſtreſs*, &c.] This line, and the following ſix ſpeeches, are wanting in the firſt quarto. STEEVENS.

I know, this act shews horrible and grim.

*Gra.* Poor Desdemona! I am glad thy father's dead;
Thy match was mortal to him, and pure grief
Shore his old thread in twain: did he live now,
This sight would make him do a desperate turn;
Yea, curse his better angel from his side,
And fall to reprobation[3].

*Oth.* 'Tis pitiful: but yet Iago knows,
That she with Cassio hath the act of shame
A thousand times committed[4]; Cassio confess'd it:

And

3 *Yea, curse* his better angel from his side,
*And fall to reprobation.*] So, in our authour's 144th *Sonnet*:
" ——— my female evil
" Tempteth *my better angel from my side.*" MALONE.

4 *A thousand times committed*;] This is another passage which seems to suppose a longer space comprised in the action of this play than the scenes include. JOHNSON.

*That she with Cassio hath the act of shame*
*A thousand times committed*;—

And again:

*'Tis not a year or two shews us a man.*] I am not convinced from these passages only, that a longer space is comprised in the action of this play than the scenes include.

What Othello mentions in the first instance, might have passed still more often, before they were married, when Cassio went between them; for she, who could find means to elude the vigilance of her father in respect of Othello, might have done so in respect of Cassio, when there was time enough for the occurrence supposed to have happened. A jealous person will aggravate all he thinks, or speaks of; and might use a *thousand* for a much less number, only to give weight to his censure: nor would it have answered any purpose to have made Othello a little nearer or further off from truth in his calculation. We might apply the poet's own words in *Cymbeline*:

" — spare your arithmetic;
" Once, and a million."

The latter is a proverbial expression, and might have been introduced with propriety, had they been married only a day or two. Emilia's reply perhaps was dictated by her own private experience; and seems to mean only, " that it is too soon to judge of a husband's disposition; " or that Desdemona must not be surprized at the discovery of Othello's " jealousy, for it is not even a year or two that will display all the " failings of a man."

Mr. Tollet, however, on this occasion has produced several instances in support of Dr. Johnson's opinion; and as I am unable to explain them in favour of my own supposition, I shall lay them before the public.

" Act

And she did gratify his amorous works
With that recognizance and pledge of love
Which I first gave her; I saw it in his hand;
It was a handkerchief[5], an antique token
My father gave my mother.

*Emil.*

" Act III. sc. iii. Othello says:

" What sense had I of her stolen hours of lust?
" I saw it not, thought it not, it harm'd not me:
" *I slept the next night well*, was free and merry:
" I found not Cassio's kisses on her lips."

" On *Othello's* wedding-night he and Cassio embarked from Venice, where *Desdemona* was left under the care of *Iago*. They all meet at Cyprus; and since their arrival there, the scenes include only one night, the night of the celebration of their nuptials. *Iago* had not then infused any jealousy into *Othello's* mind, nor did he suspect any former intimacy between *Cassio* and *Desdemona*, but only thought it " apt, and of great credit that she loved him." What night then was there to intervene between *Cassio's* kisses and *Othello's* sleeping the next night well? *Iago* has said, " I lay with *Cassio* lately," which he could not not have done, unless they had been longer at *Cyprus* than is represented in the play; nor could *Cassio* have kept away, for the space of a whole week, from *Bianca*." STEEVENS.

5 *It was a handkerchief*, &c.] Othello tells his wife, Act III. sc. iv:

—— *that handkerchief*
*Did an Ægyptian to my mother give.*

And here he says:

*It was a handkerchief,—*
*My father gave my mother.*

This last passage has been censured as an oversight in the poet; but perhaps it exhibits only a fresh proof of his art. The first account of the handkerchief, as given by Othello, was purposely ostentatious, in order to alarm his wife the more. When he mentions it a second time, the truth was sufficient for his purpose.

This circumstance of the handkerchief is perhaps ridiculed by Ben Jonson, in his *Poetaster*: " You shall see me do *the Moor*; master, lend me your *scarf*." STEEVENS.

I question whether Othello was written early enough to be ridiculed in the *Poetaster*. There were many other *Moors* on the stage. It is certain at least, that the passage,

" —our new heraldry is *hands*, not *hearts*."

could not be inserted before the middle of the year 1611. FARMER.

If the allusion in the *Poetaster* (which was printed in 1601) were to *Othello*, it would fix its date much earlier than I conceive it to have been written. But the allusion in the passage quoted, is not to *Othello*, but to an old play called the *Battle of Alcazar*, 1594.—In the *Poetaster*, Pyrgus, who says, " you shall see me do the *Moor*," proceeds in the

If

*Emil.* O heaven! O heavenly powers!

*Iago.* Come, hold your peace.

*Emil.* 'Twill out, 'twill out:—I hold my peace, sir? no;
No, I will speak as liberal as the air [6];
Let heaven, and men, and devils, let them all,
All, all, cry shame against me, yet I'll speak.

*Iago.* Be wise, and get you home.

*Emil.* I will not. [Iago *offers to stab his wife.*

*Gra.* Fie!
Your sword upon a woman?

*Emil.* O thou dull Moor! that handkerchief thou speak'st of,
I found by fortune, and did give my husband;
For often, with a solemn earnestness,
(More than, indeed, belong'd to such a trifle,)
He begg'd of me to steal it.

*Iago.* Villainous whore!

*Emil.* She give it Cassio! no, alas; I found it,
And I did give it my husband.

*Iago.* Filth, thou liest.

*Emil.* By heaven, I do not; I do not, gentlemen:
O murd'rous coxcomb! what should such a fool
Do with so good a wife?

[Iago *stabs* Emilia, *then runs out.*

*Oth.* Are there no stones in heaven,

same scene, and repeats an absurd speech of the Moor in the *Battle of Alcazar*, beginning with this line:

"Where art thou, boy? where is Calipolis?"

which ascertains the allusion to be to that play. MALONE.

[6] *No I will speak as liberal as the* air;] The quarto, 1622, reads:

I'll be in speaking liberal as the *air*.

The folio:

No, I will speak as liberal as the *north*.

The text is formed out of the two copies. MALONE.

*Liberal*, is free, under no controul. This quality of the North-wind is mentioned in *Vittoria Corombona*, &c. 1612:

"And let th' *irregular* North wind sweep her up."

Again, in *Jeronimo*, i. e. the first part of the *Spanish Tragedy*, 1605:

"Now let your bloods be *liberal* as the sea." STEEVENS.

But

But what ſerve for the thunder[7] ?—Precious villain!

*Gra.* The woman falls; ſure, he has kill'd his wife.

*Emil.* Ay, ay; O, lay me by my miſtreſs' ſide!

*Gra.* He's gone, but his wife's kill'd.

*Mon.* 'Tis a notorious villain. Take you this weapon,
Which I have here recover'd from the Moor:
Come, guard the door without; let him not paſs,
But kill him rather; I'll after that ſame villain,
For 'tis a damned ſlave. [*Exeunt* MON. *and* GRA.

*Oth.* I am not valiant neither,
But every puny whipſter gets my ſword:—
But why ſhould honour out-live honeſty?
Let it go all.

*Emil.* What did thy ſong bode, lady?
Hark, can'ſt thou hear me? I will play the ſwan,
And die in muſick;—*Willow, willow, willow*[8].—

7 *Are there no ſtones in heaven,*
*But what ſerve for the thunder?*] Othello does not want a thunder-bolt for Iago. He only aſks, if there are no leſſer degrees of chaſtiſement more proportioned to the guilt of mortals, ready to drop down on ſuch villains as Iago, though Omnipotence withholds its thunder, as too noble an inſtrument for the puniſhment of crimes like his?

The ſame thought occurs in *The Revenger's Tragedy*, 1607:

" Is here no thunder left? or is't kept up
" In ſtock, for heavier vengeance?"

Shakſpeare might however mean, does heaven reſerve its thunder only to make a noiſe? has it no implements of miſchief to puniſh as well as terrify?

" — quum fulmina torques,
" Necquicquam horremus? cæcique in nubibus ignes
" Terrificant animos, et inania murmura miſcent?" STEEV.

The meaning, I think, is, Has not Heaven one ſupernumerary bolt, to hurl directly at the head of this atrocious villain? Muſt all the ſtores of its arſenal be reſerved for common and ordinary thunder, which, though ſometimes deſtructive, is in the uſual courſe of nature not ſpecifically pointed at a particular object?

" ——— Magne regnator deûm,
" Tam lentus audis ſcelera? tam lentus vides?
" Ecquando ſævâ fulmen emittes manu,
" Si nunc ſerenum eſt?—
" Cur dextra, divûm rector atque hominum, vacat
" Tua, nec triſulcâ mundus ardeſcit face?
" In *hunc tones, hunc figas.*" MALONE.

8 *And die in muſick*, &c.] This, and the two former lines of the ſpeech, are wanting in the firſt quarto. STEEVENS.

Moor, ſhe was chaſte; ſhe lov'd thee, cruel Moor:
So come my ſoul to bliſs, as I ſpeak true;
So ſpeaking as I think, I die,—I die. [*dies.*

*Oth.* I have another weapon in this chamber,
It is a ſword of Spain, the ice-brook's temper[9];—
O, here it is:—Uncle, I muſt come forth.

*Gra.* [*within.*] If thou attempt it, it will coſt thee dear;
Thou haſt no weapon, and perforce muſt ſuffer.

*Oth.* Look in upon me then, and ſpeak with me,
Or, naked as I am, I will aſſault thee.

*Re-enter* GRATIANO.

*Gra.* What is the matter?

*Oth.* Behold! I have a weapon:

9 —*the* ice-brook's *temper*;] The quarto, 1622, has *Iſe brookes*, which is only the old ſpelling of *Ice-brooke's*, the reading of the folio. Sir William Blackſtone doubts whether *ice-brooks* are uſual in the climate of Spain. How that fact may be, I know not; and I am confident Shakſpeare did not inquire. MALONE.

I believe the old reading changed to *ice-brook* is right. Steel is hardened by being put red hot into very cold water. JOHNSON.

The particular name of the *ice-brook* may be determined by the following paſſages in Martial. It was undoubtedly the *brook* or *rivulet* called *Salo* (now Xalon), near *Bilbilis* in Celtiberia. In this the Spaniards plunged all their ſwords and other weapons while hot from the forge; and to the *icy* qualities of the waters, they were indebted for their ſtubborn temper:

Sævo Bilbilin optimam metallo
Et ferro Plateam ſuo ſonantem,
Quam *fluctu tenui* ſed inquieto
*Armorum Salo temperator* ambit.

Again:

Quibus remiſſum corpus aſtringes brevi,
*Salone* qui ferrum *gelat*.

Again:

Pugio, quem curvis ſignat brevis orbita venis,
Stridentem *gelidis* hunc *Salo* tinxit aquis.

Again, in *Juſtin*, l. 44. "Præcipua his quidem ferri materia, ſed aqua ipſa ferro violentior; quippe temperamento ejus ferrum acrius redditur; nec ullum apud eos telum probatur quod non aut in *Bilbili* fluvio aut Chalybe tingatur. Unde etiam Chalybes fluvii hujus finitimi appellati, ferroque cæteris præſtare dicuntur." Theſe parts of Spain have been at all times famous for the temper of their arms. STEEVENS.

A better

A better never did itſelf ſuſtain
Upon a ſoldier's thigh[1]: I have ſeen the day,
That, with this little arm, and this good ſword,
I have made my way through more impediments
Than twenty times your ſtop:—But, O vain boaſt!
Who can control his fate? 'tis not ſo now.—
Be not afraid, though you do ſee me weapon'd[2]
Here is my journey's end, here is my butt,
And very ſea-mark of my utmoſt ſail.
Do you go back diſmay'd? 'tis a loſt fear;
Man but a ruſh againſt Othello's breaſt,
And he retires;—Where ſhould Othello go?—
Now, how doſt thou look now? O ill-ſtarr'd wench[3]!
Pale as thy ſmock! when we ſhall meet at compt,
This look of thine will hurl my ſoul from heaven,
And fiends will ſnatch at it. Cold, cold, my girl?
Even like thy chaſtity.—
O curſed, curſed ſlave!—Whip me, ye devils,
From the poſſeſſion of this heavenly ſight!
Blow me about in winds! roaſt me in ſulphur!
Waſh me in ſteep-down gulfs of liquid fire!—
O Deſdemona! Deſdemona! dead?
Dead? O! O! O!

[1] *A better never did itſelf ſuſtain*
*Upon a ſoldier's thigh:*] So, in *The Two Noble Kinſmen*, 1634:
" ——————— On his thigh a *ſword*
" Hung by a curious baldrick, when he frowns,
" To ſeal his will by; *better, on my conſcience,*
" *Never was ſoldier's friend.*" MALONE.

[2] —*though you do ſee me* weapon'd;] This uncommon participle is uſed by Sidney in his *Arcadia*. MALONE.

[3] —*O ill-ſtarr'd wench!*] This, and the ſix preceding lines, are omitted in the firſt quarto. *Wench* originally ſignified only a young woman. *Caſſandra*, in Whetſtone's *Promos*, &c. 1578, ſays of herſelf,
" Oh wretched *wench*, where may I firſt complayne?"
Again:
" Therefore, ſweet *wenche*, helpe me to rue my woe."
The word is uſed without any diſhonourable meaning in the Bible. " And a *wench* told him," &c.
And again, by Gawin Douglas, in his verſion of the Æneid;
" —audetque viris concurrere *virgo*."
" This *wenſche* ſtoutlye rencounter durſt with men." STEEV.

*Enter*

*Enter* LODOVICO, MONTANO, CASSIO, *carried in a chair, and Officers, with* IAGO, *prisoner.*

*Lod.* Where is this rash and most unfortunate man?
*Oth.* That's he, that was Othello; here I am.
*Lod.* Where is that viper? bring the villain forth.
*Oth.* I look down towards his feet[4];—but that's a fable:
If that thou be'st a devil, I cannot kill thee.
[Othello *wounds* Iago.
*Lod.* Wrench his sword from him.
*Iago.* I bleed, sir; but not kill'd.
*Oth.* I am not sorry neither; I'd have thee live
For, in my sense, 'tis happiness to die[5].
*Lod.* O thou Othello, that wast once so good,
Fall'n in the practice[6] of a cursed slave,
What shall be said to thee?
*Oth.* Why, any thing:
An honourable murderer, if you will;
For nought I did in hate, but all in honour.
*Lod.* This wretch hath part confess'd his villainy:
Did you and he consent in Cassio's death?
*Oth.* Ay.
*Cas.* Dear general, I never gave you cause[7].
*Oth.* I do believe it, and I ask your pardon.
Will you, I pray, demand that demi-devil,
Why he hath thus ensnar'd my soul and body?
*Iago.* Demand me nothing: What you know, you know:
From this time forth I never will speak word.

4 —*towards his feet*;—] To see if, according to the common opinion, his feet be cloven. JOHNSON.

5 *For, in my sense, 'tis happiness to die.*] The same thought has already occurred in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

" ——— 'Tis well thou'rt gone,—
" If it be well to live." STEEVENS.

6 —*in the practice*—] In the *snare*, by the *stratagem*. JOHNSON.
See Vol. VIII. p. 564, n. 2. MALONE.

7 *Dear general, I never gave you cause.*] Our poet, probably without knowing it, has used the words of *The Spanish tragedy*, 1605:

" Hieronimo, *I never gave thee cause?*" MALONE.

*Lod.*

*Lod.* What? not to pray?
*Gra.* Torments will ope your lips.
*Oth.* Well, thou doſt beſt.
*Lod.* Sir, you ſhall underſtand what hath befall'n,
Which, as I think, you know not: Here is a letter,
Found in the pocket of the ſlain Roderigo;
And here, another: the one of them imports
The death of Caſſio to be undertook
By Roderigo.
*Oth.* O villain!
*Caſ.* Moſt heatheniſh, and moſt groſs!
*Lod.* Now here's another diſcontented paper,
Found in his pocket too; and this, it ſeems,
Roderigo meant to have ſent this damned villain;
But that, belike, Iago in the interim [8]
Came in and ſatisfied him.
*Oth.* O the pernicious caitiff!—
How came you, Caſſio, by that handkerchief
That was my wife's?
*Caſ.* I found it in my chamber:
And he himſelf confeſs'd, but even now *,
That there he dropp'd it, for a ſpecial purpoſe,
Which wrought to his deſire.
*Oth.* O fool! fool! fool!
*Caſ.* There is, beſides, in Roderigo's letter,—
How he upbraids Iago, that he made him
Brave me upon the watch; whereon it came
That I was caſt: And even but now he ſpake,
After long ſeeming dead,—Iago hurt him,
Iago ſet him on.
*Lod.* You muſt forſake this room, and go with us;
Your power and your command is taken off,
And Caſſio rules in Cyprus. For this ſlave,—
If there be any cunning cruelty,

[8] —*in the interim*—] The firſt copy has—in the *nick*. It was, I ſuppoſe, thought upon reviſal, that *nick* was too familiar. JOHNSON.

* —*confeſs'd, but even now,*] The quarto, 1622, reads—confeſs'd *it even* now. The folio—confeſs'd *it, but* even now. The word *it* was manifeſtly caught by the compoſitor's eye glancing on the ſubſequent line. MALONE.

That

That can torment him much, and hold him long,
It ſhall be his: You ſhall cloſe priſoner reſt,
Till that the nature of your fault be known
To the Venetian ſtate:—Come, bring him away.

*Oth.* Soft you; a word or too, before you go.
I have done the ſtate ſome ſervice, and they know it;
No more of that:—I pray you, in your letters,
When you ſhall theſe unlucky deeds relate,
Speak of me as I am [9]; nothing extenuate,
Nor ſet down aught in malice: then muſt you ſpeak
Of one, that lov'd not wiſely, but too well;
Of one, not eaſily jealous, but, being wrought,
Perplex'd in the extreme; of one, whoſe hand,
Like the baſe Júdean, threw a pearl away
Richer than all his tribe [1]; of one, whoſe ſubdu'd eyes,
Albeit

[9] *Speak of me as I am*;] The firſt quarto reads, *Speak of them as they are*. The preſent reading, which is the reading of the folio, has more force. JOHNSON.

[1] — *of one, whoſe hand,*
*Like the baſe* Júdean, *threw a pearl away*
*Richer than all his tribe*;] Thus the folio. The firſt quarto, 1622, reads—*Indian*. Mr. Theobald therefore is not accurate in the following note, in his account of the old copies. MALONE.

I have reſtored *Judian*, from the elder quarto, as the genuine and more eligible reading. Mr. Pope thinks this was occaſioned probably by the word *tribe* juſt after: I have many reaſons to oppoſe this opinion. In the firſt place, the moſt ignorant Indian, I believe, is ſo far the reverſe of the *dunghill-cock* in the *fable*, as to know the eſtimation of a pearl beyond that of a barley-corn. So that, in that reſpect, the thought itſelf would not be juſt. Then, if our author had deſigned to reflect on the *ignorance* of the Indian without any farther reproach, he would have called him *rude*, and not *baſe*. Again, I am perſuaded, as my friend Mr. Warburton long ago obſerved, the phraſe is not here *literal*, but *metaphorical*; and, by his *pearl*, our author very properly means *a fine woman*. But Mr. Pope objects farther to reading *Judian*, becauſe, to make ſenſe of this, we muſt pre ſuppoſe ſome particular ſtory of a Jew alluded to; which is much leſs obvious: but has Shakſpeare never done this, but in this ſingle inſtance? I am ſatisfied, in his *Julian*, he is alluding to Herod; who, in a fit of blind jealouſy, threw away ſuch a jewel of a wife as Mariamne was to him. What can be more parallel in circumſtance, than the conduct of Herod and Othello? Nor was the ſtory ſo little obvious, as Mr. Pope ſeems to imagine: for, in the year, 1613, the lady Elizabeth Carew publiſhed a tragedy

Albeit unuſed to the melting mood *,
Drop tears as faſt as the Arabian trees
Their

a tragedy called MARIAM, *the fair Queen of* JEWRY. I ſhall only add, that our author might write *Judian*, or *Judean*, (if that ſhould be alledged as any objection) inſtead of *Judæan*, with the ſame licence and change of accent, as, in his *Anthony and Cleopatra*, he ſhortens the ſecond ſyllable of Euphrates in pronunciation: which was a liberty likewiſe taken by Spenſer, of whom our author was a ſtudious imitator. THEOBALD.

The elder quarto reads *Judian*, and this is certainly right. And by the *Judian* is meant Herod, whoſe uſage to Mariamne is ſo appoſite to the ſpeaker's caſe, that a more proper inſtance could not be thought of. Beſides, he was the ſubject of a tragedy at that time, as appears from the words in *Hamlet*, where an ill player is deſcribed,

" — to out-herod Herod."

The metaphorical term of a *pearl* for a fine woman, is ſo common as ſcarce to need examples. In *Troilus and Creſſida*, a lover ſays of his miſtreſs,

" There ſhe lies a PEARL.

And again,

" Why ſhe is a *pearl*, whoſe price," &c. WARBURTON.

I cannot join with the learned critics in conceiving this paſſage to refer either to the ignorance of the natives of India, in reſpect of *pearls*, or the well-known ſtory of Herod and Mariamne. The poet might juſt as fairly be ſuppoſed to have alluded to that of Jeptha and his daughter.

Othello, in deteſtation of what he had done, ſeems to compare himſelf to another perſon who had thrown away a *thing of value*, with ſome circumſtances of the *meaneſt villainy*, which the epithet *baſe* ſeems to imply in its general ſenſe, though it is ſometimes uſed only for *low* or *mean*. The Indian could not properly be termed *baſe* in the former and moſt common ſenſe, whoſe fault was *ignorance*, which brings its own excuſe with it; and the crime of Herod ſurely deſerves a more aggravated diſtinction. For though in every crime, great as well as ſmall, there is a degree of baſeneſs, yet the *furiis agitatus amor*, ſuch as contributed to that of Herod, ſeems to aſk a ſtronger word to characterize it; as there was ſpirit at leaſt in what he did, though the ſpirit of a fiend, and the epithet *baſe* would better ſuit with *petty larceny* than *royal guilt*. Beſides, the ſimile appears to me too appoſite almoſt to be uſed on the occaſion, and is little more than bringing the fact into compariſon with itſelf. Each through jealouſy had deſtroyed

* —— *whoſe ſubdu'd* eyes
*Albeit* unuſed to the melting mood,] So, in our poet's 30th Sonnet:
" Then can I drown *an eye unus'd to flow*." MALONE.

Their med'cinable gum[2]: Set you down this:
And say, besides,—that in Aleppo once,

Where

destroyed an innocent wife; circumstances so parallel, as hardly to admit of that variety which we generally find in one allusion, which is meant to illustrate another, and at the same time to appear as more than a superfluous ornament. Of a like kind of imperfection, there is an instance in Virgil, B. XI. where after Camilla and her attendants have been described as absolute Amazons,

"At medias inter cædes exultat Amazon
"Unum exerta latus pugnæ pharetrata Camilla.
"At circum lectæ comites," &c.

we find them, nine lines after, compared to the Amazons themselves, to Hypolyta or Penthesilea, surrounded by their companions:

"Quales Threiciæ, cum flumina Thermodontis
"Pulsant, et pictis bellantur Amazones armis:
"Seu circum Hypoliten, seu cum se martia curru
"Penthesilea refert."

What is this but bringing a fact into comparison with itself? Neither do I believe the poet intended to make the present simile coincide with all the circumstances of Othello's situation, but merely with the single act of having *basely* (as he himself terms it) destroyed that on which he ought to have set a greater value. As the *pearl* may bear a *literal* as well as a *metaphorical* sense, I would rather choose to take it in the *literal* one, and receive Mr. Pope's rejected explanation, *pre-supposing some story of a Jew alluded to*, which might be well understood at that time, though now perhaps forgotten, or at least imperfectly remembered. I have read in some book, as ancient as the time of Shakspeare, the following tale; though, at present, I am unable either to recollect the title of the piece, or the author's name.

A Jew, who had been prisoner for many years in distant parts, brought with him at his return to Venice a great number of pearls, which he offered on the change among the merchants, and (one alone excepted) disposed of them to his satisfaction. On this pearl, which was the largest ever shewn at market, he had fixed an immoderate price, nor could be persuaded to make the least abatement. Many of the magnificos, as well as traders, offered him considerable sums for it, but he was resolute in his first demand. At last, after repeated and unsuccessful applications to individuals, he assembled the merchants

of

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[2] *Their* med'cinable *gum*:] Thus the folio. The original quarto, 1622, reads—*medicinal*. I have preferred the reading of the folio, because the word occurs again in *Much ado about nothing*: "—any impediment will be *medicinable* to me." i. e. salutary. MALONE.

Where a malignant and a turban'd Turk [3]
Beat a Venetian, and traduc'd the ſtate,

I took

of the city, by proclamation, to meet him on the Rialto, where he once more expoſed it to ſale on the former terms, but to no purpoſe. After having expatiated, for the laſt time, on the ſingular beauty and value of it, he threw it ſuddenly in the ſea before them all. Though this anecdote may appear inconſiſtent with the avarice of a Jew, yet it ſufficiently agrees with the ſpirit ſo remarkable at all times in the ſcattered remains of that vindictive nation.

Shakſpeare's ſeeming averſion to the Jews in general, and his conſtant deſire to expoſe their *avarice* and *baſeneſs* as often as he had an opportunity, may ſerve to ſtrengthen my ſuppoſition; and as that nation, in his time, and ſince, has not been famous for crimes *daring* and *conſpicuous*, but has rather contented itſelf to thrive by the meaner and more ſucceſsful arts of *baſeneſs*, there ſeems to be a particular propriety in the epithet. When Falſtaff is juſtifying himſelf in *Henry IV.* he adds, "If what I have ſaid be not true, I am a Jew, an Ebrew "Jew," *i. e.* one of the moſt ſuſpected characters of the time. The liver of a Jew is an ingredient in the cauldron of Macbeth; and the vigilance for gain, which is deſcribed in Shylock, may afford us reaſon to ſuppoſe the poet was alluding to a ſtory like that already quoted.

*Richer than all his tribe*, ſeems to point out the Jew again in a mercantile light; and may mean, that *the pearl was richer than all the gems to be found among a ſet of men generally trading in them.* Neither do I recollect that Othello mentions many things, but what he might fairly have been allowed to have had knowledge of in the courſe of his peregrinations. Of this kind are the ſimilies of the Euxine ſea flowing into the Propontick, and the Arabian trees dropping their gums. The reſt of his ſpeeches are more free from mythological and hiſtorical alluſions, than almoſt any to be found in Shakſpeare, for he is never quite clear from them; though in the deſign of this character he ſeems to have meant it for one who had ſpent a greater part of his life in the field, than in the cultivation of any other knowledge than what would be of uſe to him in his military capacity. It ſhould be obſerved, that moſt of the flouriſhes merely ornamental were added after the firſt edition; and this is not the only proof to be met with, that the poet in his alterations ſometimes forgot his original plan.

*The metaphorical term of a pearl for a fine woman*, may, for aught I know, be very common; but in the inſtances Dr. Warburton has

brought

[3] *Where a malignant and a turban'd Turk*—] I am told that it is immediate death for a Chriſtian to ſtrike a Turk in Aleppo. Othello is boaſting of his own audacity. ANONYMUS.

I took by the throat the circumcised dog,
And smote him—thus. [*stabs himself.*
*Lod.*

brought to prove it so, there are found circumstances that immediately shew a woman to have been meant, So, in *Troilus and Cressida*:

"Her bed is India, there she lies a *pearl*.
"Why she is a *pearl* whose price hath launch'd,—." &c.

In Othello's speech we find no such leading expression; and are therefore at liberty, I think, to take the passage in its *literal* meaning.

Either we are partial to discoveries which we make for ourselves, or the spirit of controversy is contagious; for it usually happens that each possessor of an ancient copy of our author is led to assert the superiority of all such readings as have not been exhibited in the notes, or received into the text of the last edition. On this account, our present republication (and more especially in the celebrated plays) affords a greater number of these diversities than were ever before obtruded on the publick. A time however may arrive, when a complete body of variations being printed, our readers may luxuriate in an ample feast of *thats* and *whiches*; and thenceforward it may be prophecied, that all will unite in a wish that the selection had been made by an editor, rather than submitted to their own labour and sagacity.

To this note should be subjoined (as an apology for many others which may not be thought to bring conviction with them) that the true sense of a passage has frequently remained undetermined, till repeated experiments have been tried on it; when one commentator, making a proper use of the errors of another, has at last explained it to universal satisfaction. When mistakes have such effects, who would regret having been mistaken, or be sorry to prove the means of directing others, by that affinity which a wrong reading or interpretation sometimes has to the right, though he has not been so lucky as to produce at once authorities which could not be questioned, or decisions to which nothing could be added? Steevens.

I abide by the old text, "the base *Judian*." Shakspeare seems to allude to *Herod* in the play of *Mariamne*:

"I had but one inestimable *jewel*—
"Yet I in suddaine choler cast it downe,
"And dasht it all to pieces."— Farmer.

The words quoted by Dr. Warburton from *Hamlet* do not prove what they are adduced for. The *Herod* there alluded to was a character in one of the ancient *Mysteries*.

The last paragraph but one in Mr. Steevens's note was added by him in his edition printed in 1778, and relates to that edition.

I once thought that the accent here given to *Júdean* was a strong objection to this reading: and that the word must have been *Judéan*, or *Judæan*, (as a derivative from *Judæa*) which would not suit the metre. But the objection was founded on a mistake; for derivative words

*Lod.* O bloody period!

*Gra.* All, that is ſpoke, is marr'd.

*Oth.* I kiſs'd thee, 'ere I kill'd thee;—No way but this, [*falling upon* Deſdem.
Killing myſelf, to die upon a kiſs[4]. [*Dies.*

*Caſ.* This did I fear, but thought he had no weapon;
For he was great of heart.

*Lod.* O Spartan dog[5],
More fell than anguiſh, hunger, or the ſea!

words of this kind were thus accented in Shakſpeare's time. Thus, in the *Merry Wives of Windſor*, we have in the old copies "an *Epicurian* raſcal," which aſcertains the pronunciation of that word to have been different formerly from what it is now. The word is thus ſpelt by North alſo in his tranſlation of Plutarch. Again, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

"Keep his brains fuming, Epicúrean cooks."

So in *Hamlet*, we have the *Némean* lion (which is written in the old copy *Nemian*).

Thoſe who would adopt the original reading, *Indian*, may urge in its ſupport that the pearl naturally brings the people of the Eaſt to Shakſpeare's mind; the connexion in his time being conſidered ſo ſtrong, that a contemporary author has diſtinguiſhed the inhabitants of *India* by an epithet founded on the circumſtance of their abounding in pearls:

"——where the bright ſun with his neighbour beams
"Doth early light the *pearled Indians*."

*Cornelia*, a tragedy, by T. Kyd, 1594.

On the other hand, the word *tribe* is ſtrongly in favour of the reading of the text, and I have now no doubt that it is the true one.

Webſter in his *Appius and Virginia* appears to have had this paſſage in his thoughts:

"—Had your lordſhip yeſterday
"Proceeded, as 'twas fit, to a juſt ſentence,
"The apparel and the *jewels* that ſhe wore,
"*More worth than all her tribe*, had then been due
"Unto our client." MALONE.

4 *Killing myſelf, to die upon a kiſs.*] So, in the Second Part of Marlow's *Tamburlain*, 1590:

"Yet let me kiſſe my lord before I dye,
"And let me dye with kiſſing of my lord." STEEVENS.

5 *O Spartan dog!*] The dogs of Spartan race were reckoned among thoſe of the moſt fierce and ſavage kind. HANMER.

The Spartan dogs in our poet's contemplation, were *blood-hounds*. See Vol. III. p. 514. MALONE.

Look

Look on the tragick loading of this bed; [*to* Iago.
This is thy work: the object poiſons ſight;—
Let it be hid.—Gratiano, keep the houſe,
And ſeize upon the fortunes of the Moor,
For they ſucceed to you—To you, lord governor,
Remains the cenſure of this helliſh villain[6];

[6] —*To you, lord governor,*
*Remains the cenſure of this helliſh villain*;] Rymer, who had neither vigour of imagination to make a poet, nor ſtrength of judgment to make a critick, as appears from his *Edgar*, and his *Remarks on Shakſpeare*, had yet juſt enough to play the buffoon and caviller. His criticiſm on the *Poets of the laſt age*, with only a mixture of trite remarks, tranſcribed from the French commentators on *Ariſtotle*, are one continued heap of ignorance and inſolence. Almoſt the only remark on Shakſpeare, which, I think, deſerves an anſwer, is upon Iago's character, which he thus cenſures. *To entertain the audience* (ſays he) *with ſomething new and ſurpriſing, againſt common ſenſe and nature, he would paſs upon us a cloſe, diſſembling, falſe, ungrateful raſcal, inſtead of an open-hearted, frank, plain-dealing ſoldier, a character conſtantly worn by them for ſome thouſands of years in the world.* This hath the appearance of ſenſe, being founded on that rule of *Nature* and *Ariſtotle*, that each character ſhould have manners convenient to the age, ſex, and condition.

*Ætatis cujuſque notandi ſunt tibi mores, &c.*

ſays Horace. But how has our critick applied it? According to this rule it is confeſſed, that a ſoldier ſhould be brave, generous, and a man of honour. This is to be his dramatick character. But either *one* or *more* of any order may be brought in. If only one, then the character of the order takes its denomination from the manners of that *one*. Had therefore the only ſoldier in this play been Iago, the rule had been tranſgreſſed, and Rymer's cenſure well founded. For then this *eternal villain* muſt have given the character of the ſoldiery; which had been unjuſt and unnatural. But if a *number* of the ſame order be repreſented, then the character of the order is taken from the manners of the majority; and this, according to nature and common ſenſe. Now in this play there are many of the order of the ſoldiery; and all, excepting Iago, repreſented as open, generous, and brave. From *theſe* the ſoldier's character is to be taken; and not from Iago, who is brought as an exception to it, unleſs it be unnatural to ſuppoſe there could be an exception; or that a villain ever inſinuated himſelf into that corps. And thus Shakſpeare ſtands clear of this impertinent criticiſm.

WARBURTON.

—*the* cenſure—] i. e. the ſentence. STEEVENS.

See Vol. IV. p. 149, n. 8. MALONE.

The

The time, the place, the torture,—O inforce it!
Myſelf will ſtraight aboard; and, to the ſtate,
This heavy act with heavy heart relate[7]. [*Exeunt.*

[7] *This heavy act with heavy heart relate.*] The beauties of this play impreſs themſelves ſo ſtrongly upon the attention of the reader, that they can draw no aid from critical illuſtration. The fiery openneſs of Othello, magnanimous, artleſs, and credulous, boundleſs in his confidence, ardent in his affection, inflexible in his reſolution, and obdurate in his revenge; the cool malignity of Iago, ſilent in his reſentment, ſubtle in his deſigns, and ſtudious at once of his intereſt and his vengeance; the ſoft ſimplicity of Deſdemona, confident of merit, and conſcious of innocence, her artleſs perſeverance in her ſuit, and her ſlowneſs to ſuſpect that ſhe can be ſuſpected, are ſuch proofs of Shakſpeare's ſkill in human nature, as, I ſuppoſe, it is vain to ſeek in any modern writer. The gradual progreſs which Iago makes in the Moor's conviction, and the circumſtances which he employs to inflame him, are ſo artfully natural, that, though it will perhaps not be ſaid of him as he ſays of himſelf, that he is *a man not eaſily jealous*, yet we cannot but pity him, when at laſt we find him *perplexed in the extreme.*

There is always danger, leſt wickedneſs, conjoined with abilities, ſhould ſteal upon eſteem, though it miſſes of approbation; but the character of Iago is ſo conducted, that he is from the firſt ſcene to the laſt hated and deſpiſed.

Even the inferior characters of this play would be very conſpicuous in any other piece, not only for their juſtneſs, but their ſtrength. Caſſio is brave, benevolent, and honeſt, ruined only by his want of ſtubbornneſs to reſiſt an inſidious invitation. Roderigo's ſuſpicious credulity, and impatient ſubmiſſion to the cheats which he ſees practiſed upon him, and which by perſuaſion he ſuffers to be repeated, exhibit a ſtrong picture of a weak mind betrayed by unlawful deſires to a falſe friend; and the virtue of Æmilia is ſuch as we often find, worn looſely, but not caſt off, eaſy to commit ſmall crimes, but quickened and alarmed at atrocious villainies.

The ſcenes from the beginning to the end are buſy, varied by happy interchanges, and regularly promoting the progreſſion of the ſtory; and the narrative in the end, though it tells but what is known already, yet is neceſſary to produce the death of Othello.

Had the ſcene opened in Cyprus, and the preceding incidents been occaſionally related, there had been little wanting to a drama of the moſt exact and ſcrupulous regularity. JOHNSON.

To Dr. Johnſon's admirable and nicely diſcriminative character of *Othello*, it may ſeem unneceſſary to make any addition; yet I cannot forbear to conclude our commentaries on this tranſcendent poet with the fine eulogy which the judicious and learned Lowth has pronounced

on him, with a particular reference to this tragedy, perhaps the moſt perfect of all his works:

"In his viris [tragediæ Græcæ ſcilicet ſcriptoribus] acceſſio quædam Philoſophiæ erat Poetica facultas: neque ſane quiſquam adhuc Poeſin ad faſtigium ſuum ac culmen evexit, niſi qui prius in intima Philoſophia artis ſuæ fundamenta jecerit.

"Quod ſi quis objiciat, nonnullos in hoc ipſo poeſeos genere excelluiſſe, qui nunquam habiti ſunt Philoſophi, ac ne literis quidem præter cæteros imbuti; ſciat is, me rem ipſam quærere, non de vulgari opinione aut de verbo laborare: *qui autem tantum ingenio conſecutus eſt, ut naturas hominum, vimque omnem humanitatis, cauſaſque eas, quibus aut incitatur mentis impetus aut retunditur, penitus perſpectas habeat, ejuſque omnes motus oratione non modo explicet, ſed effingat, planeque oculis ſubjiciat; ſed excitet, regat, commoveat, moderetur; eum, etſi diſciplinarum inſtrumento minus adjutum, eximie tamen eſſe Philoſophum arbitrari.* Quo in genere affectum Zelotypiæ, ejuſque cauſas, adjuncta, progreſſiones, affectus, in una SHAKSPEARI noſtri fabula, copioſius, ſubtilius, accuratius etiam veriuſque pertractari exiſtimo, quam ab omnibus omnium Philoſophorum ſcholis in ſimili argumento eſt unquam diſputatum." MALONE.

THE END OF THE NINTH VOLUME.